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VOLUME XXVIII

March, 1906, Through February, 1907

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The **HAVERFORDIAN**



HAVERFORD COLLEGE

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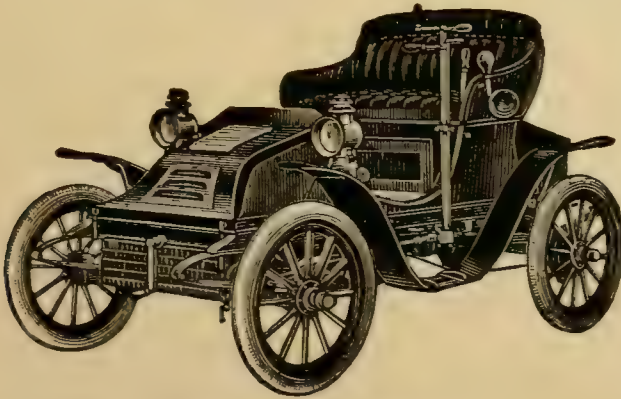
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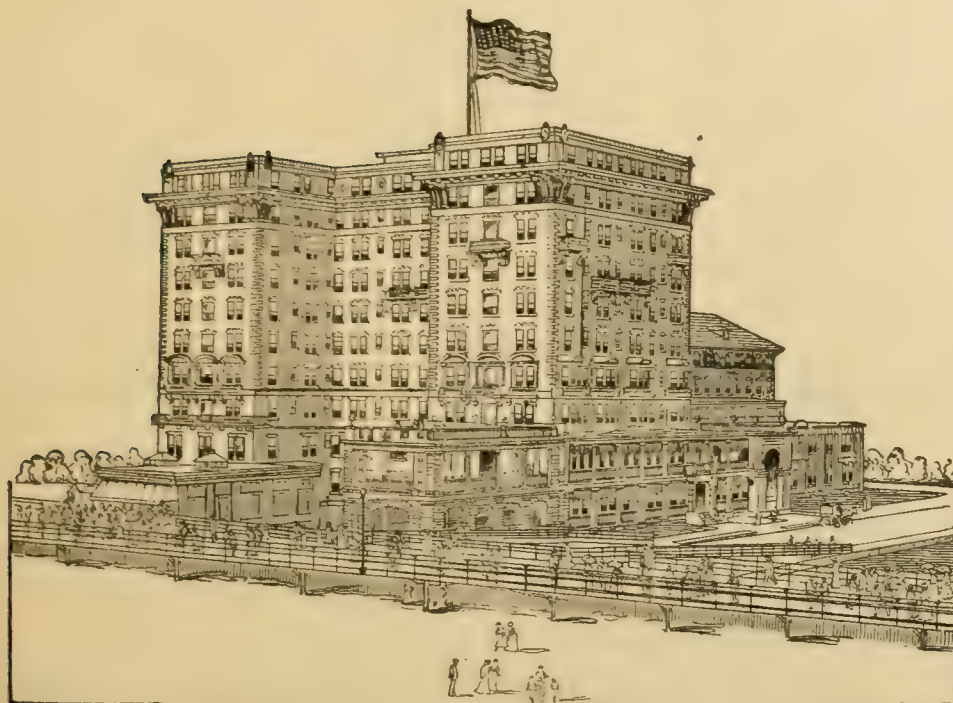
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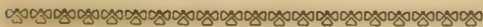
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VOL. XXVIII. HAVERFORD, PA., MARCH, 1906. No. 1

PROPORTIONATE to the regret we experience upon seeing the retiring Board of Editors give up their duties; so ably performed during the past year, do we feel hesitation at assuming the newly-acquired editorial mantle. We know that we speak for the college when we voice our appreciation of their work. Feeling that there can be no more sincere praise than imitation, and being opposed to radical changes unless they would very materially improve the paper, we have approved the present general form of the Haverfordian and shall limit ourselves to one or two minor changes in typography.

A proper neophitic modesty prevents us from giving a definite prognosis of Vol. XXVIII under the new Board, but we record the promise that the magazine shall receive its most conscientious effort and attention. Apropos of this we would remind our undergraduate readers that true success for a college paper, like all other college interests, entails that interest in it should not be confined to an esoteric group, but be shared by the college in general.

Beginning with this issue competition for the Haverfordian Board will be open for men in the two lower classes. The especial attention of the sophomores is called to this competition. Contributions may be given or sent to the editor-in-chief, and should be marked "Haverfordian Board Competition."

In concluding our brief platform we state that arrangements have been made whereby our exchanges from other colleges will be more accessible to readers. Instead of all being filed in the Haverfordian Room, as formerly, a selected list can now be found in the extreme end of the north wing of the library.

RECENT occurrences in the college body have brought to light a rather grave condition of affairs, which if unchecked would undermine many Haverford traditions and our unwritten system of student government. This is the growing disregard of some men for the classes above them and the decadence of the respect due to upper classmen.

It is no new sentiment cropping up

The Question
of
Class
Prerogative

suddenly in our midst, as the result of specific instances, but rather a condition which is the growth of several years and resulting largely from carelessness.

It is a matter of observation that as a rule three or four years of study and college life give to upper classmen a maturity of experience and judgment that those same men may have lacked when they entered college; so it is a rule of practical common sense that the individuals of every class should have deference for the men in the classes above them. And, moreover, it is necessary for us here at Haverford to continue to maintain this sentiment among us since it is the tacit basis of the whole system of order in the college body.

Two broad causes tend to produce and foster this sentiment of respect. There is no doubt that the more important is the carefully-prepared reception of an incoming class by the sophomores. And, second, we should place the maintenance of personal and class integrity.

More difficult it is to analyze the causes that function against it. To be consistent in our argument we should advise that every incoming class, by some means, be taught a proper respect for the prerogatives of its senior classes and for the customs of the college, as the lack of such respect is a negative influence. Then it is necessary that each succeeding sophomore class maintain its own integrity in its conduct toward the freshmen, dealing with a firm and forceful hand if necessary, in bringing unwilling ones "into the union," but being consistent and impartial, and not laying themselves open to the warranted disrespect of their proteges.

Less tangible but fully as important is a condition which seems to arise at times from the fraternizing of individuals of the two upper classes with individuals of the two lower. It may arise as the result

either of the general lax attitude of the upper class men or the self-appreciative mental attitude of the lower class men.

To avoid any ambiguity that may exist in the mind of anyone, we would say that this does not imply that an individual may not have good friends in any class in college, and we believe that when men have reached their third year, respect for the senior class will be so ingrained in them that no intimacy will mitigate their appreciation of class prerogative. Nor do we for an instant mean to advise snobishness or the ignoring of lower class men. What we want to strive for is such an understanding and respect between the classes as will discourage rowdiness and encourage a sane, wholesome manliness.

EVEN more than mid-year examinations, the Library Lectures mark the turning point of the year, and now that they are past we look forward with more keenness to spring vacation, finals and the other events of the closing year. But ere we turn over this last page we want to speak about this recent series of lectures.

**The Recent
Library
Lectures**

Thanks to the generous endowment, the college authorities are able to procure the best men available to deliver them, and it is a great privilege—although a required one—for us to hear such men and such lectures. Especially is this true during this very important formative age when we are all more or less actively deciding what we shall make of ourselves.

Dr. King's lectures were helpful in the highest degree, and the force of his own personality made them inspiring.

Two of his thoughts recur to our minds pre-eminent. "Stay persistently in the presence of the best in the sphere in which you seek gain." The practical

psychological value of this apothegm is apparent, and we feel it could well be remembered and applied to all our interests in life. He also said: "There is great danger in over-sophistication when we have lost the sense of the values of really important things." We hesitate to sermonize upon this because thorough introspection makes us feel certain we are not yet in sight of that shore; but we do feel certain that this danger does exist. The lives of many of the philosophers and great scientists show it; but we need not look so far. All about us we may see men so engrossed in busi-

ness, or in the acquisition of knowledge, that in the pursuit of these absorbing interests they forget the so-called little things—the things that go to make up their own spiritual significance and that of those dependant upon them for training and example.

We are glad to be able to print for our readers part of the speech delivered by President Sharpless at the recent alumni banquet. This clearly outlines the ideals toward which Haverford is so consistently approaching.

HAVERFORD OF THE FUTURE

(Conclusion of address by President Sharpless at the recent Alumni banquet)

THE ideals which some of us have had for a long time seem nearer realization than ever before, and this fine spirit of quiet but determined loyalty points to better things than were possible a few years ago. I do not wish Haverfordians to have any cramped views as to what our college should be. Nothing less than a unique institution will satisfy some of us. If you wish to see the direction in which the college will develop scan below the surface the development of the past few years. To some of you it may seem to be mainly a growth in numbers and in buildings. But if so you have missed the main point. When a college measures its standards by numbers and buildings it is not a great college. If its efforts are confined to noisy advertising through ball games, theatrical shows, popular lectures, and other means to attract the public without adding to its real opportunities for education in its fullest sense, it is not in the line of the best development. It is not as we want to go. We need fitting and

necessary halls, and we are gradually securing them. We need, of course, athletic and social opportunities and, as we all know, we have them, probably quite as much as, in a general way, any of us desire. At any rate we have in our location and our grounds the physical possibilities to do anything in these lines. But if you ask me what has been at the basis of our recent development, the root from which, directly and indirectly, it has proceeded, I should say that it was the quality of our teaching force, and herein lies the key to the future.

We must aim to have a faculty as good, man for man, as any to be found in the upper positions of the best universities. As you think of it this may seem to you an audacious proposition. Would a small college be able to command and to hold such a faculty? This is the experiment we have been trying, and so far as we have gone it is solved affirmatively. We have found that some such men will stay with us. It means more than salaries. It means favorable conditions. It means

time and opportunity for study. It means reasonable academic freedom. It means certain surroundings. It means meeting the conditions demanded by that rather exacting and difficult body of men, the men who are scholars.

I would not wish to have it inferred that a scholar is all we want at Haverford. I would not take many of the scholars at our universities if I had the choosing to do and could get them. We want influential men. Of course they must be scholars, but we all know there are as many variations in the ranks of scholars as in chickens. Some are impossible socially. They are rough, vulgar and unpleasant. Some are impossible morally, preferring recreations and conversation, which would destroy any charms their scholarship would have. Some are weak creatures in character—intellectually strong, but characterless—uninfluential. Some have religious conceptions which would militate against the spirit and ideals of Haverford. Some would hold that their devotion to research is dominant and that teaching and influencing young men is only a necessarily evil concomitant of the position. All of these would cut out nine-tenths of possible candidates; but if we had the means to rake the country I am sure we would find enough of the right sort, each of which—to use the language of another—would leave a luminous trail pointing to Haverford, and would advertise in the best sense our college to the country.

Now it is only a question whether this will be done—gradually or at once—soon or late. It, of course, does not mean clearing out our present excellent faculty or any striking revolution. It means a policy to be lived up to whenever circumstances permit.

But think what it would do for the college. It would differentiate it immediately from any other institution in the

land. For most places when they get ahead financially add departments and keep as poor as ever, or if they do not get money, remain small because no more students will go to them. But here we would have a college giving the best that could be had of education in the United States, with all those valuable influences that come from a moderate number in close contact with the strongest men of the country. We would have a college with an atmosphere charged with intellectual, moral and social aspirations—a college everyone of you, of course, would value, but which a multitude of the careful fathers and thoughtful boys now strangers to us would also value. Numbers would trouble us no more. We could make them what we chose. We would take such and such only as we wanted. We would not race with anybody else. We would use even our football games as healthy recreations, regardless of their advertising effect. We would have sport for sport's sake—as, indeed, we have now—and could always win or lose with honor.

Such is the program for Haverford along which we think we will work. We see the plan clearly. We have finished experimenting. We shall go ahead as we have resources. How much of these are needed? You will smile at the reckless dreamer when he says a million dollars in addition to what we have now. One-fifth of this should go for buildings; the rest for \$100,000 professorships. The mere statement of a good number of professorships thus endowed would in itself be the making of the new Haverford, which would be only a development of the present Haverford. One-half of it should come from the sale of the land in West Philadelphia as soon as it can be marketed. The other half should come—I do not know whence. The sooner it comes the sooner will arise the new con-

ditions, on the firm organic basis of the old college, carrying out its traditions and principles, but leading in a movement which will not be an experiment to

prove that quality is worth more than numbers and that the best is none too good for Haverfordians.

LEIGH HUNT—AN APPRECIATION

PERHAPS there never existed at any time such an interesting circle of literary men, bound together by feelings of mutual esteem and good-fellowship, as that large but select company, of which we hear a great deal through Charles Lamb. For a locality to have a single man of letters were honor enough in these days of literary quiescence, but when we realize that a little less than one hundred years ago there existed a community of men who met together for a pleasant evening of literary discussion, we begin to realize in a small way what a centre of scholarly activity was the city of London in the year 1812. Around the hospitable fireside of Charles Lamb there met this assembly which numbered among its members such men as Shelley, Keats and Byron. In the line of essayists the critical world has left us only the name of Charles Lamb as that of a writer of the first class, while Clarke, Talfourd and Leigh Hunt have been allowed to go down into forgetfulness. We have, indeed, retained a liking for Hazlitt, but his popularity has never been equal to Lamb's, and for some reason he does not figure very largely in the little, familiar circle of close friends. He was present at times, but he seems to have enjoyed these occasions merely as an invited guest and not as a regular attender.

But of all the lesser men who frequented that fireside there is none who can better claim our attention than Leigh Hunt. He always aspired to be a poet, and so associated more with Byron, Keats and

Shelley than with Lamb and Ollier. We, however, know and love the man best for his essays, for he rarely showed great poetic gifts, and, with the notable exception of *Abou Ben Adhem*, he hardly ever rose beyond the limits of a clever and persistent versifier. To be sure, his sonnet on the Nile, which he wrote in competition with Keats and Shelley, will bear the closest comparison with the other two, and by no means suffer by the ordeal. Yet he never rose above a certain fixed level even in his more ambitious poetic attempts. So it is that he must be classed with Lamb as an essayist if he is to have any lasting hold upon our sympathies and affections.

In the notable group of which he was a member, he was, with the exception of Lamb, the only one to reach old age. Keats and Shelley lie side by side in an Italian graveyard, the one on account of a sickly constitution, the other drowned in the Mediterranean; both dead when much more might have been expected from them. Byron also died young on account of his manner of living, and the world is left to mourn and wonder what might not have been expected from men who gave such large and splendid promise in their youth, if they had been permitted to fill out the tale of years allotted to the average man. But with Leigh Hunt the opposite is the case; he wrote in his youth that he did not consider the cat and the teapot as indispensable to a cheerful fireplace; but in his later years, when he had brought his more

mature mind to bear on the subject, he did full justice to tabby, and thus fell back into the conventional and customary way of looking at the matter.

The man's cheerfulness is astounding. We know that his family conditions in Italy were little short of desperate. Had his friend Shelley lived all would have gone well, but at the poet's death Hunt was thrown entirely on his own resources and the questionable bounty of Lord Byron. The latter was, to say the least, ill at ease with a man and wife and eight children entirely dependent upon him alone. The whole incident is one of the most pathetic and at the same time the drollest that we find in the life of this wonderful man. But the strangest part of the whole affair is the fact that at this very time of absolute financial dependence, he was writing and sending to England some of his most cheerful essays; and to judge the man's position by his cotemporary productions would be to place him as a well-fed and satisfied mortal in easy, not to say affluent, circumstances. There is not in Leigh Hunt any of the glorification of poverty and the love of economical living that is found in Elia, and yet from an outside standpoint he is just as optimistic as the frugal Lamb.

To those who acknowledge that Leigh Hunt does hold a place in their affections, it is his quality of beautifying commonplace things, and of making an entertaining and readable production from a trivial subject that constitutes his chief claim. Charles Lamb says of him that he is "indispensable as a fireside companion," and this is, indeed, the situation in a terse and compact form. His essays are never long enough to seem tedious, nor do they have the short and unpolished form of careless or hurried preparation. All of his published works show an appreciation and interest in the sub-

ject, so connected with his inborn sense of humor that the impression, when the reading is over, cannot but make us smell the aroma of his coffee, or see the leaves in the bottom of his cup of tea. Moreover, when we read Hunt we are in the open air. We can see all around us the commonplace beauty of an English moor, which Hunt preferred to all the richly colored landscapes of Italy. Or if his walk leads him to an unfinished house, the sight of the bricklayers brings to his mind a curious old book; a pebble in the path gives rise to an interesting bit of philosophy; or the village pump suggests one of his most humorous essays. No incident or object is too trivial to be noticed, or to start a flow of thought. Gone and forgotten are the luxurious hangings of an Italian villa, and in their place we have the cheery breakfast room on Hampstead heath, with the sun shining in (this is the one indispensable feature which Hunt demands for such a room), and at the window a vine, on the wall a select picture, and, last and next to the sun in importance, a clean and well-wooded hearth, on which blazes a bright fire, with a cheeriness equal to that of the sunshine. But even a rainy day may be full of pleasure. Here the hearth is everything, and the dampness of the outer world, received during the business duties of the day, is all disposed of by the presence of carpet slippers and an easy chair pulled up to the congenial warmth.

"Around the radiant fireplace, enclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm."

Nor do the advantages of more strenuous living escape him. In a charming little essay entitled "Cricket," he praises the merits of the game, admitting that he is far too fond of his books for his own good.

There is no doubt that Leigh Hunt belongs to a secondary class of men of

genius, men who, as Arnold says, "have a genuine gift for what is true and excellent, and are therefore capable of emitting a life-giving stimulus, but who, for some reason or other, have remained obscured, nay, beyond a narrow circle in their own country, unknown." But all of us can recognize the pleasure of coming upon a man whose works are unknown to us, and of whom we have not learned in the classroom. To read a man by rule and to know beforehand just what one ought to get out of this or that essay lacks originality and greatly decreases the profit. It is this sense of newness, of freedom to judge of a writer's merits, untrammelled by the teaching of the schoolroom, that forms one's chief pleasure in original work, and it is this that renders us

more fit "to come across a genius of this kind and to extract his honey."

The limits of literature seem to be iron bound and capable of no extension. Since Leigh Hunt's time so many gifted writers and poets have come before the public and demanded a place among the world's greatest men of letters, that we have lost sight of all the essayists of that time but Lamb and Hazlitt. Carlyle has left us profounder thought than ever these men dreamed of; but when one is tired of philosophy, it is pleasant and restful to read some of the cheerful essays on humble, domestic affairs of every-day life such as Leigh Hunt has written for us, and to these we can turn in all sorts of weather, in summer and winter, and be sure of finding something that will fit both mood and season.

F. R. Taylor, '06.

THE FIRE-BALL SACRIFICE

AT the time I joined the company they were making a paying thing out of the pearls gathered in Utopia, an island in the Central Pacific. With aptness the place had been so named. Out of the track of all line steamers and visited but twice a year by a special trader, it was the most lonesome spot in the world, and all our agents that had stayed any time had been driven almost mad with melancholia. But not so Reddy Hanlin. His had been a crazy career at the best; his experience had in it data that were world wide—but mountebank in everything else, his honesty was impeccable.

Many a sailor had circumvented the safeguards and precautions of former agents and smuggled away a pretty hoard of pearls, but Reddy broke that up with marvelous rapidity. It was scarcely a year before every native on

Utopia, fifty-some all told, looked to Hanlin as one with supernatural power. None of us who made the periodical trips knew the secret of his influence, but it was plainly manifest. Men and women were alert for every motion he made; nor were their faces burdened any more with fear than with reverence. We guessed he had been working on their superstition with some of his ingenious quackery; but just how and with what over-mastering results we did not discover till the night of the full moon in August last. Our ship was moored off the island at that time. I knew a little of the native lingo—awful stuff—and had overheard two women speaking of the "fire-ball sacrifice and harvest of pearls," and I gathered that was the fatal night. So on leaving Hanlin, ostensibly to row to the ship, the mate and I went around the promontory that form-

ed the plantation bay, and then, by the help of the moonlight, landed in secret further up the beach. We made our way around to a hill overlooking the settlement of shacks and hid ourselves in some brush near a group of palms. The hill on which we were led gently to the beach on the north and south of the ridge, but directly east it broke off into a sheer wall some fifty feet high, at the bottom of which large seas broke and foamed angrily.

When the moon, obscured by thin silvery clouds that a light breeze shifted here and there in mysterious shapes, had nearly reached the zenith, one lone form came up the hill along the path we had followed. We soon distinguished Hanlin. On one side he carried a small round disc and on the other a can. Over one shoulder hung, as near as we could judge, some sort of net. He parted the brush and then hurried along a hidden path. After a few moments we saw him climb one of the palms, and, most astonishingly to us, lug the disc, now gleaming with phosphorescent light, up with him. He lodged it deep in the shade of the tree, facing the ocean, and descended. Up he went in the next one, and when he reached the top moved back and forth from one branch to another and came down. The breeze seemed to change on that instant and out of the palm tree came a mournful sighing that now sank to a whisper and again swelled to a dismal wail. Then, too, and with a similarity to the clouded moon that almost immersed us, the disc loomed up with uncertain yellow light that glowed and dimmed in miniature ripples like a field of golden grain before the summer winds.

Hanlin himself was now standing before the palms on the open flat overlooking the sea, and evidently waiting. He was fantastically garbed and wore a

luminous coronet around his head. We were hidden but a few feet from him and in a constant fret of fear of being discovered and so breaking up the rites which we now believed we were going to see.

Hanlin uttered a loud wail like to that of the æolian harp he had strung in the tree, and after the space of three minutes one figure ascended the hill with slow, springing steps, and at short intervals giving an answering wail to the soundings from the palms. The figure proved to be a woman. She kneeled and bowed to the supernal palm, and begged to be spared. As she arose Hanlin, standing behind her, with a jerk of his wrist slipped a card into the air that, boomerang like, fell at the woman's feet as if shot from the disc in the tree above. Eagerly she snatched it and carried it to him to be interpreted. The fatal lot had missed her. With a most piteous whimper she knelt and bowed to the palms again and returned down the hill with the same slow, rhythmic swinging to her body, and the recurrent moanings in answer to the wind-swept harp.

Eight times each of eight women ascended the hill to learn the cast of fate, whimpered thanksgiving and descended again. But to the ninth the interpreter of the fire-ball made no answer. He waited in silence a moment, then carried the card the woman had given him to the edge of the rocks and cast it in. The ill-fated victim sank to the earth and bowed her head, but not a sound did she utter. Hanlin took the band from around his head and waved it in the air. Then came up the hill fifty men and women, wailing piteously in answer to the wailing of the night wind in the palms. They formed a silent circle around the sitting woman, leaving an opening toward the sea. Slowly she arose, and without one falter, stepped to the brink. The harp

began its wailings again, but louder still there arose a shriek from one of the men, who broke from the circle and ran to the side of the fated woman. They leaped together, and as they fell to the rocks below Hanlin scattered a shower of pearls into the air; the fire-ball sacrifice had

been answered by the god in the palm. The miserable group wailed again, and as they swung down the hill the mate and I sat dumbly by and watched. Hanlin removed all traces of the rites and left in silence. This was the honest charlatan. *R. J. S., '06.*

Res Aeternae

Nineveh boasted of grandeur perpetual,
 Carthage her widespreading commerce and pride;
 Greece of her valor and wealth intellectual,
 Yet all in the roll of the ages have died.
 Babylon laughed at the Deity scornfully,
 Rome, drunk with power, grew haughty and bold;
 Out from their ruins the echoes sound mournfully,
 "Things that eternal are, never grow old."

Where are the dreams that our ancestors cherished,
 Dreams of magnificence, glory and power?
 Gone as the breath that they breathed has perished,
 Vanished forever like things of an hour!
 Corinth, the waves of the quiet Aegean,
 Image the stars that looked down on thy fall;
 And the streets once trod by the feet of armies
 Now bloom with the roses that grow on thy wall!

Thebes no longer exists but in story,
 The splendor of Athens was but a day's sun;
 And the captains that marshalled their legions to glory,
 Have mouldered to dust like the trophies they won.
 Gone are the towers of Tyre and of Sidon,
 Now only names that the poets employ;
 Gone are their rulers, faded like memories,
 Or the last gleam of sunshine that shone upon Troy

Over the nations of haughty dominion,
 The tide of vengeful destruction has rolled;
 By the long course of the ages is written,
 Brightly and clearly, in characters bold:
 "The God of Hosts is a God of Judgment;
 Live by His will! Ere His wrath, uncontrolled,
 Smite thee to death and He crieth: 'Ye perish;
 My laws are eternal and never grow old.'"

T. C. D., '08.

THE NINE OF DIAMONDS

THE medium looked wise for a minute or two, and then began to relate the following story:

About five years ago I had a very strange experience. I was sitting one evening in my study reading the "Revelations from the Spiritual World." All of a sudden I heard three loud raps, as if someone had struck upon the zinc-covered roof with a hammer. I looked up and listened. A full minute must have elapsed before I heard a faint noise coming from the door. Just as I turned my eyes to see what it was a strong draught of cool air rushed in, and the lamp was put out. How long it was before I recovered enough to strike a match I could not tell you. It may have been ten minutes. I groped around in the darkness and shut the door. Then I lit the lamp. The light from the lamp fell square upon a piece of paper upon which the following words were written in a scrawly hand: "Come to the gambler's house at once. Peace be with you." You can imagine my surprise at reading those words. Had a brother from the other world come to visit me? Why should I go out so late at night? But it was an absolute command. As a medium I could not disobey.

The gambler's house at midnight—a tough task, I assure you! The stretch of land between the coast and the edge of the swamp where that man lived is a desolate place. Tall, crooked palms rise here and there. At night, when the sea breeze blows they rock their shrouded branches, making doleful noises. Banks of sands, crowned with bunches of prickly pear, intercept the path everywhere. Wild vines and thorny cactus grow pell mell in the soft sand. Through this waste, following a winding path, I made my way toward the edge of the

swamp. At last I came to a place where the ground rises considerably above the level of the coast. In the distance I caught sight of a flickering light. Something tugged at my heart, and I knew that I was near the dread place. With eyes focused upon that distant light, I walked on, unmindful of dangers. Suddenly I ran into a sand bank. The pain, as the thorns of a prickly pear plant buried themselves in my hands, was nothing compared to the sensation which I felt when a band of sea birds rose from the bank and flew all around me, flapping their wings and uttering an angry "kiah! kiah! kiah!" With bleeding hands I disentangled myself. Leaving the last dunes behind, I turned to the left and walked upon a beaten path. With a whirl the band of black birds flew over my head again and disappeared in the distance, uttering their ominous "kiah! kiah! kiah!"

At last I reached the house. An old negro woman stood at the door, holding a candle in her hands. Nodding, she silently led the way, and ushered me into a large, square room. On a very plain bed lay a man with glazy eyes and an emaciated face. Over the bed hung a portrait which was completely lit up by the light of a lamp in a corner of the room. By the bedside stood a small table, loaded with medicine bottles. Floating in a saucer full of cocoanut oil there was a burning piece of cotton. Next to the saucer there was a pack of cards, and under the cards a dollar bill. Except for these things, a couple of chairs and a padded rocker, the room was bare. The man in the bed looked at me a long time. Then, raising himself on his elbows, he almost shrieked: "They are all around. Can't you drive them away?" and sank back into his pil-

lows. He pointed toward the small table and muttered something unintelligible. The negro woman walked over, took the dollar from under the cards, and handed it to me, saying: "Pray for him and return to-morrow at midnight." Then she ushered me out.

* * *

I rose late the following morning. The events of the previous night rushed back to my mind. Had it been a dream? No; my hands bore the marks of the prickly pear. I jumped out of bed and sought my pocketbook eagerly. If the dollar bill was in it, then it was no dream. With trembling hands I opened it—soul of my soul! instead of the bill I found one of the cards which I had seen upon the gambler's table the evening before. I turned it over—it was the nine of diamonds. What mystery was this? Had that woman given me a card when I thought she was giving me a dollar?

All that day a vague uneasiness swept over me. I promised myself that I would not make a second journey for a nine of diamonds. But toward nightfall my uneasiness vanished, and I became possessed of an unconquerable desire to return to the gambler's house. Just before midnight I started and began to walk hurriedly. As I reached the path which leads to the house the same ominous "kiah! kiah! kiah!" of the evening before struck my ears. Only this time it seemed to come from the very heart of the swamp. On reaching the house the events of the previous night were repeated to the extent of my getting another dollar.

On the following morning I found another nine of diamonds in my pocketbook. More mystified than ever, I appealed to the good spirits to enlighten me, but without any success. I prayed all day, but when night fell the same uncontrollable desire took possession of

me. I started once more, with a hope of getting to the end of the strange adventure. The night was not as dark as it had been upon the two previous occasions—a few stars twinkled above and lessened the terrors of the darkness. I had not gone a hundred yards when I found my way blocked by a hedge of "malla" and wild vine. Had I taken the wrong path? I thought not. I turned to the right and walked rapidly until I nearly ran into another sand bank. Had I lost the path again? It seemed strange. At last I caught sight of the flickering light in the gambler's window. Almost simultaneously my eyes wandered toward "the palm of the lost souls" and the swamp beyond. A bluish little tongue of fire hovered over the top of the tall, crooked palm; while over the swamp hundreds of pale little lights sprung up and licked the air, disappearing only to spring out again and be swept away by the breeze.

* * *

When I entered the room I found the gambler cold and stiff in his bed. I glanced over the room. I shall never forget the spectacle that my eyes met. The walls, the ceiling, the floor, the bed, the table—everything was shrouded in black. The burning piece of cotton had ceased to burn. The lamp in the corner cast only a dim light over the scene. In his hands the dead man held the portrait which had hung over his head. I looked at it. It was the portrait of a pretty young girl, bearing a strong resemblance to the dead man. Under the pack of cards there was not a dollar bill, but the everlasting nine of diamonds! The old negro woman whispered in my ear: "It's all over," and ushered me out without another word.

My head was like an oven. The cool evening air seemed to do me good. I walked on, lost in my thoughts, until I

sank knee deep into a hole. I had taken the wrong path and gone right into the swamp. I grabbed to pull myself out and my hand clutched a wooden box. It rattled with an uncanny noise. It was a coffin! Curiosity overcame my fears. I struck a match and held it over the coffin. Inside of it there was a skull, a few bones, a rusty poniard and—a nine of diamonds. They seemed to have been put in there that same evening. As I stood there pondering I could not help asking myself the question: "Has this skull any connection with the portrait? What is the meaning of this nine of dia-

monds?" I thought I heard a rustling over my head. Then I shuddered as I heard once more that ominous "kiah! kiah! kiah!" A few more lights sprung up around me, danced awhile in the air and then disappeared. With a heavy heart I left the dismal place.

* * *

Friends, that strange adventure has always remained shrouded in the deepest mystery. I once heard that the gambler had staked his daughter's honor in a game of Monte, and—lost! *Quien sabe?* J. Padin, '07.

SKETCHES

St. David's Church

IT was a beautiful Sunday afternoon in June, one of those rare days when one feels that God and he are in perfect harmony, and death is only the door to a better life. The whole atmosphere of the old revolutionary church contributed to my mood—the cool of the stone walls, the ivy-covered roof, the stately pines, the honeysuckle straggling over the graves, the stern old stones telling of a forgotten past when men and women with "like passions as ourselves" came here to meet and to worship. If only those inscriptions could tell their stories! But many of them are hard to make out, and the gaps must be supplied by the imagination. Perhaps those stones near that tall pine tree could tell us of an old couple who lived a long life of love and kindness, honored and revered by the whole neighborhood. This solitary stone by the wall commemorates a young girl, soon to be married, perhaps, in this very church,

who died of a broken heart at her lover's desertion. That broad flat slab conceals the remains of one the most dashing and heroic of the Revolutionary generals. This one close to the church wall covers perhaps the young children stricken by some dread fever. The very threshold of the doorway bears an inscription sacred to the memory of the first pastor, who lived to a green old age, and died peacefully, to be laid to rest by his son, elected to succeed him. They were all there, rich and poor, young and old, father, mother, brother, sister—they had all met the same fate, but was it not a happy fate, a birth into a new life!

Why then should that long line of people, clothed in black and with bowed heads be weeping and sorrowful? For as I turned to go, I noticed four men carrying a varnished rosewood case toward a far corner of the yard, where the fresh earth and the old stones looked strangely incongruous. They had passed me in my reverie, but they could not disturb the peacefulness of my thoughts.

Reverently I watched; the last solemn words were said, the earth was thrown in and the men and women moved softly away, leaving the father and mother alone with their lost one. But again I thought: "God and Man are in harmony; the dead have only found a larger and a nobler self." *R. S., '06.*

The Plains

I STOOD on the platform of the little shed which served as a station, watching the train as it glided into the western distance along that straight line cutting the Arizona Desert. The smoke hung in the shimmering atmosphere in a trail behind it, hardly swayed by a breath of air, as if held between two mighty forces, the sun boiling down from above, and the heat reflected from the glaring sand. As far as the eye could see in any direction stretched limitless sand, limitless sky, and between them that hazy wavering which tends to confuse the senses. A feeling of loneliness, of helplessness came over me, but I battled with it, for I knew that if once downed there would be no help for me. To interest my wandering senses I searched the landscape for some variation. Turning my burning eyeballs out towards the horizon line I barely made out a range of low-lying foothills, but they only aggravated the frenzy of my imagination, for to me they meant simply more of that accursed sand. It seemed to me that I was lost in that glowing sea of sand. I reeled, but just then a piercing whistle cut me like a knife, rallied my vanishing senses, and set me on my feet again. Thank God, a train for the East in sight! *J. M., '06.*

The Inside of the College Library

SURROUNDED by larches and oaks, overhung by ivy, flanked by a precise Elizabethan garden, Alumni

Hall gave the author the idea of an old English abbey. When he entered, and the heavy oaken door swung shut behind him, the illusion was not at first broken, for a heavy, musty odor was present, and he looked up expecting to see about the walls and among the bare black rafter beams, dust-covered and bloody escutcheons, battered armor, and along the floor, crumbling effigies. But he did not; instead he got an impression of a vast number of books, methodically arranged everywhere on shelves, and the spell was broken! He realized that here were entombed men's thoughts and not their bodies.

Arranged in the shape of a St. George's cross the four wings radiate from a square enclosure in the centre, where sits ensconced—not the muse of learning, as one might expect, but the librarian. You enter the building by the east wing, devoted to a large reading table and periodicals. The shelves of the west wing are occupied mainly by works of reference, and its alcoves by books pertaining to the social branches. The bright new south wing, with its ringing cement floor, is cosmopolitan. Here are books in almost all languages; here one may behold the undignified flirtation of a Gray's "Anatomy," with a little dark-eyed French novelette, or Euclid's "Treatise on Mathematics," casting sheep's eyes across the aisle at "Jane Eyre." Here also are the invaluable collections of old manuscripts and Babylonian tablets.

But the north wing is the most interesting of all. Here is a perfect mystic maze of books, and in the centre a couple of tables, covered with catalogues and periodicals. In this wing are books touching all branches of human knowledge, and, as if one floor were not enough, there is a second gallery groaning beneath vast quantities of erudition

—and Government statistics!

Yes, for interest, pure and simple, and if you do not want to find a certain book, the north wing is by far the most fascinating.

I. J. D., '07.

Another View of the Duality

THE bell was ringing as I came up the steps three at a time, and by the time I reached the top the iron gate clanged shut. But I slipped through an "exit" gate, jumped on the end of the last car, and was soon dozing in my seat. For some reason or other my mind always rehearses in reverse order the events of the day just before I fall asleep; and so, after congratulating myself on not missing the "owl" train, I found myself gliding over smooth ice, cutting circles, parabolas and ellipses, which soon resolved themselves into equations representing the same figures, while the ice became black and the skates turned to chalk; I was conscious that I was being called upon, but the professor, instead of asking a question, said "Tickets!" while Tommy Mathshark snatched my pencil from me. But it was only the conductor punching my ticket. Before settling down again after this brief interruption, I glanced out of the window and caught sight of a small tower, brilliantly lighted, in which a man with shirt sleeves rolled up stood before a row of huge upright levers. I began to wonder, as I dropped off again, what sort of a life this fellow led in his lonely tower; but again the mathematics asserted itself, and the blackboard finally swallowed up everything.

I started up guiltily. The glare of the electric lights, reflected from a row of huge upright levers, increased the temperature of the hot, stuffy room—hot in spite of zero weather outside. I took

off my coat and rolled up my sleeves. "Well, I haven't been asleep more than a couple of minutes," I reflected, "for it's just about time for that last local." And so I grasped a smooth handle, threw my weight on the lever and then locked it. The midnight limited was due in ten minutes, but the Wilmington express preceded it by five; and so I wiped the perspiration from my forehead and turned to watch the local "owl." Most of the male passengers were dozing in their seats, but a fellow in the last car stared curiously in my direction as the train flew by. Just then the express passed and I turned to release both levers. They flew back with a clang, and the ticker on my desk awoke and started to say "L-i-m-i-t-e-d p-a-s-s-e-d O-K." Then after a pause: "Hello 113! hello 113! hello 113! are you there? Hold the B— express; freight wreck at—"

I awoke to hear the brakeman calling "Haverford!" but the train was already pulling out of the station. I picked up my suit case and made for the door, almost upsetting the conductor, who came in with, "Next station, Haverford."

H. Burt, '08.

In the Observatory

THE astronomer shifted restlessly in his chair. For two hours his eye had been glued to the eye-piece of the telescope; for two hours the dull "tick-tick" of the clock had sounded monotonously in his ears. The narrow slit in the spherical dome admitted the white light of the full moon, and the soft glow half revealed the objects in the circular room. The telescope was fastened to the moon by the clock, so that for all the motion of the earth, the moon was always in the field of view; the astronomer was just as rigidly locked to the

telescope, locked there by the one insatiable desire of man—the longing “to know.”

The moon is a tiresome object to watch. Men have studied it for centuries, and it has remained practically unchanged. So our astronomer shifted restlessly, and yawned. Suddenly, with a gasp of astonishment, he sat bolt upright; he bit his yawn in half and gulped down the unyawned portion, and all thought of drowsiness left him. There was a black object on the face of the moon, and it was moving! Life on a dead world! Life that must exist without atmosphere. And what a giant it was! A good-sized town could be seen on the moon, but this colossal object must be at least twice as large as New York City. It moved slowly across the moon, drawing its circular body along by six great legs, each as long as the Delaware River. Its lumbering bulk

crawled over that cavernous surface like a bee on an orange. But when this great beast reached the edge of the moon, and began to lower itself off with a heavy rope, insolently disregarding the laws of gravitation, then our astronomer gasped in horror.

And just then something had to tickle his nose! He brushed at it impatiently, jealous of the slightest interruption; but the tickling continued. It was unendurable. He drew his eye away from the telescope, and saw—a tiny spider hanging on a silken cord before his other eye.

So this little speck was his great giant! The disappointment was grievous. But the spider had prepared its own destruction; a portion of the web again tickled the astronomer's nose, and a great, omnipotent sneeze blew the giant to the other end of the universe and startled the chronometer into losing a tick.

W. S. E., '07.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

Alumni Banquet

THE nineteenth annual alumni dinner was held at the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel, on the evening of February 16. About two hundred Haverfordians were present.

The guest of honor was Dr. Henry Churchill King, president of Oberlin College, Ohio, who at that time was delivering the fourth annual series of Haverford Library Lectures on the subject, “Friendship—Human and Divine.” Dr. Rufus M. Jones was the toastmaster. President King spoke on the influence and power of the small college. President Sharpless spoke on the progress, needs and ideals of Haverford College. Others who responded to toasts were Dr. Ernest W. Brown; L. Hollingsworth

Wood, '96, and Chester J. Teller, '05. The oldest alumnus present was Coleman L. Nicholson, '50.

Presentation of the New Dining Hall

ON the evening of Friday, February 9th, the donors of the new dining hall, to the number of about one hundred and fifty, were entertained at dinner by the Board of Managers and the Faculty, in the magnificent room which has lately become a reality through their unflagging generosity. The tables were arranged in the shape of a horseshoe, the presiding officers and oldest alumni being seated at the bend, near the door. After a delightful banquet had been thoroughly enjoyed by all the guests

President Sharpless arose and announced that there would be a few informal speeches preparatory to a general inspection and critical examination of the entire wing by all those personally interested. In his introductory remarks President Sharpless commented on the loyalty of the alumni in responding without hesitation to the call for funds. He mentioned several individual cases which exhibited this loyalty with peculiar force. He then summed up the details of construction connected with the new hall, and gave the donors an accurate account of the use made of their contributions.

The president was followed by George Vaux, Jr., who spoke on behalf of the trustees. His remarks were of a general nature, interspersed with humorous stories. He pointed out the fact that the college man was needed in the organized charities of the city, and made a strong appeal to Haverford graduates to take part in such work.

President Sharpless then introduced Frederick Palmer, Jr., whose dining hall experiences under the old and new conditions made him an eloquent witness to the effectiveness of the alumni's gift. He related his adventures in entertaining fashion from his first introduction to a Haverford meal down to his present life of ease and prosperity under the self-government system. His remarks impressed the alumni anew with the fact that the dining hall had been a most crying need.

As another witness to the remarkable change wrought by the passing from the old to the new, Dr. Bolles was called upon. He received a great ovation as he rose to speak, and responded with a most telling address. He was followed by James B. Drinker, '03, who represented the younger alumni. Drinker held forth in his usual George Ade

style, to the delight of all his hearers. He ended with the hope that all alumni should be able to consider the new dining hall as a safe harbor of refuge in time of need, and thus, by returning continually to the scenes of their youth, be kept always "within touching distance" of the college.

The last speaker of the evening was Walter Carson, '06, president of the Senior Class, who, on behalf of the undergraduates, accepted the gift of the alumni. He spoke in particular of the new system of self-government, which has transformed the dining room from an athletic field to a comfortable hall, where the material wants of life may be satisfied in peace and quiet.

At the conclusion of the speeches the guests scattered to various parts of the new building, and thoroughly inspected every corner of the kitchen, cellar, halls and club rooms. The company finally adjourned, after a most delightful evening, with the sincere conviction that their seed had fallen on good ground and that their efforts had added another valuable factor in the development of the new Haverford College.

S. G. S., '05.

Baltimore Banquet

TWENTY-THREE graduates of Haverford College met at dinner at the Hotel Rennert, Baltimore, on Thursday, March 1, to consider the advisability of the formation of a local Alumni Association. Those present were:

President Sharpless.
Eli M. Lamb, 1856.
George V. Valentine, 1856.
John C. Thomas, 1861.
Prof. Marshall Elliott, 1866.
Prof. Henry Wood, 1869.
Dr. Randolph Winslow, 1871.
Charles Y. Thomas, 1871.

James Carey, Jr., 1872.
 Miles White, Jr., 1875.
 R. Henry Holme, 1876.
 A. Morris Carey, 1881.
 Dr. H. M. Thomas, 1883.
 Francis A. White, 1884.
 William M. Ellicott, 1884.
 John Janney, 1887.
 Dr. W. R. Dunton, Jr., 1889.
 T. S. Janney, 1890.
 Carey Coale, 1891.
 Henry S. Conard, 1894.
 J. Leiper Winslow, 1901.
 S. M. Whiteley, 1902.
 Fitz Randolph Winslow, 1903.
 George Peirce, 1903.

Acceptances were also received from the following, but for various reasons they were unable to be present.

Ephraim Hopkins, 1858.
 Joseph S. Hopkins, 1860.
 John E. Carey, 1870.
 Francis K. Carey, 1878.
 W. W. Handy, 1891.

Regrets were received from George M. Tatum, Thomas K. Carey, Henry J. Harris, Richard L. Cary and Alfred B. Morton, all of whom expressed themselves as favorable to the formation of a local Association.

The toastmaster was Miles White, Jr., who called on Dr. Dunton to state the object of the meeting.

Dr. Dunton spoke of the fact that while there were sixty graduates of Haverford, who were resident in or about Baltimore and Washington, and while a number of them had been casually meeting, a still larger number had met but seldom. He felt that an Association should be formed with semi-annual meetings for the purpose of promoting good-fellowship among Haverfordians and of keeping alive the love for their Alma Mater. He therefore moved that such an Association be formed. This motion was seconded by

Dr. Winslow. Mr. Miles White, Jr., was elected president and Dr. Dunton secretary, and an organization committee was appointed consisting of Dr. Randolph Winslow, Mr. Carey Coale and Dr. Dunton.

President Sharpless, who was the guest of the company, then spoke on the present conditions at Haverford, and its ideals. His address made a very strong impression, and the speakers who followed expressed approbation of the ideals suggested.

Eli M. Lamb and George V. Valentine then gave a number of reminiscences of old days at Haverford; following whom Dr. Winslow made a number of humorous remarks on cricket.

Professor Henry Wood spoke of Haverford as a college, and as an educator, warmly commended President Sharpless' views for the future of Haverford.

Professor Frank Morley, formerly of Haverford, was then called upon to speak on music at Haverford.

George Peirce spoke briefly upon the feeling of the recent graduates toward the older Alumni and Professor Elliott concluded the evening by remarks upon the "Uplift at Haverford" and the backward gaze.

W. R. Dunton, Jr., '89,
 Secretary.

NOTES

'78. Cyrus P. Frazier has just been selected postmaster of Greensboro, N. C.

'81. Isaac T. Johnson has resigned from the position of treasurer of the John C. Winston Publishing Co. to take charge of a large manufacturing establishment in Urbana, Ohio.

'94. A. M. Mahlon Z. Kirk, of Denver, Colorado, and Mrs. Kirk visited College on February 8th.

Ex-'98. John S. Jenks, Jr., was recently elected a manager of Girard Trust Company of Philadelphia.

'00. Howard H. Lowry is treasurer of the Coulter & Lowry Company, finishers of cotton goods, and is stationed in Greensboro, N. C.

'00. John Thompson Emlen was married on March 6, in Germantown, to Miss Mary Carpenter Jones.

'01. E. Marshall Scull has been elected treasurer of the John C. Winston Co.

'02. W. W. Pusey 2d was a member of the Wilmington Whist Club bowling team, which was recently beaten by the College team on the College alleys.

'03. The engagement is announced of R. L. Simkin to Miss Margaret Lowenhaupt, of Ossining, N. Y.

Ex-'05. John L. Scull, who is with the John C. Winston Co., is said to have been the only non-union man who could operate a monotype machine during the recent apprentice strike.

FACULTY DEPARTMENT

Conducted by Dean Barrett

PRESIDENT SHARPLESS recently read a paper on "Presbyterian and Quaker in Colonial Pennsylvania," before the Presbyterian Historical Society of Philadelphia. The lecture has been published in the Society's journal.

Professor Gummere contributed an article on "Originality and Convention in Literature," for the January number of the *Quarterly Review*; and Professor Brown has an article in the January and February numbers of the *Popular Science Monthly* entitled "With the British Association in South Africa." The latter are illustrated by photographs taken during the tour.

Ginn & Company have brought out a book by Professor Pratt, under the caption "A Course in Vertebrate Zoology." It is designed to be a guide to the dissection and comparative study of vertebrate animals and form a companion volume to one on invertebrate animals, published some time ago. These

books are for use in college and secondary school laboratories.

Dr. Babbitt's Thesis on "The Nasal Turbinates as a Vasomotor Index," has been accepted by the American Rhinological, Atological and Laryngological Society for its annual meeting in May, and for publication in its proceedings. He has lately been elected a member of the Board of Directors of the "American Gymnasia," the publication supported by the organization for National Physical Education.

The formal opening of the new dining hall occurred on Friday evening, February 9th. A dinner was given by the Board of Managers for the faculty and the donors of the building. With few exceptions, the donations for this latest improvement in the college equipment, were in comparatively small amounts, and the subscribers' list numbered about three hundred and twenty-five. The great majority of these were alumni of

Haverford, who again gave proof of their loyal appreciation of the work which the college is doing. Several substantial contributions were made by friends and neighbors not numbered among the alumni. These latter gifts were especially gratifying as giving evidence of the good-will of the donors and

of their desire to support educational projects. After dinner speeches were made by President Sharpless, George Vaux, Jr., '84, Dr. A. S. Bolles, Fred-eric Palmer, Jr., James B. Drinker, '03, and Walter Carson, president of the Senior Class.

COLLEGE DEPARTMENT

LIBRARY LECTURES

THE fourth annual course in the "Haverford Library lectures" was delivered by President Henry Churchill King, of Oberlin College. The subject of this series was "The Laws of Friendship, Human and Divine."

President King spoke of the fundamental rules of friendship which, he held, consist in the laws of personal relationship both between man and man, and between God and man. He explained the requisites of an ideal personal relationship, either human or Divine. He said they were, first, a significant personality, then integrity, community of interests, self-giving and, finally, respect for the liberty and personality of the other. We generally receive from anything exactly what we put into it; hence the more we give to our friendships the better the results we obtain from them. Our acquaintance with God is deepened in exactly the same way as is an acquaintance with a human being. What are the conditions that must be filled in order to bring a man into the closest relationship with God and man? The answer is association—devote time to developing friendships.

The second of the annual faculty teas this year was held in the reading-room of the gymnasium on Wednesday afternoon, February 14. On this occasion the guests were the Junior Class. As the

tea came on St. Valentine's day the refreshments and decorations were all in the shape of hearts.

Professor A. Schinz, of Bryn Mawr College, delivered an interesting lecture before the "Cercle Française de Haverford" on Tuesday, February 13. He spoke on the differences between the French and English modern systems of versification in poetry. He illustrated his lecture by several very interesting selections from French literature. The lecture was delivered in the new assembly room. It is to be hoped that more undergraduates will attend these lectures in the future.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

Haverford vs. Germantown

On Thursday afternoon, February 22, the college won an interesting but rather easy victory from Germantown by the score of six goals to two. Haverford kicked off and in the first few minutes both sides had scored a goal. Haverford scored twice more before the half ended, the score being 3 to 1.

The second half opened by an excellent exhibition of team work on the part of the college forwards, but they could not shoot well. Pleasants, Rossmassler and Lowry played well for Haverford, while Priestman excelled for Germantown. Line-up:

Haverford. Germantown.
 Phillips Goal G. Priestman
 A. T. Lowry... Left full-back.... D. Newhall
 C. T. Brown... Right full-back..... Lister
 Taylor Left half-back..... Seeds
 Drinker Right half-back... Shoemaker
 Pleasants..... Centre half-back... C. Newhall
 Rossmassler... C. forward... A. G. Priestman
 Spaeth Left inside..... Sub.
 P. W. Brown... Right inside..... Kelly
 Reid Right outside..... Bushnell
 Young..... Left outside..... O'Neill
 Goals—Rossmassler, 2; Brown, Spaeth, 2;
 Reid, Kelly, O'Neill. Referee—Waldron.
 Time—35-minute halves.

Haverford vs. Merion

On Saturday, February 24, the college team played the Merion C. C. first team on our grounds. The score was 2-1 in Merion's favor. No score was made during the first half until it was almost over, when Lester shot a goal from Mifflin's pass to centre. Almost immediately after Mifflin scored a lucky shot. That ended Merion's performance. In the first ten minutes of play in the second half Spaeth kicked a beautiful shot from an outside pass to centre. Line-up:

Haverford.	Merion.
Phillips Goal.....	Morrice
Lowry Right full-back.....	Hare
Brown Left full-back.....	Thayer
Pleasants... Centre half-back... Rulon-Miller	
Taylor Left half-back.....	Johnson
Drinker Right half-back.....	Wood
Rossmassler .. Centre forward.....	Lester
Doughten Right inside.....	Mifflin
Reid Right outside.....	Thayre
Young Left outside.....	Sayres
Spaeth Left inside.....	Morris

Professor F. H. Green, of the West Chester Normal School, addressed the Y. M. C. A. on the evening of Wednesday, February 14. His subject was "The Significance of the Life of John the Baptist."

Interscholastic Meet

THE fifth annual interscholastic gymnastic and indoor athletic meet was held in the gymnasium of the col-

lege on Friday evening, February 23, 1906, under the auspices of the gymnasium department of the Athletic Association. The contest was well attended and went off on time in a way that was very creditable to the management. A dinner was given to the contestants in the dining-room before the meet, and at its close most of the boys attended an informal supper in the new assembly room. There were 88 entries, from the following schools: Blight's, Brown Preparatory, De Lancey, Episcopal Academy, Haverford, Moorestown Academy, Germantown Friends', Friends' Central, Germantown Academy, Lawrenceville, St. Luke's, Swarthmore Preparatory, Tome Institute and Yeates. President Sharpless presented silver cups to those winning first and second places in the different events. Lawrenceville won the most points, with Haverford and Episcopal close seconds. Dr. Babbitt, Manager Sheldon, Carson and their assistants deserve much praise for the way in which the meet was conducted.

The events were as follows:

220-yard dash—Won by French, Haverford; second, Johnson, Haverford.

Side Horse—Won by Annin, Lawrenceville; second, Whitby, Lawrenceville; third, Souder, Episcopal.

Flying Rings—Won by Baker, Haverford; second, Donaghy, Episcopal; third, Pearsall, Yeates.

High Jump—Won by Ingersoll, Lawrenceville; second, Van Dyke, Lawrenceville; third, Eich, Blights.

Parallel Bars—Won by Fennessey, Lawrenceville; second, Souder, Episcopal; third, Fritz, Haverford.

Club Swinging—Won by Pearsall, Yeates; second, Williams, Yeates; third, McCarthy, Lawrenceville.

Horizontal Bar—Won by Baker, Haverford; second, Graham, Episcopal; third, Winter, Lawrenceville.

Tumbling—Won by Meade, Episcopal; second, Stouffer, Episcopal; third, Annin, Lawrenceville.

20 yard Dash—Won by H. L. Hess, Friends' Central; second, Smith, De Lancey; third, Langsdorf, De Lancey.

The officials of the meet were as follows: Chairman, Dr. J. A. Babbitt; judges of gymnasium events, Dr. Chadwick, Messrs. Jenks, Bushnell and Ewing; judges of the athletic events, Messrs. Cary, Thorn, Hopkins and Phillips; executive officers, F. G. Sheldon and Walter Carson; marshals, S. G. Nauman, R. J. Shortlidge, A. K. Smiley, H. W. Doughton, Jr., F. D. Godley, W. R. Rossmassler, M. H. March, C. K. Drinker; clerk of the course, H. Pleasants, Jr.; starter, J. Turner, of Pennsylvania; announcer, R. Scott.

Gymnasium Meet

ON Friday evening, March 2, the gymnastic team of the college defeated Rutgers team by the score of 38-10.

A large crowd witnessed the event, which was interesting, if somewhat one-sided. It was perfectly evident from the start that Haverford would win. Captain T. K. Brown was handicapped by a sprained wrist, but in spite of this he did splendid work, winning second place on the horizontal bar. Bushnell

was the star of the meet, winning the horizontal bar event and the tumbling. Captain Devan, of Rutgers, and Edwards, of Haverford, also did well.

The Haverford team consisted of the following men: T. K. Brown, captain; Sheldon, manager; Carson, '06; Cary, '06; Shortlidge, '06; Stratton, '06; Brown, '08; Bushnell, '08; Edwards, '08; Scott, '08; Shoemaker, '08; Dr. Babbitt, instructor.

Rutgers Team: Devan, captain; Hill, manager; Green, '06; Geis, '07; Heath, '07; Thompson, '08; Morrison, '09; Dr. Dodge, instructor.

Musical Association

THE musical clubs will spend the Easter vacation on a trip South, giving the first concert at the New Century Club, Wilmington, on Wednesday, April 18. The following evening they will give a concert in Lehman's Hall, Baltimore. The entire itinerary has not been fully decided upon, but Washington and Lancaster will probably be included.

The management has also arranged for concerts at Germantown Cricket Club, Manheim, March 23; Wayne, March 30, and Tioga, April 3.

Breath of Spring.

Winter winds in the fir trees
Rustle, and endlessly sing
A dirge in the far-away northland;
And where is the breath of spring?

Summer winds in the palm trees
Rustle, and soothingly sing
A love song in the heart of the southland;
There is the breath of spring.

A. T. L., '06.

Yale Literary Monthly.

EXCHANGES

AS announced in another column, a selected list of the Haverfordian Exchanges will be on file in the north wing of the library, making them more accessible than heretofore. We trust that more men will take the opportunity to share a pleasure that has been too exclusively held by the Exchange Editor.

With the thought of giving up this department, we appreciate more fully what a pleasure exchange work is. It is a privilege to be able to review the many exchanges that come from all parts of this and from some other countries, and in a way to breathe the atmosphere of so many and diverse institutions.

We have become more or less conversant with the pleasures, the sorrows and the aims of many colleges, and grown to feel acquainted with editors and authors whom we know only as names. More than all, and we blush to say it, we have even lost our erstwhile bashfulness and hesitation in the presence of our women's college exchanges.

THE RED AND BLUE

Richard Mansfield has contributed to the February number an article entitled "All the World's a Stage." It is interesting in itself and because Mansfield wrote it. The exchange review is well treated.

THE NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE

Under the title "The Mysterious Princeton Grave" in the January number is the explanation and contradiction of that very tenacious yet unfounded tradition which has involved the good names of Aaron Burr and the unfortunate young lady who occupied this isolated

grave on the Princeton campus. We were much interested in the article and recommend that it be read.

The fiction is good in this number, and we mention especially "Whose Way is Hid" and "The Gates of Birth."

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA MAGAZINE

Gradually this paper has become one of our best-liked exchanges. It is always full of interesting stories, creditable essays and sound editorials. We would say, however, in criticism that a magazine sold at its price should be printed on better paper to do itself full justice. The January number offers as its best story "'Midst the Shadows." The dialogue is forced at times, but the story is vivid. "Uncle Jules" is a translation from the French of Maupassant. While the use of a translation may not at first seem appropriate, it seems to us that, where such judicious selection is used as in this case, it is worth while.

"Some Virginia Mountain People," in the February number, is a well-written study of these very interesting people. "Kelly" and "The Strange Narrative of Dr. Talbot" are both interesting stories.

THE HARVARD MONTHLY

An address by President Eliot is the leading article in the February number. In treating a question of local interest President Eliot expands upon some topics of general interest to college men.

Bernard Shaw finds a warm defender in the writer of a criticism of "Mrs. Warren's Profession." Personally we have never taken Shaw very seriously, although, with his unconventionality and fertility of new and novel ideas, he does

seem to epitomize the present social and intellectual unrest. We hardly agree with the author when he says, "Shaw is not fit for his public, they say, but in truth, it is they who are not fit for Shaw."

THE KALENDS

We are glad to receive this paper,

published by the Woman's College of Baltimore, as a regular exchange.

WESLEYAN LITERARY MONTHLY

The story entitled "The Soul of the Dog," in the January issue, has narrative interest and is well done for a story of its kind. "In the Darkness of the Hold" and "A Start in Life," both in the February number, are good sketches.

The Mountain Way

Upward along the rough-hewn mountain side,
Where briars tear and rocks bestrew the way,
A pathway leads—and there no flowers bloom
Or scarce may any living thing abide;
For through ravines, whose crags shut out the day,
It creeps on ever upward through the gloom,
And yet, if one but climb, as all men may,
With strength and courage like to those of old,
And win the summit—he can see, they say,
The glorious blood-red sunset, and a sky all gold.

H. J. Auchincloss,

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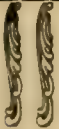
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The HAVERFORDIAN



HAVERFORD COLLEGE

VOLUME XXVIII, No. 2.

April, 1906

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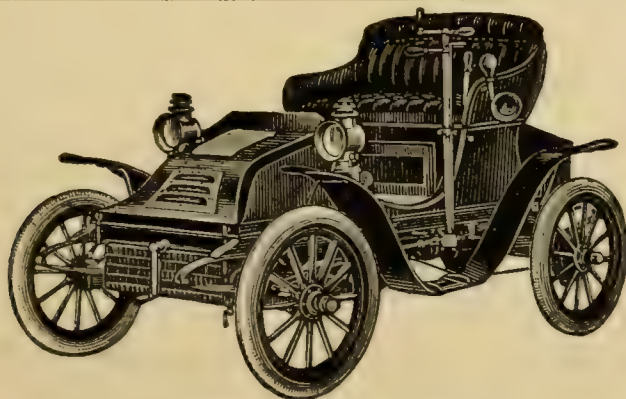
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THE HAVERFORDIAN

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SINCE the adoption of student government in the dining hall, there has been a growing sentiment in favor of extending it to the dormitories, especially Barclay. This movement came to a focus recently in an informal gathering of representative men from all classes, called together by some of the Seniors.

This meeting in itself was not very satisfactory, because, as was to be expected, there was a great deal of argument, pro and con, of more or less desultory nature, that did not throw much light upon the difficulties of the problem. One very wise suggestion was made, however; namely, that whenever conditions seem ripe for this matter to be brought up before the student body, this informal committee,—which consisted of more than ten men,—shall claim its privilege and ask for a meeting of the College Association. When the matter has been explained to the meeting a committee will be asked for, which, if granted by the meeting, shall draw up a tentative set of rules

embodying the details of such government. These will be posted about college so that everybody can see and consider them before another meeting of the Association. This to be done before the question of student government itself would be directly voted upon at all.

What will be the result?

Instead of the motion for student government being put before an unprepared College Association meeting and being blindly carried or defeated, this method will enable the men to see just what the measure will mean to them—what the rules will be, and whether or not they will remove some of those innate prerogatives so dear to the Haverford heart. Then, after thoroughly considering the questions at issue, they will come together and vote upon the separate rules, if the body is then of the opinion that such student government is feasible.

Now as to the merits of the question itself. There is no doubt that the adoption of student government to replace the present faculty supervision of the dormitories would be a decided step upward,

and as such should receive the serious considerations of the men in college. It would not necessarily mean the cessation of all those joyous activities with which the hallowed halls of Barclay occasionally resound, and which we hope will exist as long as the present healthy species of college man is extant. It would aim primarily at the care of college property, and then try to modify a few of the existing customs which might well be replaced by more rational conditions.

Personally, we are not sure that sentiment is yet ripe for self-government. We should prefer to wait and see that a few noticeable irregularities of conduct in the dining hall adjust themselves properly. But after hearing the sentiments of the meeting and talking personally with many men, we are rather surprised at the manifest approval of the measure.

It is clearly in favor among the Seniors and in a more conservative way among the Juniors and Sophomores. This hesitation of the two latter classes should not be regarded as a sentiment against the measure, or even a lukewarm feeling about it, and should not discourage the Seniors from keeping the idea alive. It arises from an appreciation of the responsibility which these two classes will have in maintaining the custom next year—when the real test will come.

If the measure is to be adopted it should be adopted this spring, so that the new class shall realize it as an existing condition. It should not be adopted in the face of a strong minority, however, because its maintenance must depend upon the general sentiment of the college body. And this is all it needs—public sentiment, which will place its stamp of approval upon certain limits of conduct, and then we shall have a regime in Barclay which will be more satisfactory than the present one and probably no more stringent.

THE date for the annual Alumni Oratorical contest has not been definitely fixed, but it will probably occur about the end of April. The thought of it brings to our mind that little doggerel from "Alice in Wonderland" which runs: "The time has come," the Walrus said, 'to talk of many things, of shoes, and ships, and sealing-wax—of cabbages and kings.'

The public does not sufficiently appreciate these "speaking" contests, mainly because of the varied and sometimes well-worn subjects treated. But the preparation this competition entails, with the personal treatment of the speaker, turns such subjects into productions that make it well worth the while of all undergraduates to attend the contests.

But more important than the benefit to the audience is the gain derived by the contestants themselves. The very generous prize offered to the winner is a great stimulus; but every man gets a reward in the personal gain derived from speaking in the contest, and from systematically working up some subject.

We hear everywhere the complaint that nowadays we do not spend enough time in the good old-fashioned forensic training, and there is a great deal in it. Men in all walks of life are constantly being called upon unexpectedly to speak in public, and it is gross carelessness upon the part of a college graduate if he has not trained himself so that he has command over himself and his thoughts.

We know with what added respect we recently came to regard a business man of one of our cities. While not possessing a college education he had not neglected this phase of his training. It was known there was graft in a certain municipal asphalt deal, and yet the measure had passed the first reading in Council and it looked as though it would go

through. At the next reading he appeared as a representative taxpayer, and, by a logical exposition of facts, forced a Council favorable to the measure to vote against it.

This is only a typical instance we cite to show that this is a training which every college man should possess when he goes out into whatever walk of life he may choose, and this training is most quickly and most easily obtained from practice in debate and extemporaneous speaking.

ENCOURAGED probably by the conditions, erroneously considered successful, resulting from the first operation, we understand the management has been advised to perform **Against a Proposed Operation Upon Barclay** a second one upon Barclay Hall—namely, to erect a second dividing wall which shall separate entirely the north end from the centre, continue the present partition down to the first floor, open a new entrance at the north end, and, as a result of the awful dissection, have practically three separate dormitories.

This is in accord with the ideal college dormitory as now accepted, but we do not feel that conditions here demand such a change. In the larger colleges and universities there is hardly any attempt made to cement together a group of men as large as we have here, and it would be impractical anyway; but here we strive for something different. Public opinion places the close association of life in Barclay and the other dormitories, high in importance in forming and maintaining our Haverford spirit in the past.

Everybody who has lived in Barclay since the present wall was built is unani-

mous in his disapproval of it, mainly because it separates the men so much, and thus limits close association,—and consequent close friendship,—to small groups of men. There is a peculiar friendship which is best derived by living in close proximity to one's fellow-students, which is lost if you have to descend and ascend four flights of stairs every time you want to borrow their newspaper.

No. Rather than desecrate Barclay by another partition let us consider, along with our student government, the question of removing the old one.

DURING the coming spring vacation will be conducted the first concert trip of the Haverford College Musical Clubs. Since it is merely an experiment, **The Spring Trip of the Musical Clubs** it will not be very extended, only lasting about four days, and only going as far south as Baltimore; but it is important as it may serve as a precedent for a new college activity. Whether or not it will become a custom will depend entirely upon traditional conditions, and the results of the trip; but we can safely prophesy that it will not only be a great benefit to the members of the clubs and the Musical Association, but will also be helpful to the name and interests of our college.

The clubs have had a very successful season thus far, and great credit is due the management, the leader, and those interested, for the careful arrangements they have made for the trip.

An enthusiastic spirit has been shown both by alumni and undergraduates, and with the continuance and co-operation of these interests a pleasant and successful trip will surely result.



Haverford Alumni Poem.

(Written for the annual dinner of the Alumni Association of Haverford College,
February 16th, 1906)

I.

We are not many—we who stand
The sons of Haverford to-day,
And fewer yet the poet-band,
That barely fills that rare demand,
To add the tribute of a lay,
To help to while an hour away.

We are not many, nor as old,
Or famed, as other schools may be;
Scarce four-score years, less five, enfold
The utmost tale that can be told,
Of struggle and of victory
That mark our noble history.

But years and numbers—what are they
Without the living fruitage fraught?
Achievement only gilds the day
And crowns with glory—or decay;
And older, larger fields, less wrought,
Lay smaller claim to serious thought.

II.

We love to scan thy modest past,
Dwell on the living and the dead,—
The precious dead whose virtues last,
We will not name them. They are cast—
If not in costly brass—instead,
In grateful hearts they taught and led.

But no,—dear Harlan* we must name!
His purity was like the stars
He loved. Of firm but gentle frame—
No more—my words are lame.
Half praise the loving spirit jars,
And love the willing pen debars.

His ashes 'neath the box-tree rest,
We planted where we laid him low;—
No more by cruel pain distressed,
No more by ceaseless toil oppressed;
And once again I hope to know
That faithful friend of long ago.

III.

We love to linger in thy shade,
To wander in thy Academe,
To feel our restless spirits laid,
Where once we loitered, laughed and
prayed;
Again once more a boy to seem,
And be the better for the dream.

And, Haverford, we ask of thee,—
Despite the clamor of the day,
That yields to sports of low degree,
First place in college rivalry,—
Put scholarship above mere play,
And let true culture hold the sway!

Do not inflate the youthful mind
With boasted feats of legs and arms;
Let thy ambition, more refined,
Aspire to see thy sons inclined
To seek the higher lore that charms,
And spurn the rude excess that harms.

IV.

If youth, with older eyes, could see
The fruitful sheaves that round them lie,
And what the sure reward must be
Of brave, untiring industry,
How quickly careless ease would fly,
And aspiration reach the sky!

Those college days, those college days,
What radiant tints their memory throws,
Like golden gleams of sunset rays,
That ever charm the backward gaze,
And make thrice blest each one who
knows
That priceless boon that with them goes!

So while around thee shines the bloom
Of youth, compared with older Halls,
We bless the day that gave thee room,
And set thy candle in the gloom—
A living light from out thy walls,
To cheer the soul, whate'er befalls.

Thomas Wister, Class of '58.

* Joseph Gibbons Harlan, Professor of Mathematics and Astronomy. Died 1857.

OUR LIBRARY

IT is impossible to avoid platitudes when one writes on such a subject; but is the platitude altogether odious? Platitudes, truisms, have appropriated nearly all of the world's wisdom; the old education was simply acquiring a well-selected stock of them; and they certainly seem to be better training for the mind than those desperate efforts to think along a new course which are dignified by the title of original work. This platitude about platitudes I shall apply directly to my subject, and shall ask what use one ought to make of a good library like our own, under new conditions of college work.

Libraries have changed. A library used to be a collection of "classics" flanked with books which stood in a quite ancillary relation towards the classics themselves. Charles Lamb, to be sure, included in his list of "books which are not books" all those works "without which no gentleman's library is complete;" and this whimsical and delightful exclusion has been fortified in recent days by a clever essayist who drew up a list of "books which have hindered me." Yet nobody knew better than Charles Lamb what a classic really is, and nobody did more to strengthen the hold of all good books on the affections of the reader. Two causes have contributed in modern times to weaken the authority of the English classics, undo some of Lamb's best work, and promote that disease of literary indigestion which was almost unknown fifty years ago. In the first place, the centre of the library-readers' population, if one may use such a term, has shifted from the upper middle class to the lower middle class. Books are cheaper, more plentiful, more accessible; and in the long run, this is a most salu-

tary change. When adjustments are all made, the world will be better for it. During the transition, however, there are obvious disadvantages. The people have risen to literature, but literature has been forced to descend and meet them half-way. Standards are lower and ideas more crude. It is not only the wallowing in poor fiction that counts in this process; cheap criticism, cheap science—like those fatally popular books of Mr. B. Kidd—cheap essays, have obscured old ideals of excellence. It is far harder for a young reader now to pick his way through the trash and rubbish, to tell the tinsel from the metal, than it was when the essay or the poem or the novel appealed to a more limited body of purchasers and had to pass the test of a higher intelligence on the part of the public. That is one cause. The other cause lies in changed methods of education. About thirty years ago, when graduate instruction really began in our universities, American education shifted its general plan from a modification of the traditional English system,—required work in a uniform group of standard subjects,—to the Teutonic system of free choice and specialized studies. At first this was applied mainly to graduate work, but it soon spread to the colleges. So far as the library is concerned, the effect of this change was to blot out the old line between study and reading. Under the control of academic and comparatively rigorous methods, this revolution had perhaps more gain than loss; suddenly, however, came the irruption of summer schools and extension lectures, the "syllabus," the rapid "course of reading," and that deplorable half-baked culture which persuaded hard-working folk that a subject like Medieval History or Italian Art

or Elizabethan literature could be mastered in a few weeks of erratic reading, loudly mouthed catch-words and bewildering lantern-slides. You walk to-day into a library which has been swept and trampled over by these invasions of the "cheap" reader, the topic-hunting scholar and the extension-person.

A reaction, as I believe, is setting in, and there is no need to strive and cry on the streets over academic and literary degeneration. Still, there are some quite evil results of the movement which need pointing out. Foremost is the lapse of the classics. Not to waste time on the question what a classic is—for Sainte Beuve sets us right there—it is enough to note the fact. No one need take Shaw seriously (it is suggested that his name be spelt with a P) when he intimates half in fun and half in earnest that his plays are as good as Shakespeare's and Shakespeare's as poor as his; but the claim is symptomatic. George III himself thought meanly of Shakespeare; but the modern idea is that the critic, not George III, shall let Shakespeare appreciably down in order to meet modern talent. There is no disgrace for one to think "Lorna Doone" good fiction, to prefer it, even, to "Clarissa Harlowe"; readers have always had their whims, and *trahit sua quemque voluptas*. The pity of it is when the proposition is made and circulated

in the name of criticism. Here it is, as I think, that the college student in his library ought to have great searchings of heart. "Scientific" necessities have let in a vast amount of literary trash under the plea for literary "investigation." But there are still the old uses of reading, still the old ideals of the permanent and the noble in books. Haverford College used to stand for this ideal, and her graduates, wherever they went, bore the reputation of well read men. Her students have an even wider opportunity now. In the long reach, the best is bound to win; all this dust stirred up by feet not yet familiar with the ways of wisdom, all this chatter of little folk about little writers, will disappear, and the old classics, with some new ones, will hold as before the high places of letters. But while the dust is still settling and the clamor is still ripe, happy the man who seeks out these best, these classics, cleaves to them, learns to love them and to follow them, and will not need to join in the penitence and the renunciation which are sure to come. He will have fought the good fight, and followed Goethe's fine old resolve—

. . . uns vom Halben zu entwöhnen,
Und im Ganzen, Guten, Schönen,
Resolut zu leben.

F. B. Gummere, '72.

Triolets

Her smile seemed for me,
Was it only a lip-smile?
'Twas full sweet, for a bee
(Tho' the smile seemed for me)
Brushed her lips in mad glee,
As we stood by the turnstile.
Her smile seemed for me;
Was it only a lip-smile?

Her smile was for me,
'Twas a heavenly heart-smile;
Fly away, foolish bee,
For the smile was for me,
You are robbed of your glee
By the glorified turnstile.
Her smile was for me,
'Twas a heavenly heart-smile!

J. T. T., '08.

AN IDYLL OF THE GROVE

AFTER two weeks of our stay in the country, I had at last, in my rambles, chanced upon the very spot I had been seeking for the subject of my next painting. It was a little group of pine trees lodged deep in a thick wood. Some seclusive soul had cleared a circle in this grove, and time, with the aid of the winds and the rain, had covered the area with a thick, slippery mat of pine needles. The lower branches of the surrounding trees were cut away, but beyond the growth was wild and close. In the centre stood a quaint, rustic summer house, hexagonal in shape, made of cedar, and the sides were close woven, with crooked twigs. The whole scene, redolent with piney odors, was sunk in a cool, shadowy gloom, and only here and there the sun cast fantastic patches of light, that were constantly changing shape with the gentle, easy swaying of the branches above. In some such nook the ancient druids built their shrines, where now the priest of solitude hears confession. The quietness was barely relieved by insinuating, subdued rustlings of the leaves, while now and then a squirrel would pass by or the deep, mellow note of the wood robin would roll through the trees. The whole scene was of that quiescent sort that is restful yet oppressive, empty yet full, asleep, yet pervaded by dreamy wakefulness.

I brought my easel one day to begin the sketch. Alone in such living silence I could feel the power and majesty of the spot, and I tingled with a sense of its beauty. I had been at work for some moments, and was entirely absorbed in my task, when I was unpleasantly startled by a deep, grunting growl, that seemed close on my back. I arose with a jump and turned to see a great, lumbering mastiff standing by the side of a slender, maidenly figure across the area.

"Hush, Don!" she said in a quiet, commanding tone, that brought a look from the dog and a slight wag of his tail.

With rather more of hesitation and embarrassment than of ease, I said: "I beg pardon for this intrusion."

"I believed no one knew of my retreat here," she answered, while flipping a short whip she carried about the dog's ears, and then, looking up, "but for the sake of art I presume you must be suffered."

"I would be glad to have your permission," I responded, "but I am sorry to urge my plea as an artist merely."

This was somewhat bold, perhaps, but there was something indefinable in those hazel eyes of hers that brought it out unawares.

"Come, Don!" she said, and without further remark, turned into the wood and walked leisurely away with her hand resting on the dog's head.

I gazed after her, muttered some phrase about a stately, graceful pine, and turned to my work with inward reproaches.

Every day thereafter I came to that bewitched spot to sketch. I tried every hour of the afternoon, and would sit in a restless, half-expectant manner, but the longed-for interruption never came. I must acknowledge I had made more progress in that first hour of work than in all the rest combined. That sweet voice, gentle manner, shy, reserved attitude, and spirited and expressive face, haunted me strangely. Every shadow grew into a maiden's form, and every rustling of the leaves was the swish of a maiden's skirt.

Almost despairing, I dropped sketching for a few days and likewise delicacy, and looked into the history of the neighborhood. "Yes," said the owner of the country store, "the Worths are an old

family and mighty esteemed hereabouts."

Just then that mastiff of the pine grove passed in the road without the window.

"That's a splendid dog," I said.

"He belongs to Miss Worth and goes with her everywhere. A precious booty he has to guard, too. Here she comes now," he added, as Miss Worth, dressed in a brown corduroy riding habit, and beautifully flushed by her exercise, cantered by.

"She's a lady, I can tell you," continued my informant. "There's not a finer or prettier in the county. Spirited like the filly she rides, and quite an artist, too, I've heard tell."

Spirited, no finer nor prettier lady in the county, and quite an artist; that little legend conveyed volumes.

At that time of my career I was a very enthusiastic artist, or I fear that my painting, now become merely an excuse and explanation of my afternoon ramblings, would not have been finished. But at last it was, and I got it into the art exhibit. Of course, I shall not claim it drew much attention, but no art ever drew better; for one day I was sitting in one of the galleries, and I was suddenly thrilled by a gentle voice inquiring of one of the attendants concerning the sale of picture No. 77. My picture and that voice! Was Miss Worth to be its purchaser? I never felt such tremulous emotion in my life, and I went out into the street almost guiltily.

II.

What little hope buoy will love not embrace! Miss Worth, herself an artist, had bought my sketch, and had she any personal reasons other than that the subject was her own silent retreat? Love in its birth and development has never yet obeyed any established law, and no thought has evolved a law it

might obey; but seemingly each soul blindly or open-eyed picks its own path. And maybe, I would think, it was a kindly chance that led me to that pine grove, and then I would see those hazel eyes and hope.

"Beth, let's go toward Pinewood," I hazarded one warm day when I was riding with my sister.

"Where's Pinewood?" she asked. "I've heard the name in some connection, but I forget where or what it is."

"There's a little settlement about three miles from here of that name, and the country round about is very picturesque and attractive."

"Very well," she assented, and we put off.

This was the first time I had visited that section since the incident of the art gallery a few days before, and it was with lively emotions I rode along.

"Why so fast?" Elizabeth remonstrated, as my horse suddenly left hers several necks behind.

"I guess a fly stung him," I answered, trembling inwardly. I fear I had spurred him, however, for ahead of us, and moving our way in a lively canter, came a girl in a brown suit, riding a bay horse, and a big mastiff was following. I looked at Beth and my heart complained I had not come alone. Alas, the conventionality and the strong propriety stimulus of a younger sister's presence.

But to my great astonishment Elizabeth cried: "Why, it's Mildred Worth," and before I could clearly comprehend the situation, we had been introduced.

It is intensely embarrassing to be caught unawares in any circumstances you do not care to explain, but especially in a secret you scarce dare own to yourself. And with the thrill of the afternoon's experience still in me, it was quite disturbing to have Elizabeth break in at the dinner table that night with:

"Tell me, Frank, did you never meet a beautiful girl before this afternoon?"

"I must confess she is rather a beauty," I replied.

"You would better confess you were flustered," she returned.

A few weeks after the conversation above took place, I called one afternoon at the Worth home. Frequent visits make fast friends or cold ones, but even Don condescended to be quite intimate by this time. Perhaps he was a well-trained dog, and followed the footsteps of his mistress. Be that as it may, this time Mildred had gone for a ride, expecting no visitors, the maid said. Returning, I made my way through the woods to the old pine grove. The spot was rather more familiar now than in the days I sketched there, and I intended to rest a while in reverie.

I was never known as one given to sentimentality, but I have come to believe all are capable of it on occasion. Many laugh at the idea, and call it soft, but I find such are usually endeavoring to entrench themselves behind their bulwark of scorn, only to be the worse culprits when they are exposed to the temptation. So pardon me if I try to picture

the tender sight I came upon at the pine grove. Through the door of the summer house I saw Mildred, weaving a chaplet of daisies. Her back was toward me, and perhaps I played unfair. Daisies lay strewn all around the rough bench she sat upon, and in front of her hung a mirror.

It was fascinating to see her cool, white arms curve over her head as she thrust a daisy here and tucked one there in her bright brown locks. The pretty vanity seemed the very expression of exquisite, innocent life. "Don," she said to the dog beside her, "would he like me now?" And for answer Don turned his head toward me and, with a low cry, she turned also, for in my eagerness I had started forward.

When we left the grove the sun was at the setting. The air was still and the trees stood motionless. From afar off the mellow note of a wood robin broke the silence. Don walked ahead of us, and now and then he would turn and wait till we came up with him. I thought I read a melancholy happiness in his eyes, as if he made a third in the secret.

R. J. S., '06.

Wintersnacht (Winternight)

[Translated from the German of Nikolaus Lenau.]

The air stands rigid in the cold,
Beneath my footsteps creaks the snow;
Thin sheets of ice my beard enfold,
And ever onward I must go.

A festive stillness reigns through all,
The moonlight rests on fir and pine,
Which, longing ever for death's pall,
Their bent limbs to the earth resign.

O frost! Come thou into my heart,
My wild, hot heart, with thy cold might,
That *peace* therein may have its part
As here among the fields of night.

S. G. S., '05.

THE FIRST MATE

QUICK, jump, or we'll go down with her."

"Aye! aye! sir!"

And as the rolling ground swell thrust a white launch close to the sinking barge, the last of the three men comprising the crew jumped aboard. Hardly had the graceful little tender got out of danger when, with a groaning cough and then a muffled roar, the rough old barge listed to port and slowly sank, stern foremost. The launch was tossed and twisted by waves from the whirlpool which soon subsided, and nothing marked the grave of the old hulk save some immense bubbles, which continued to rise for some time.

Almost with bated breath the sailors in the launch had watched the boat turn turtle and plunge to Davy Jones' locker, held by the terrible fascination which such a sight possesses. When the great ripples from the vortex reached their craft it aroused them from their trance, and the two parties looked at one another for the first time, and then began the easy, flowing conversations of men of the sea who take such things as matters of course in their lives, and only think of them for a few minutes when they find they are safe.

The mate of the barge, the last man to jump, sat apart.

He alone seemed quiet, and appeared to be moved. Even the rough barge-man's dress did not disguise his athletic form and clear countenance, and he could hardly be taken for a common sailor, shipped upon an ore barge in tow from Philadelphia to Savannah.

Of his two companions, one realized with an embarrassed kind of thankfulness that a certain Mary would not have to read of his disappearance in the great storm of the night before, or if she did read it, that he would soon return to kiss

away her tears; the other thought of a wife and two little children, who, an hour ago, he thought would never see husband or father again, and he breathed an uncouth prayer to his wife's God and then felt ashamed of himself afterward.

But the mate of the barge felt welling up in his heart memories of a great mother love, and he thought to himself of his dignified mother in her New York home, and of his father—and an erstwhile hardness in him was softened.

Awakening from his reverie, he looked up. Now he could get a better view of the yacht which had seen their signal just in time to rescue them. Like a white swan upon the water it lay, and appeared even more graceful than the hundred others of her type he had seen. Above the enameled whiteness of her stern were the gold letters, "Fenella, of New York." Her graceful lines, the bold curves of bow and stern, gleaming white stops and deck canvas—the whole made a picture which caused him to tingle with a sailor's admiration.

Upon the deck was a group of people, interested in the drama they had just witnessed, and impatiently waiting the return of the launch.

Upon the bridge, beside the blue-clad, gold-braided captain, stood a girl, dressed in a blue and white sailor suit. With her marine glasses she had been viewing the incidents since she had first spied the distress signal on the old barge, some time before. As the launch approached the yacht she looked intently at the occupants, then, as if settling something in her mind, she left the bridge and joined the group on the deck, in time to see the sailors climb aboard.

Helen Forbes, with great surprise, had recognized, or thought she recognized, the mate as Jackson Briggs, whom she had seen about a year ago when he was

still a senior at college. She had no time to wonder how he got here, but as he climbed upon the deck she spoke his name.

Briggs jumped as though shot when he heard it.

His eyes went about the circle of strange faces until they came to Helen's, when his gaze stopped and he realized that he saw once again, and at such a dramatic moment, the girl whom his roommate, Tom Hardy, had always laughingly called his "Jonah."

Why?

Well, the first time Briggs had met Miss Forbes was at Mrs. Stanton's musicale, in New Haven, two years before. Since he was not very fond of music, and they had several common acquaintances to talk about, they had gone into the palm room, and there, just as Jack had reached the point of professing a previous unsusceptibility to girls, a potted orchid had fallen from above and struck him fairly upon the head.

"It was the deuce of a scene," he had sworn softly to his roommate, after they had restored him and carefully softened his shirt front with copious ablutions of cold water.

Then the second event which had clinched her reputation in Hadley's mind was the fact that Jack had been entertaining Helen on commencement week, when he got that peremptory letter from his father, enclosing a check for those bills, "which because of their nature must be paid," and telling his son that until he had proved himself something more than the idle spendthrift he seemed, he preferred that Jack should meet his own expenses.

All this in a flash passed through Jack's mind as he was recovering himself and returning her greeting.

He met the assembled people, who were all friends of Helen's, and who

were being entertained on this cruise by Mr. and Mrs. Forbes. Then he went below to get into a change of clothes, while the guests returned to their diversions as though nothing so exciting as a shipwreck and a romantic meeting had just taken place.

When Jack came on deck again it was deserted, so he started to walk up and down to compose his thoughts and to get used to the rapid flight of events. Then he walked aft, and there he saw Helen, standing at the stern, looking down at the boiling wake.

The twin propellers churned up the water in two furrows, which fought together for space with their white dragon teeth, and then united to pass off in a white trail of foam, which seemed to stay like a blazed pathway on this limitless plain of water.

"Helen."

The girl turned at her name, and then, without speaking, sat down in a green rattan chair.

"Helen, I have been thinking that it's about the luckiest thing in the world for me that you happened to see us an hour ago."

"Well, Jack, I can understand how that was, but I cannot understand how you should be aboard a barge, out here off the coast, and a sinking barge at that. For pity's sake do satisfy a person's curiosity by giving a more lucid account of it than you gave when you first came aboard."

"Oh, it's nothing so remarkable. You know since last year I have been working in Savannah for the firm of which your father is a member, and part of my duty was occasionally to come up north with the barges and direct their placing at the ports. All that happened was that in the fierce storm last night our hawser broke and we sprang a bad leak. We were the last of the tow,

and before the other boats realized we were gone, we were separated from them. Our one boat was so badly smashed it was useless, and we were just going to launch an impromptu raft when we saw that you had seen our signal."

They talked for some time about the strange meeting, and then the party was summoned to dinner. That evening Jack and Helen found themselves again on the after-deck, and left alone in the manner which betokens strange chance or the machinations of romantic friends.

The golden glory of the afternoon had given place to the silver sheen of moonlight. The yacht was now in sight of shore, and was bound for its anchorage in the Hudson.

All the host of recollections that associated Helen Forbes with the best memories of his life had been with Jack Briggs constantly during the past year, and he had long ago decided the very weighty and embarrassing question definitely in his mind.

He was in love with her.

He had had his "case" on her while at college, but, strange to say, for a year of complete separation he had been in love with her, and that was test enough for him, who in his chemistry days had been accustomed to read ahead to see what the result would be, and put that down in his notebook. Not that he rushed at conclusions. Did not the author know more about chemistry than he, and was not a year's durability the accredited test for love?

"Helen, when you knew me last I was a child compared to what I am now. Then I was spoiled by the ease with which things came to me. I don't wonder you used to laugh at me when I would continually propose to you like the soft-headed fusser I must have been. I used to feel dreadful after each of

those refusals, but I did manage to live through them, because I did not know then what life and love really were.

"Now I know.

"My experience has taught me what life really is, from its heights to its depths; and patience and waiting for the time when I had a real right to ask you to marry me have taught me what love is. If only you had not smiled that time when you told me that when I had actually done something in the world you would like nothing better than to hear me say those things again. How often I have wished you had been in earnest."

He looked at her. She had bent over and seemed to be almost sobbing. After all he had been a cad to say a thing like that so quickly. Then she spoke, but in a voice so different from her usual laughing voice, in a voice that was warm and rich.

"You might as well know right away that I was in earnest then, Jack, and that I feel the same way now, and moreover I know—I feel—that you have done something—that you have changed during the last year, and that you are more like what I wanted you to be.

"I, too, have thought of you for the last year, thought of you as you used to be, and thought of you as I imagined you would be if ever you came back to me, for I didn't know just how you would feel about me after you had changed. Honestly, I didn't, Jack."

She looked him full in the face now for a moment, her eyes reflecting the soft gleam of the moon. Then she looked away over the ocean, so swiftly streaming behind. They were silent for a moment, awed by that world-old passion that exists anew whenever two souls discover each other.

Finally Jack spoke in a low voice:

"Helen, dear, I remember an Eastern fable that says when Paradise was fad-

ing from the earth a single rose was saved and treasured by an angel, who gives to every mortal, sooner or later in his life, a single breath of this immortal flower, which is worth a thousand other breaths.

"The rose is here."

As soon as Briggs could excuse himself from the party after landing next day, he took a hansom and went to his father's office. There was no formality about his entering, for everybody recognized him at once with pleasure.

He entered the private office and saw his father bent over his desk.

"Hello, dad."

The old man wheeled around in his chair, a look of proud joy in his face.

"Hello, boy."

These greetings and a firm handclasp with a long look into each other's eyes were all, but they sealed forever a year of suffering for them both. A year which had whitened the hair of the mother and father a little, but a year that had fulfilled the father's expectations and had made a man out of the boy.

Mr. Briggs finally sat down at his desk after the first greetings were over, and went through a file of letters.

"Here is a letter I just received from Mr. Keen, of Keen, Helbert & Forbes, and he tells me that after a severe trying out you have proved yourself so efficient they want to put you into the Philadelphia office. But I begin to think I need an active partner here, and before you answer them definitely I wish you would consider my modest offer."

Jack thought a moment. Evidently his father had not lost his old sense of humor, for "the boy" retained enough of his college ideas to prefer a business bringing in its annual twenty-five thou-

sand, to a precarious position in the employ of a ship brokerage firm.

"Well, dad, this is pretty sudden, but I think I shall consider it. I had already accepted their offer, but I guess you can square it up with Keen, Helbert & Forbes, for unless I am pretty much mistaken you have had a watchful eye over me ever since you told me you thought I could get a job there."

"Evidently you have not heard of the pleasant little accident I have just had while in their employ," he continued. "But that will keep until dinner to-night, when mother can shiver over it also. I don't know whether you know it or not, but mother and I have corresponded pretty regularly since—"

"Yes, boy; I did know it."

Both were silent for a moment, then Jack said:

"But, dad, there is one thing I must confess before I accept your offer and it might change your mind. I have made final arrangements to assume the life-long captaincy of a certain little bark." He hesitated. "No, I should not call her that either. I'd better call her my first mate."

"Her! First mate! Boy, you are rather mixed in your metaphors. What her do you mean? Come to the point."

"Well, dad; Helen Forbes has consented to be my wife."

Mr. Briggs looked at him a moment, then arose from his desk and again clasped his son's hand.

"God bless you, my son."

Then a gleam of humor came into his fine, stern face, and he continued:

"Did you say first mate? Let me tell you something: If history lives up to its reputation and repeats itself, you had better begin right now by calling her the captain."

L. J. D., '07.



JIM CLEARY

MY brother and I had been trudging along all day, and as it neared sunset we began to look about for a place to cook our supper and sleep. While we were debating the question between us, a very respectable colored man, with a neat turnout, drew near us and as he came up we fell into conversation with him. I asked him if he knew of a barn anywhere in the neighborhood for us to sleep in over night, and it was from him that I heard the little that I know of Jim Cleary. We were told to walk until we came to the forks of the road, turn to the right, and we would soon come to a brick house and a frame barn.

"You can go in there," said our negro friend, "and nobody will disturb you. Nobody lives there but Jim Cleary and his sister, and he is deaf. If you want covers you'll find some horse blankets in the stall by the door."

We did not go so far as Jim Cleary's house that night, but when we saw a brick house ahead of us upon our left, in the clear, warm sunlight of the next morning, both of us recognized it at once as the place to which our guide had directed us. We were hot and thirsty, and the anticipation of a cool drink of well water delighted us. The side of the house toward the road gave an air of passive respectability. The fence was in good repair, and the house, with its closed shutters, looked as well preserved as any house built probably about 1850. The long and tangled grass in the yard brushed the dust from our shoes as we passed from the gate to a pump standing in the shade of two magnificent maples by the dusty roadside. We were happy in the prospect of shade and water after our hot and sunny tramp of two hours. I raised the handle to draw some water, and my brother

took the cup from the top of the pump, but we were disappointed. I worked the handle vigorously for a while, but no water came, and upon looking closely at the cup it seemed probable that no water had come for some time. It was the ordinary white porcelain cup, so common in the country, with little brown cracks running all over it, like the county boundaries on a map. It lacked a handle. Furthermore, it had a deposit of black grime inside of it, as if it had caught some rain water and dust from the roadside. About one hundred yards from us in a garden patch was an old, bearded man, in a tattered, broad-brimmed hat and well-worn overalls, cutting a very prosperous crop of weeds with a scythe. We took him to be Jim Cleary.

In the hope of getting a drink of spring water I approached the kitchen door to inquire, noticing as I went the worn-out appearance of the back of the house, contrasting so strongly with the front. The typical farm house bench stood on the porch against the wall, with its tin wash basin and cocoanut shell of yellow soap. The porch floor was composed of heavy boards, worn so uneven that there were cracks an inch wide between the pieces, and hills and hollows all over it around the knotty parts of the wood.

The sight that met my eyes when I looked in the open door of the kitchen was one so strange that I think I shall never forget it. In the middle of the room upon a common kitchen chair sat an old, gray-haired woman, with her back toward me. She was bent slightly forward, clasping with her hands one of her knees, thrown across the other. Her dress was a basque of the pattern in vogue twenty years ago, with shreds of the material hanging from it in short streamers. Her skirt was of a coarse,

checked texture, and her shoes the roughest kind of brogans. Over her shoulders was a thin shower of silvery white hair. As she sat she rocked to and fro, muttering unintelligible words.

"Can I get a drink around here," I asked her. I received no reply, and so repeated my question, and still got no reply.

I looked around me. Evidently the main part of the house had been added to this curious little two-windowed kitchen. At the far side was an old-fashioned, open fireplace, with a big iron crane. It was filled with rubbish, to be burnt, no doubt, when convenient. A modern cook stove, with no sign of fire in it, stood by the wall near the door, and upon it in helter-skelter fashion were piled pots and kettles of various shapes, some clean, others not. Upon a rough dresser stood another pile of unwashed dishes, probably the accumulation of several meals, for there were more than were needed in one meal for a single couple. Such were the old woman's surroundings in the old kitchen with the blackened rafters.

Still she sat, keeping up her senseless droning and ceaseless motion, in spite of my third question to her. There was an atmosphere of strangeness about this entire oblivion to outward sound that seemed uncanny to me, and I left the door without trying to disturb her again. I returned to the pump and explained the situation to my brother, and

we went away from the place without being seen or heard by the old man in the garden patch or his demented sister.

Who and what is Jim Cleary? I do not know. The colored man's statement of the evening before is all that I have even as a basis for imagination, but to judge from what I saw of the kitchen his life must be full of discomfort and unhappiness. One little knows what stirring tragedies are hidden by the humblest roofs, what soul-trying difficulties may have been met and won or lost—lost in the darkness of a driveling insanity. May it not be that Jim Cleary is another Charles Lamb, on a far greater scale, living a life of toil and sorrow in his old age, that was unknown to the cheerful essayist? Who knows what the pitiable old woman, croning over her meaningless mutterings, might have been in her youth! Who can say what bright prospects lay before her; who can tell whether hers was the fault that blasted them? It is not only in the educated centres of art and culture that one can see heroic mastery of circumstances by indomitable will. What loneliness must be the portion of that old man, sitting beside his fire in the long winter evenings, his solitude increased and deepened by a negative companionship, with no prospect but another day of toil! Well it is for such as this old mountaineer that rewards are not limited to this earthly existence.

F. R. T., '06.

SKETCHES

Signs of Spring

TO the philosopher the manner in which ordinary mortals greet spring must be extremely ludicrous. Everybody feels so happy that he doesn't care much whether his eccentricities are

apparent or not. He is sure they will be forgiven. And these eccentricities are as diverse and interesting as human nature itself.

The first and most persistent type of "unhibernator" is the poet whose spring

poetry, if not as a remunerative as the spring millinery, rightfully claims as prominent a position in the cycle. No other identifications are necessary than the absent look, the amble that is truly rural and the frequent occurrence of "maid" and "shade," "doves" and "loves." As this poor man has been sufficiently maligned in the past we will pass on to the more subtle indications of vernality. When he who habitually growls about the unchristianity of an eight o'clock breakfast sets his alarm for five and really gets up when it goes off, and goes out to watch over the ornithological destruction of the storied worm, then spring is coming. When the athlete-to-be girds up his loins and indulges in a pleasant two-mile jog before breakfast, spring is arriving. When you would rather see it melt than freeze, when you would rather walk on the grass than on the sidewalk; in short, when winter has been converted and then been baptized by the pleasing little April showers, then spring is indeed here.

But a sharp lookout must be kept for these signs, for they are transient. In three or four days the early riser leaves the worms to the robin and returns to chops at eight. The athlete runs in the afternoon. Alarm clocks are dispensed with, and the whole countryside settles down to a more rational and leisurely enjoyment of the spring fever. Only the poet never ceases.

T. M. L., '08.

Mt. Ampersand at Sundown

ALL afternoon we had climbed up from the shore of Round Pond along the hot, damp forest trail, the silence of which was broken only by the humming of gnats and mosquitoes, and the occasional squash of the wet leaves

when someone tripped over a root. During our journey the sun had been steadily descending and it was nearly set when we finally came out upon the summit, which, fortunately for us, had been burned clean and bare, so that, unlike the tops of most of the Adirondacks, it afforded a clear view in all directions.

As we came out upon the rocky clearing we saw below us the three Saranacs, dotted with islands, shining in the sunlight—"burnished sheets of living gold." Just beyond old Boot Bay stood with Cranberry Lake behind it, and off in the distance the Tupper and the silver thread of Racquette River. Far away on the horizon puffs of black smoke betrayed the existence of large towns; but they were too far off to interfere with the natural beauty of the scene, and we did not mind them. On our left the mountains of Vermont were visible, the pale blue ranges nearly blending with the sky. A puff of white in the valley, a little moving object and long afterward a faint whistle, and we knew a train was passing.

We turned and looked towards the east, where all was now in shadow save the peaks shining in the last rays of the setting sun. Marcy and McIntyre, the twin sentinels; Saddle Back and all the others we saw—Lake Placid, Pine Pond, Lake Clear in the distance and Ampersand Pond at our feet, which, as Dr. Van Dyke has well said, "No lazy man has ever visited." And as we looked the light faded and the shadows deepened, until one by one the mountains faded away and the lakes were swallowed up in the evening mists, until all had been lost to sight but Ampersand Pond down in the valley, with the evening star in its bosom, which alone seemed on guard, watching over the wilderness as it slept.

A. L., '09.

FACULTY DEPARTMENT

Conducted by Dean Barrett

THE current number of the publication of the Modern Language Association of America contains an article by Ralph W. Trueblood, entitled "Montaigne: the Average Man." The paper makes an effort to show that the enduring popularity of the French philosopher is due, not to the unquestioned literary influence and excellence of the essays, but to the fact that they embody the comfortable and commonplace philosophy of a type hitherto unrepresented in literature—the average man. The argument is continued to indicate, however, that this characteristic of the essays and of Montaigne himself is not so much the expression of his natural turn of mind as of his conviction that the truest philosophy is to be found in the golden mean of voluntary mediocrity.

The second edition of Dr. Bolles' "Home Library of Law" is about to appear, the first having been published early in October of last year. One of the earliest books covering the same field was written many years ago by Professor Parsons, of the Harvard Law School, and entitled "Law for Business Men." Dr. Bolles' book is broader in scope, and aims to state the leading or more general principles of law that apply to all classes. Instead of the old-fashioned heavy volume, bound in sheep, the matter is published in six small volumes, well printed and easily handled. In the March number of the Yale Law Journal Dr. Bolles contributed an article on "How Law Books Should Be Written."

Dr. W. P. Mustard has recently printed some interesting notes in the New York Nation on the verses which served to enliven the pages of "Poor Richard's Almanack" (1733-1758). These verses were collected and edited in 1890 by Paul

Leicester Ford, and they have since been reprinted in one of the "Ariel Booklets." On the title-page they are called "Poems of Benjamin Franklin." In the introduction the editor quotes Franklin's own remark: "I need not tell thee that many of them are of my own making," and adds that he has "been able to identify but one or two pieces as from other pens." Dr. Mustard points out that about eighty pieces were clipped from well-known English poets—Dryden, Pope, Thomson, Walsh, Young, Prior, Swift, Gay, Savage, Lyttelton and Armstrong—and that more than fifty pieces were derived from a humorous miscellany entitled "Wits Recreations," which was published in London in 1640.

At the recent meeting of the Inter-collegiate Football Rules Committee, the revision of playing rules was practically completed: and a special Central Committee of Five was appointed, consisting of Mr. Walter Camp, of Yale; Prof. Dennis, of Cornell; Mr. Savage, of Oberlin; Prof. Fine, of Princeton; and Dr. Babbitt, of Haverford, as Chairman; this Committee to act as a Central Board of Officials and serve until December, 1906. The purpose of this Committee is to ensure the proper interpretation of rules, and enforce the spirit of the Committee's work.

It will appoint sectional committees for different geographical divisions of the country, and, while for the present serving largely in advisory capacity, stand as a Central Board of Appeal, and, if desired, appoint officials for college games.

It will communicate directly with, 1st, faculties and their presidents; 2nd, football managers and captains; and, 3rd, all known efficient football officials, in formulating plans for organization.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

NOTES

'42. Robert Bowne died in New York City March 4th, 1906.

'92. Christian Brinton had an illustrated article in Appleton's Booklovers' Magazine for February, entitled "Russia, through Russian Paintings."

'96. The engagement of J. Henry Scattergood to Miss Anne Theodora Morris is announced.

'97. Richard C. Brown is in the employ of the J. B. Lippincott Company, publishers, Philadelphia.

'01. W. H. Kirkbride had an article in Pearson's Magazine for December, entitled "Joseph, Chief of the Nez Percés."

'02. Caspar Wistar has been appointed to serve next year as Professor of Mathematics and Natural Sciences in the Institute Inglesé, at Santiago de Chile.

'02. C. Linn Seiler composed another comic opera, entitled "Billy B.," which was given on March 29th and 30th by the Dramatic Club of the Haverford School.

'04. Robert P. Lowry is employed by the Girard Trust Company.

'04. E. P. West has been transferred by the Westinghouse Company from Pittsburg to Philadelphia.

'04. John R. Thomas and George Helbert are the agents for the Maxwell Automobile in Washington, D. C.

'05. Effingham C. Murray was married to Miss Marie de Montalvo on March 26th in New York City.

COLLEGE DEPARTMENT

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

Haverford vs. Penn

SATURDAY, March 10, witnessed the first intercollegiate soccer game of the season. It was played at Haverford on a day so windy that accurate passing and shooting was impossible. Haverford won by the score of 2 to 1.

Haverford won the toss and chose to kick with the wind. The ball was in Penn's territory most of the time, and at last on a long wing pass Spaeth shot the first tally for Haverford. Within five minutes after Penn had kicked off Spaeth again pushed the ball into the net. The half ended soon afterward with

the ball in Penn's territory. Score: Haverford, 2; Penn, 0.

The second half was mostly Penn's, but the splendid work of Lowry, C. Brown and Philips, Haverford's two full-backs and goal, kept them from scoring till near the close of the game, when Widdows tallied with a pretty shot. The ball was out of bounds frequently and was very hard to handle. The Haverford forwards played well together and passed excellently, but they did not seem to shoot as well as might be. Lowry, Pleasants and Spaeth played the best for Haverford, while Widdows, Kane and Morris excelled for Penn. Line-up:

Haverford.	Positions.	Penn.
Philips	Goal	Kane
C. Brown ...	Right full-back.....	Hochin
Lowry	Left full-back.....	Keating
Pleasants ...	Centre half-back...	H. Morris
Godley	Left half-back.....	Ewing
Shortlidge ...	Right half-back ...	Schopback
Drinker	Centre forward.....	Widdows
P. Brown	Inside left.....	Dewees
Reid	Outside left.....	Pepper
Spaeth	Inside right.....	Harris
Young	Outside right.....	Smith
Referee—Bishop. Linesmen—A. Montgomery and R. M. Gummere. Time of halves—35 minutes.		

The Lehigh Meet

The gymnastic season was successfully concluded on the 17th ult. at Lehigh, where the Haverford team won by the close score of 25-23. The contest was very even throughout. Captain S. W. Brown, of Lehigh, did the best work for his side, scoring twelve points; Bushnell, of Haverford, came next with nine.

The results were as follows:

Horizontal Bar—Tied for first place, S. W. Brown, Lehigh, and Bushnell, Haverford.

Flying Rings—First, T. D. Scott, Lehigh; second, E. A. Edwards, Haverford.

Side Horse—First, Carson, Haverford; second, Stouffer, Lehigh.

Parallels—First, S. W. Brown, Lehigh; second, C. T. Brown, Haverford.

Club Swinging—First, Shortlidge, Haverford; second, Frankenfield, Lehigh.

Tumbling—First, Bushnell, Haverford; second, S. W. Brown, Lehigh.

Football Schedule

The football management announces the following schedule for 1906:

October 6—Medico-Chi, at Haverford.

October 13—Lehigh, at South Bethlehem.

October 20—Rutgers, at Haverford.

October 27—Ursinus, at Haverford.

November 3—Franklin and Marshall, at Lancaster.

November 10—Johns Hopkins, at Haverford.

November 17—Trinity, at Hartford.

November 24—New York University, at Haverford.

The Ardmore Boys' Club

The Ardmore Boys' Club on April 11th successfully completed its second year. It was established in the fall of 1904 under the auspices of the College Y. M. C. A. for the boys in the vicinity, and this year had nearly fifty members, with an average attendance of about twenty. The college allowed the club to use the old Grammar School gymnasium, and there, one evening a week, the boys collected to play such games as carroms, crokinole and checkers, with an occasional fifteen minutes of basketball. A savings bank was also established in which ten or a dozen boys had accounts varying from a few cents to a couple of dollars. One or two evenings were spent listening to singing by a quartette of college fellows, followed by ice cream and cake for the boys and workers.

Mr. Nicholson, secretary of the Anti-Saloon League of Pennsylvania, lectured before the Senior and Junior classes on Tuesday, March 30, in the new Assembly Hall. He explained the methods, aims, and results of the League's work and put the matter before his audience in a new and stronger way than that in which it is usually considered.

On Friday, March 23, State Senator Algernon B. Roberts, Princeton, '96, spoke on the "Corrupt Practices Bill," and gave an interesting account of this measure which came before the Legislature at Harrisburg at the recent session. He also gave his hearers an impressive talk upon the value of personal interest in local politics.

The Junior Class announces the evening of Friday, May 18, as the date of its Junior Reception.

EXCHANGES

"O wad some Pow'r the giftie gie us
To see oursels as others see us!"

sang Burns, and we always have his wish in mind when we review the magazines that come to us. We look through the exchange columns to ascertain how others see us, and in our criticisms we try to the best of our ability to give our exchanges the opportunity to learn how others see them. In doing this we try not to forget the Golden Rule, and always remember *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*, so that no matter how harshly we may sometimes speak about a paper (for, you know, to quote Burns again, "It's hardly in a body's pow'r to keep, at times, frae being sour") you may be sure that we at least do not consider that paper dead.

WILLIAMS LITERARY MONTHLY

This paper is tastefully arranged and its very appearance makes us turn to it among the first. Nor are its contents disappointing. "The Summons" is, perhaps, a trifle too melodramatic, for, though scarcely three pages long, it contains a murder and a suicide; as a criticism to this sketch—and to "Through the Night" as well—we should like to mention Mark Twain's remark, "It is easier to manufacture seven facts than one emotion."

THE HOLY CROSS PURPLE

The stories and verses in this Massachusetts magazine are clever. We commend "A Filipino Pearl," but we must object to the statement, "Being Americans, and what is more, Bostonians!" "William Wilson, alias Markheim," is a well written article, dealing with the similarity between these two stories of Poe and Stevenson.

THE REDWOOD

In the March number of this magazine there is rather a dearth of fiction. Its place is taken, in part, by verse, with such varying subjects as "The Battle of the Cats" and "The Prayer of St. Ignatius." The Redwood is, possibly, a little too narrowed in its interests, but it ought certainly to accomplish its laudable purpose as set forth on the editorial page, "To record our College Doings, to give a proof of College Industry and to knit closer together the hearts of the Boys of the Present and of the Past."

AMHERST LITERARY MONTHLY

The February number of the Amherst magazine is full of interest. We appreciate the verse—especially "Lonesomeness." The fiction is good, and as for that philosophical treatise, "The Atheist," although it could hardly be called a "good, tight argument without a leak in it anywhere," it is vividly told, and its connotation sets one thinking.

A LULLABY.

Sail, little sea-nymph of mine,
Swift in your sea-coral boat,
Rocked on the foam of the ocean's dark
wave,
On the sea of dreamland float.

Swing, little moonbeam of mine,
Soft in the still, starry sky,
Rocked in the cradle of moon's silver orb,
In realms of dreamland on high.

Sway, little rosebud of mine,
Sweet watch thy mother will keep;
Tossed by the drowsy winds, kissed by the
dew,

In the land of dreamland sleep.

The Mount Holyoke.

W. S. E., '07.

THE HAVERFORDIAN

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— Session of 1906-1907. —

The Session begins Wednesday, October 3, 1906, and continues for eight months. For the annual circular giving requirements for matriculation, admission to advanced standing, graduation, and full details of the course, address Dr. Egbert LeFevre, Dean, 26th Street and First Avenue, New York.

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HAVERFORD COLLEGE

VOLUME XXVIII, No. 3.

May, 1906

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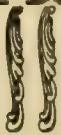
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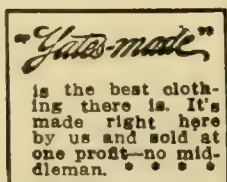


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THE HAVERFORDIAN

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No. 3

SINCE the present Editorial Board has had charge of the Haverfordian we have given a great deal of thought to the question as to whether or not the paper is meeting the joint demands of undergraduates and alumni in the best possible manner. Previous boards as well as our own have considered that a better arrangement would be to print a bi-weekly newspaper, and change the shape of the Haverfordian, making it more strictly a literary magazine. But after careful consideration we see that the college is not yet ready to support two papers and keep them up to the standards necessary to justify such a change. They could be financed successfully, but the difficulty would be in sustaining literary support after the first interest of enthusiasm was passed.

Thus we have to give up any serious considerations of this sort with the expressed hope that some near future year will see such a change made, and direct our own attention to the needs of the paper as it now is.

After the June issue we shall regularly discontinue the Exchange Department in the paper and in its place enlarge the Alumni and College Departments. While the Haverfordian is primarily a paper for the undergraduates, yet our policy is to make it a common meeting ground for the Alumni and those in college where the former may by occasional articles contribute some of the experience they have gained to those who are yet undergraduates and may in return receive news of all that is happening in College, and of each other. That the Alumni is interested in these things is indicated by the fact that the circulation in College is but a small per cent. of the entire circulation of the Haverfordian.

Therefore, in view of the change proposed for the magazine we solicit during the next month from the Alumni and undergraduates, suggestions of policy and methods of improving either the College or Alumni Departments so as to make them more interesting. We also request that at all times the Alumni and the secretaries of local associations send in notes about members of the Alumni.

JUDGING by the record of the Soccer Team during the past season, when Haverford won the championship of the Intercollegiate League, which consisted of Harvard, Pennsylvania, Columbia, Cornell, and Haverford—we have come to the decided conclusion that Association Football should be a recognized college sport and that the official H. be awarded to members of the teams under the usual conditions governing such awards. The success of the team this past winter has been of such importance as to rank it with any one of the four recognized branches of athletic activity—football, gymnasium, track and cricket.

The game has passed out of the stage of trial, and is—and should be—a recognized sport in this country. The reform in football was partly responsible for its sudden increased popularity, but the game itself warrants its maintenance, both for the sport there is in it, and because it is an interesting game to watch.

Lately we seem to have lost sight of the fundamental excuse for college athletics—namely, that they furnish healthful exercise to the players. If we should be so old-fashioned as to think about it we would see that soccer has this attribute in its favor. Following immediately after the football season, as it does, and lasting all through the winter, it gives the best possible exercise without abnormal physical taxation to those who play. It is essentially a game of skill—a game where mere weight is no great advantage—yet a game which may be played even by the uninitiated with enjoyment and benefit.

We feel that this question should at least be brought up before a meeting of the Athletic Association very soon, and given a fair hearing, and, in conclusion, we wish to commend the captain, to

whom was largely due the team's success this season, the management, and the other men on the team for their good work in the face of a rather lukewarm support by the undergraduates.

ONE evening not long ago, after the Freshman-Sophomore Debate, we were more than usually oppressed with our cares and were brushing off some loose ashes and carefully examining our editorial mantle to see if, after all, it was not woven of sackcloth, when chance directed our footsteps toward the gymnasium.

When we arrived we were astonished by the sight we beheld. Men from all classes were gathered there and anticipation lit up all countenances.

There were staid and dignified Seniors there; the Juniors were represented, too, and the ever-present Sophomores were there, metaphorically licking their chops—for this was the time appointed for the annual Freshman Cake-walk. Yes! That is the unappreciated institution.

Soon all were gladdened by the sight of a mountainous cake at least three feet in diameter being carried in by a troupe of lusty burden bearers. Then the eyes of everybody were glued upon the fateful door—in a manner that reminded us of the Roman populace at a gladiatorial circus—the door from whence soon poured the troupe of fantastically dressed fairy-like forms of the contestants.

How we should like to dwell at length upon the sight we beheld. What a host of interesting characters we could conjure up before your eyes. But soon came the most delightful time—the climax—when the successful contestants cut the cake. It was a moment not soon to be forgotten! To be sure, it might have been done in a more orderly manner, but we should pardon what we con-

Official
Recognition
for
Association
Football

An Unappreciated
Institution

cluded was a sudden eagerness upon the part of some to get their small morsels and be off about their studying.

But, as at most feasts, there was the ever-present skeleton in the forms of many Freshmen, who for some reason or another, did not go into the cake-walk. And this is the real point of this editorial. We advocate that in view of the edifying and stimulating influence of this exhibition more Freshmen shall be induced hereafter, by moral persuasion or otherwise, to participate in it.

Then it will increase in interest, become even more enjoyable, and summon others from the dark caves of worry, as it did us, so they, too, may go away—

With minds from care and sadness lifted
And hearts which mirth had rendered gay.

AFTER the concert trip of the Musical Clubs is over and we are able to look at it from a perspective, we feel that it has proved even more of a success than was anticipated. The audiences at Wilmington and Lancaster lacked something to be desired in respect to size, though not in appreciation, but the concert given in Baltimore was worth the entire trip. There it was that the Alumni showed a most active and loyal interest and by their co-operation with the management made the concert a great success.

The clubs felt the absences of several members, who were unavoidably prevented from going on the trip, but, despite these circumstances the enthusiastic spirit of those who went carried the project through as though no unexpected withdrawals had occurred.

The results of the trip are—that those who went were bound closer together by a new and pleasant responsibility result-

ing from the knowledge that they were abroad representing and advertising their college; that the Alumni took a renewed interest in the work of the clubs and in undergraduate activities in general; and, finally, that Haverford was in a very gratifying manner brought before the notice of many unacquainted with the college and its standards.

IN response to a widely awakened interest in the life and character of Joseph Gibbons Harlan, aroused by the mere mention of his name in the Alumni Poem, written by Thomas Wistar, '58, we are able to present an article about him written by the author of the poem—who knew Harlan personally. There was something very significant in the life of the man that made him greatly loved and respected while he was alive and sincerely mourned for when he died, in 1857. It was because of this wonderful personality of his that we have requested this article about his life.

In connection with this we also print a poem written in memory of Professor Harlan by T. H. Burgess, in 1857. We appreciate very much the contribution of this article, and as an exordium to it print the words of the author introducing the essay:

"Replying to your request for a short article for 'The Haverfordian' on the character of the late Professor Joseph G. Harlan, particularly as to the traits which made him so popular and respected with the Haverford authorities and students of his time, I feel that, after the lapse of nearly fifty years since his death, I can add but little to the expressive notice of him and the excellent memorial minute of the Faculty published in the History of Haverford College, pages 245 and 270."

JOSEPH GIBBONS HARLAN

It is truly said that great teachers, like the poets, are born and not made. Surely no mere outward training could account for the moral, intellectual and disciplinary powers of Thomas Arnold, Thomas Beecher or Joseph G. Harlan. We think it was not so much the rare intellectual attainments, fine sympathetic nature and acute perceptions with which these men were gifted that made them great, but rather that, combined with these faculties, it was an unusual endowment of the spirit of grace that made them what they were and constituted the "divinity that shaped their ends." They were all indeed great teachers, learned, dutiful, self-denying, humble, kind, as being themselves under the eye of the divine Master.

Harlan, born and bred on a farm in Chester County, Pa., was educated at Westtown Boarding School, and was for some years a teacher of the higher mathematics in that school, succeeding such eminent teachers and authors in that branch as Samuel and John Gummere, Enoch Lewis and Samuel Alsop. He himself also was a successful teacher at Westtown and the idol of the boys from the first. His agreeable personality and natural dignity and sweetness of manner at once claimed the confidence and won the heart of every pupil. No one ever thought of disobedience or disrespect to "Master Harlan." With him a slight frown of disapproval, or a smile of approbation was all that was needed either in the classroom or on the play grounds,—for at Westtown the teachers mingled freely with the pupils out of school—and a significant glance from his expressive blue eyes was enough to suppress any budding disorder. He demanded the utmost decorum in the classroom, but under his wise and tactful supervision the discipline—that bugbear of so many

teachers—seemed almost to take care of itself. While teaching at Westtown, Harlan, unaided, mastered the intricate sciences of the higher mathematics and astronomy.

Coming directly from Westtown School to Haverford, Professor Harlan's reputation for popularity and proficiency had preceded him, and was at once confirmed and maintained in his new sphere of service. Everybody at Haverford loved and respected him, for, while manly and dignified in bearing, he was approachable to all, and of even, consistent temperament, not without a vein of quiet humor, but

"Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and
breaks

That humor interposed too often makes."

While helpful and encouraging to the clever student, he was equally lenient and considerate with the less promising and the dullard. It is safe to assert no student ever had occasion to say to him, as a boy once said to Dr. Arnold, of Rugby: "Why do you speak angrily, sir? I am doing the best I can." Whereupon, the famous Doctor relates, he was greatly ashamed of himself. And, while it may be confessed there were some "hard cases" among the Haverford students at this time, with Professor Harlan, one can hardly imagine the following incident in the experience of Thomas Beecher: Beecher had recently come from an Eastern college to take charge of a ward school in Philadelphia, where the discipline was at very loose ends. "To give you an idea of the discipline of that school," he said, "one day I asked a boy, Brown, 'Shut the door, please.' Brown answered, 'See you in h—ll first?' 'In that case,' answered Beecher, sweetly, 'I will shut it myself,' and so he did. This went on, getting worse and worse for some weeks, until one day, on some

insolence from one of the large boys, he utterly broke down, put his head in his hands on the desk before him, and sobbed like a baby with discouragement and grief. "Then," he said, "I prayed somewhat after the manner of the shipwrecked sailor, 'O Lord, if there be a Lord, now is the time to put in your oar.'" Soon after this he had conquered. The pupils now intent on learning, there was no need of discipline, the school disciplined itself." "Brown," he adds, "got very fond of him and followed him about like a dog, thankful if he could only see him now and then and get a word. He turned out a good fellow and made a good man." Beecher, too, became a great man, albeit in the different but kindred profession of a clergyman. Both in secular and religious affairs his influence with his people was unbounded, and he was *facile princeps* in the town where he lived. What he sought to do was to educate his people, for he was, as he said himself, first of all "a teacher."

Professor Harlan's influence on those about him, both older and younger, call it the force of personal presence, magnetism, or what you will—was altogether remarkable, and the distinguishing feature of his character. His firm but gentle spirit seemed to pervade his classroom and even the larger Assembly Hall when he presided, and was felt by everyone present. Each student put on his best behavior in that room and instinctively wished to please that master but friendly mind. There was not a student at the college but would rather deny himself than incur the risk of his displeasure, or knowingly offer him the least affront. Such a man is destined to be a leader of men. Had Prof. Harlan been permitted to fill out the allotted span of life, we may not venture to estimate the bounds of his usefulness, both as president of the College and in the world at large.

Arnold! Beecher! Harlan! all born teachers, men who, particularly the first named, sacrificed much of worldly prom-

ise for the sake of their high and holy calling as teachers; men who chose the profession of teaching and were not ashamed of it, not as a stepping stone to their ambition, but for its own sake, as a means of the greatest usefulness. These men knew and followed the secret of the great Teacher Himself—service. "Who would be great among you, let him be your servant." With what double force do these words apply to the teacher of youth! He must first be in all things a worthy mentor himself, and then willing to spend and be spent in the service of others. Such was our faithful friend and preceptor, Joseph G. Harlan. He died in harness, after a lingering and painful illness. It was pathetic to see how bravely and patiently he struggled on to the last. First he relaxed, and finally gave up the taxing astronomical night work at the observatory, which, it was thought, had much to do with causing his decline. As usual, armed with books and papers, he was seen to cross the College grounds to and from his classroom in Founders' Hall, to his residence, near the old P. R. R. Station, until within a few days of his death. No Haverford student of that day can ever forget the sadness and gloom that followed the announcement of his untimely death at the age of thirty-two years. The thought of our "Loved and Lost" one was all absorbing. Study was impossible. A holiday was given. And the students wandered about the College halls and campus singly, or in small groups, as under the shadow of a great affliction. The Senior Class was appointed pall bearers, and tenderly they bore their precious burden to its final resting place in the neighboring meeting house yard. Subsequently the writer had the satisfaction of planting a weeping box tree, which he had raised from a seedling, over the grave as a last tribute of respect and affection to the beloved and honored subject of this sketch.

Thomas Wistar, '58.

The Loved and Lost

In memory of Joseph G. Harlan, Professor in Haverford College. Died 1857.

When faded leaves were falling—he fell as a
faded leaf;

The Reaper, with the autumn flowers, hath
bound him in his sheaf!

'Twas fit to die before the sun had reached
his midday throne

Since God had called him ere the pride of
manhood's years had flown;

'Twas fit to die in those calm days, when
spirit robes were flung

O'er hill and forest, where the pride of sum-
mer green had hung;

When low laments the waning year sang in
the wind's refrain

And all bright, beauteous things were chang-
ed for winter's coming reign.

All save eternal lamps that shine in wide blue
heavens above,

Reflecting down to lowly earth God's smile
of light and love,

And fit it is for us to mourn the good, the
"loved and lost."

When melancholy nature mourns the ravage
of the frost,

But even while the warm tears fall, the sigh
is half-subdued,

A witness of the truth hath joined the white-
robed multitude,

A chain of love-links reaches up to bind our
souls to his,

Down which the love of that bright world
like pulse-beats throbs to this.

How beautiful the dead appeared; that first
grief-clouded day,

As if the soul's glad pinions stayed the fin-
gers of decay;

How pure that look of hope fulfilled, radi-
ance on his brow;

The lofty forehead so serene, as if 'twere
thinking now.

Rest, rest, thy problem thou hast solved, the
proud result we boast;

Go, leave the work behind for us, who mourn
thee, "loved and lost."

We walk about, or linger where we oft were
wont to meet,

The class-room and the house of prayer have
each a vacant seat!

The windows of his room are closed, his
books are all alone;

The graveyard hath another mound, our
heart's a sadder tone.

And silence save of cricket's chirp, reigns
where he used to gaze

Long hours, to trace the backward course
of thousand trembling rays;

The very telescope seems sad, and now its
noble eye

Which if 'twere animate would weep, is down-
cast from the sky;

The hands are pulseless now, which once
familiar motions gave;

The eye that saw the "brighter stars" is
closed and in the grave.

The dirging clock, like some lone guard, for-
ever at his post,

Slow beats the funeral march of time and
mourns the "loved and lost."

Along the path where duty led his footsteps
ever trod,

One of the world's true noblemen is gathered
home to God!

"Though he be dead, he speaketh yet" his
deeds as fadeless flowers,

Are twined a wreath of memory; 'tis all we
claim as ours.

We cannot ask him from that home with
walls of amethyst,

Where looks he not on setting stars or fields
of stellar mist;

He gazeth not with wondering praise upon
the gorgeous might,

Where God in His majestic works walks
through the heavenly height;

Nor peers through ethers deepest blue,
where light of planet wanes,

To ponder fires that feebly gleam through
Heaven's far window panes,

But with his God, as angels do, he sees, he
feels, he hears

The glory of eternal works, the music of the
spheres.

"The gentle and the good die first;" they're
fittest for the crown;

They go up in a smile of Heaven, which we
take for a frown.

Oh! may that smile fill up the void, to those
who miss him most,

And take the place of tears that fall for him,
the "loved and lost."

T. H. Burgess, '58.

THE OUTCOME

Were you ever forced to wait for a train at a station in some sparsely settled country district, especially in mid-summer, during the dry spell? If not and you wish to experience as lazy an hour as this world can grant you, just manage some time to drop into a town like Redwood, about four in the afternoon on a day in August. Of course, the railroad must have but one track, the area usually given to a station platform must be gravel, and the station itself a small, one-story frame structure.

Some such picture greeted Katherine Morris and me when we drove up to meet the four o'clock train that Wednesday afternoon.

The Morrisises were spending a few weeks at our place, as was their custom in the summer, for our parents had been friends in youth, and were good friends still. As for Katherine, most free cordiality marked our acquaintance, and she seemed a second sister in our family.

There was a certain jauntiness and ease of manner about the girl that was contagious and dissipated any awkward restraint when one first met her. And yet she had a rare combination of reserve with her frankness, that let one know she was not to be analyzed off-hand. It is hard to characterize a personality in one word, but hers might be called deliciously stimulating. For a sweet charm was in her manner; a strength of character that drew immediate respect was in her bearing; and still the life and vivacity of her every look and movement dared one to try to break through the circle that her indescribable reserve drew around her. I had given up trying to solve the riddle for some time now and had resolved to enjoy to the full the pleasure of the association.

II.

But to get back to the station. We were there to meet Frank Akon. Frank was an old friend of mine, a big, hearty chap, with an unassuming assurance about him that pushed through with a swing anything he undertook. He was always the life of any party, and Katherine, my sister Emily and I were looking forward to a week of good times. Not that Katherine and Frank had ever seen each other. But still, Emily and I had described his appearance to her to the slightest detail, and she had seen various pictures of him, as he of her. And then, too, I had introduced them over the 'phone one time. So we all felt pretty well acquainted. This introduction had happened some time ago, and was merely the prelude to a dinner engagement we had once had, which, by the way, never came off. It might be well to note, however, that in speaking to Katherine some days later of the occurrence the first thing she said to me was:

"I liked Mr. Akon's voice."

At last the train pulled in and Frank, dusty but good-natured as ever, waved to us as he alighted.

"Got a river near, Ned?" were his first words, as he looked himself over in abject dismay.

"You'll have to do the best you can with a sun bath for a couple of miles," I answered. "But let me present you to Miss Morris, of whom you have heard."

Hat-tipping varies with almost every individual. It is often, I believe, an unconscious revelation of character. Here comes one individual who lowers his hat well down to the level of his waist, and anyone will guess he is somewhat fond of the ladies; whereas, watch this

man carry his hat a little above the height of his head, extending it almost the full length of his arm. He will hold it there till he passes, with also a slight bend of his body. 'This is the true ladies' man, who feels his power over them. Then a third advances who performs the office as briefly as possible. His thoughts evidently are elsewhere, and the fashion is only a form anyway. It is possible to view it from another point also, and take it as a measure of the man's regard for the one he is addressing. The method of tipping, the time he starts before he passes the lady, the energy he puts into it—all these help in fixing the sum total of the regard.

But all this is merely incidental to the fact that Katherine remarked to me that evening she liked the way Akon tipped his hat.

I had not been aware it was at variance with the method employed by others, but it was evidently so from the fact Katherine spoke of it. Here, then, were two things about Frank entirely favorable—his voice and his method of raising his hat. A clear morning argues a bright afternoon, and a bright afternoon a pleasant evening: it looked as if our party was to be congenial all around.

III.

There is something about an open-air fellowship that makes friendship fast and hearty. There may be some romance about it, but it happens in life as well as in fiction that the words and the hills and the streams have an influence on youth that is well-nigh incalculable. The calm afternoon, in the midst of some drowsy landscape, makes one see the best in everybody, and seems, somehow, instinct with a power and life which can be felt and yet not analyzed. The fine night air is charged with an invisible activity that appeals powerfully but is

perfectly intangible. Put two young people into close relationship under conditions like these, and their friendship is at once knitted closer together by some subtle alchemy of which nature alone has the secret.

And so with our little group. Those days of canoeing and riding we passed together were gone almost before we realized they had begun.

But the inevitable week's end came at last and we found ourselves at the station again. It was the morning train this time, and we were the only people at the station. I was chatting with Frank and Katherine was writing in the gravel with her parasol. I saw that she was scratching Frank's name and mine, but it was not till a few weeks afterwards that I gave the occurrence any thought.

It was one evening in the September following. We were in town again, and I was taking leave of Katherine after an evening call. As we stepped into the hall, she startled me with the remark:

"Frank Akon asked me to marry him last night."

"And you said—?"

"Would you have cared what I said?" she asked me.

"I have no right to answer that till I know what you told him."

"I am to tell him to-morrow afternoon," she replied.

"I shall come at night to learn it, too, if I may. I'll answer your question then."

"Very well," she said. "Good-night."

Do you remember the idea in those lines:

"Strange we never prize the music
Till the sweet-voiced bird has flown;
Strange that we should slight the violet
Till the lovely flowers are gone."

This was surely my case. We often have, but do not value until it is too late.

When I reached home that night I felt dazed. Katherine on the point of marrying! The idea was so new it was astounding. I had thought her my best friend for years, and yet had not really believed I loved her, but the idea of losing her shook me through and through. It was a revelation of what she really meant to me, and I knew it was love. Perhaps at the station that day Katherine was comparing Akon and me. I had spoken in no way of love, but I knew the decision was being made between us, and where would it fall?

That night I could not sleep. It was after midnight when I arose and went out into the streets to walk. A thunderstorm had come up and it was threatening rain. Flashes of lightning would burst into livid flame and waver off across the sky in widespread sheets of

lurid light. My steps led me in the direction of the Morris home. When I was opposite it a brilliant flash showed a girl's face in an open window, watching the storm in an intense reverie. She, then, was restive also? I returned to my room with hope in my heart.

Next day Katherine met me at the door. I knew what her answer had been without inquiring. But—

"Well?" I said, calmly, yet with a nervous eagerness.

"I am still free, Ned," she answered.

"But no longer so," I interrupted, and she yielded to my embrace.

A few days later I met Akon. He took my hand frankly and said: "Mine was infatuation, old man, and will pass. But it seems to have taken me to wake you both up. Congratulations."

R. J. S., '06.

TITO, TUPE AND DON PEPE

Three Porto Rican Gamins

I. LA CURIA.

Chug! Chug! Chug!

Tupé was coming down the *rampla* at full tilt. He had seen a strange monster puffing noisily by the market place. It was a funny locomotive, with an iron barrel attached to it. And the way it moved and crushed the stones on the road, *frijoles!*—you couldn't beat that! Tupé had stopped and looked with wonder at the funny locomotive. "It certainly must have a fine whistle," he thought. "I bet it is better than the whistle of the Catano ferryboat. Toot, toot, toot—baa! Of course it must be! And if it runs away without the engineer—psheew, anda! And if it cuts big Don Manuel on his flour-bak stomach! Tat, tat, tat, that would be fun!"

But somehow Tupé could not arrive at a clear conclusion in regard to the destroying capacity of the monster. That iron barrel, the devil alone knows all the mischief it can do! However, his vivid imagination came to his rescue. He would put himself in the place of the monster and act it out. And he did. He began to wave his arms and to throw his legs backwards. Then he put on the fiercest look possible under the circumstances. Finally he started down the *rampla* as fast as he could go.

Chug! Chug! Ch—!

The runaway monster struck something. From a side lane a tall artillery soldier had emerged just in time for Tupé to ram with his head. The man had not heard the panting noise of the run-away roller, neither had Tupé

thought of the possibility of such a fearful encounter. He swallowed the last "chug" and tried to switch out of the way, but the brakes were out of order. The sudden concussion had unbalanced him. The harm was done. With a curt oath the soldier rapped him on the head first and then sent him flying into the gutter with a well directed kick. And that was the end of the runaway steam roller.

As soon as the soldier was at a safe distance Tupé came out of the gutter and, placing his thumb on his nose, commenced to yell at the top of his voice: "*Paton*, cursed Galician!" Then, balancing himself on his toes, ready to run in case the soldier should take his remarks seriously, he awaited developments. But the soldier paid no more attention to him. According to Tupé's code of honor this was an unmistakable sign of weakness on the part of his enemy, so he considered himself entitled to the last shot. His next broadside of insults, then, was a masterpiece of alliteration. He repeated it three times, and then once more, that the retreating coward might have no doubts as to its meaning and purpose. After that he felt happy again. He had been kicked into the gutter before, but this time he had got even. He began to whistle a popular air.

Now the steam roller was forgotten. A black *pavón* flew dangerously near, but Tupé ignored it. He picked up the soft, conical hat crown which served him as headgear and resumed his way down the *rampla* in a decorous manner. When he came to the opening of the tunnel which leads under the walls and into the cemetery he placed his first and middle fingers in his mouth and whistled through them. The result was a long, shrill note, which was immediately answered by another in the distance. Tupé

smiled approvingly and, casting his tattered coat and hat aside, began to practice a new set of hand-stands. Tito and Don Pepe would see him, and they would be jealous.

And while Tupé was laboriously trying to break his neck by dint of frivolous gymnastics, Tito appeared, carrying Don Pepe on his back. It was long before Tupé recognized their presence. He did not want them to think that he was showing off because they were there! At last he rolled over and came up on his feet with a snap. "*Chufas*, I could do it a hundred, ten-sixty times if I wanted to. It's devilish easy. Hallo there, Tito! Hallo, Don Pepe!"

Tito answered in a half-hearted way, but Don Pepe did not take the trouble to return the greeting. With his arms folded on his breast and a smile on his dark, pock-marked face, he looked at Tupé. Suddenly his arms fell from his breast, his eyes twinkled and, taking a few running steps, he executed a pretty head-spring. Having recovered, he looked over his shoulder and addressed Tupé in his own peculiar way: "Hallo Tupé! the grass is fine for flip-flaps, *no es verda*? *Caramba*, you couldn't beat Don Pepe!"

* * *

The three boys walked to the walls and lodged themselves in one of the *troneras*. After they had exhausted all they knew about the gossip of the town and the latest discoveries made in the haunted houses, Tupé could not keep back his encounter with the artilleryman.

"Hey, fellows," interrupted Don Pepe, "you know who brought that machine here to La Capital, don't you? Why, the Yankees. Yes, the Yankees make those funny locomotives. Remember that big ship with three smoke-stacks that entered the bay right before the

war and—puff!—got sent away soon after? Of course you remember it, Tupé, and you, too, Tito, for it was you, *l'acueldej*, who stole the package of dried sausages while I was diving under the sloop to get potatoes."

Don Pepe stopped and tried to find the best way to launch his next information.

"*Cara*—! Those Yankees are devils. *Padre Juan* says that they don't believe in God or in the Virgin Mary, and I think he is right. I know that they don't believe in cock-fights. Once last year Felipe and I were fighting two young cocks behind one of the warehouses in La Marina, and the devil take me if one of those giraffe-looking, yellow-haired Yankees didn't come and put his hand sort of soft on my head and say: 'Pickaninis, cock-fighting, *mocho malo*.' Oh, I wish you had heard him talk! Worse than the Italian who mends old tin cans down in Luna street. And another time—oh, they will all go to hell, I am sure, Tupé! Yes, another time I saw one of them making eyes at Paquita, Don Hilario's daughter, and saying nice and softly, '*Margarita, Margarita, mocho bonito*.' It was one of those fellows who came in that coal steamer. Remember? And the worst of it is that when they say '*Margarita, Margarita*,' they charm the girls so that they go half crazy. It's the devil that helps them, I know."

There was a long silence. Tupé had a sudden inspiration. "But *oye*, Don Pepe, suppose that the Yankees take Porto Rico! They are blockading La Capital already. There, don't you see the smoke of their ships? They have been out there several days."

Tito and Don Pepe caught their breath. Then Don Pepe spoke hurriedly: "Oh, they can't do it. I know a soldier who says that the Yankees can't fight,

and that all of them, including *Cleveland*, and *Maquinley*, can do nothing but make lard and sausages and ship XXX flour to Porto Rico. *Maquinley* used to make soap and the King of Spain never did that, or the Queen either! *Cleveland* smokes ten cent cigarettes. I saw it in an advertisement. *Diablo*, if they take la Capital then it won't be any use in my getting that guinea rooster that Felipe promised me. *Kara-kara-kac-ka*—that rooster certainly can fight, fellows! No, it won't be any use. They'll stop bull-fighting, too. Oh, but they can't take Porto Rico. *Chufas*, of course they can't!"

"*Cabrones*," exclaimed Tito and Tupé. They smiled then at their impudence.

* * * * *

The sun had gone down now, and the short, tropical twilight was fast giving way to the shadows of the night. The dark silhouette of the massive walls of Morro Castle rose in the distance—a veritable example of the grim power which had held two-thirds of America within its clutches. No hospitable lighthouse shed its rays over the dangerous reefs of *Isla Cabra*. Except for a few scattered red lights in the batteries of San Agustin and Santa Helena, all the north and northwestern portions of San Juan were plunged in the gradually increasing darkness. These were the days of martial law and "precautions against the Yankees."

The boys had been humming popular airs. As they rose to leave the *tronera* their attention was drawn by a light moving outside of Morro Castle, at the entrance of the bay.

"That is '*El Concha*' steaming out to watch for the night," spoke Tupé. "Something is going to happen soon. I guess I won't move from here to-night."

A naval battle outside of Morro Castle, with no danger for anyone except the

combatants, that must be fun! Tupé had once heard a bookish little fellow talk about Trafalgar and Lepanto—hundreds of ships sunk, several million people killed; why, it surely must be better than a bloody bull-fight, or a street brawl with sharp stilettoes. He wasn't going to miss that!

When the trumpet of Morro Castle sounded the third "taps" Tito and Don Pepe left Tupé alone in the *tronera*.

II. TUPE WATCHES.

It was late, almost eleven. Exhaustion had overcome the little watchman, and Tupé now lay sound asleep, his head reposing between his knees. Half an hour after his companions had gone away his eyelids had gradually begun to grow heavy, and a feeling of great tiredness had crept over him. Between vacillating nods he had sworn softly, calling himself an ass and a sucking babe because of his inability to keep awake. But, try as he might, the drooping eyelids had got the best of him. The lights of the blockading ships, the roaring of the waves washing the reefs of *Isla de Cabra*, the lugubrious bark of some watchdog re-echoing in the distance—all these things had, in their turn, held his attention. Their charm, however, was now dissipated. Tupé lay sound asleep, dreaming the dreams of the outcast, rehearsing in his confused mind a thousand and one childish pranks, and longing now and then for a look at the face of that unknown father so roundly abused by his mother.

* * * * *

And along about twelve, when Tupé was in the most distant realms of Dreamland, the large bell of San José's church began to toll its nightly *requiem* for the "souls in purgatory." The first stroke, deep, vibrant, immeasurably lugubrious, sent its echo far beyond the city limits,

and aroused a muffled response from the dead vaults of the cemetery. Tupe woke up with a start. During the thirty seconds of intense silence that followed he thought he could hear a low rumbling among the far hills of Bayamon—something like an awful repetition of the bell's sound, only more indistinct; but it was nothing else than the tunnel, which leads into the cemetery, juggling the echo within its finely acoustic walls. Then the second stroke was sounded, and a cold drop ran down his back. "*Las animas*," he whispered, and then became silent again. He had never heard this nocturnal play of bells, but he knew what it meant. It was the rousing call for the "purgatory souls" in need of prayers and masses. Yes, the "souls" would now stream out of San José's Church and come down the *rampla* in two long lines. In white cloaks and high, conical hoods, they would come down the *rampla* mumbling some Latin chant, shaking and rattling bones, ready to pounce upon any sinner who happened to be awake and prayed not for them. With red and yellow lanterns they would scrutinize every nook and corner, and woe to the wretch that fell in their clutches! Tupé trembled as he thought of these things. Had not Ana Maria, the old negress, seen them one night not long ago? Had not Canuto, the orange vender, been scared to death by a troop of these ambulant "souls?"

The third stroke was sounded ominously. Oh, if he could only remember his prayers! The good old *Padre Juan* had taught him the *Ave Maria*, the *Credo*, the *Salve*, and the Lord's Prayer, but he had forgotten them. He was no goody-goody! But now he was sorry. He started "*Ave Maria*," but got hopelessly lost. He tried the Lord's Prayer, but it had been so inadequate for bread-winning in the past that he had laid it aside as useless. And now those "souls"

were coming after him. He did not dare look out of the *tronera*, but he could hear their mumblings, the rattling of bones and, oh, heavens! he could feel the freezing stare of those glassy eyes of the leader; he could see his high hood and his pale lantern. It was awful! He tried his prayers again, but the odd snatches refused to be linked together. "It's no use," he sobbed, "they've got me sure. They will grab me with their cold, clammy hands, then kill me, and then—hell! It's Don Pepe's fault. I could pray before I met him!"

The bell kept on tolling, and the echoes, louder and more threatening, kept Tupé in a maddening terror. Made desperate by the impending doom, he decided to sneak out to the opening of the *tronera* to see how far the "souls" were, and to try to determine whether or not he could escape by flight. It was an awful resolution, and he was stupefied at his own boldness! Inch by inch, straining every muscle to deaden possible noises, he commenced to approach the aperture of his hiding place on his hands and knees. Without as much as breathing, he stopped now and then to catch the sounds. A frightened lizard darted close to his face and paralyzed momentarily his movements. But he recovered and continued his laborious approach. Finally he got out far enough to feel the breeze. The cool night air played with his curls, but did not relieve the volcano in his head. Then he listened again. He heard first the heavy, measured tread of men carrying a burden; then he heard voices answering in chorus to some unintelligible chant, and then—yes, he heard the *froo*, *froo*, *froo* of starched cloaks, and the rattling of hollow bones! He did not dare look, after all. They were too near. He would not move. He would simply close his eyes and wait.

But just then the cursed lizard darted off and landed on Tupé's neck. The reaction of the shock sent him back into the *tronera*.

Now he sat down and commenced to review his life. Oh, but he was sorry that he had broken so many street lamps! If he could only escape he would tell on anyone he caught throwing stones at them. He was sorry that he had upset fruit and candy stands for pure devilry; he was sorry that he had waged merciless war against all harmless cats and dogs; he was sorry he had cheated at marbles and at dice; that he had persecuted and tormented the beasts of burden of *jibaros*—"rubes"—and beggars. Ah, if it only were the devil who was coming after him, then it would be different. The devil he could scare away by making the cross or sticking a pin into the knot which he carried tied in his pants below the knees. But the "souls"—you could not scare them away, unless you were a "decent Christian" and could rattle off all the prayers; unless you could say the Pope's name without thinking of "potato," and unless you went to church and believed in hell all the time there was no hope for you. Oh, if he had only known!

Espera! the chants and rattlings of bones were growing fainter. Tup listened attentively. "Sure," he said to himself, "they are under the tunnel now. They are going to the cemetery. They are not coming after me." Then he thought a little, and sank down again in despair. "Oh," he exclaimed, "they are going after bones and skulls. They have run out of them. They've left somebody watching there at the entrance. Now I can't get away."

The bell had ceased to toll. The procession of white-cloaked, conical-hooded and chanting "souls" had passed under the tunnel and disappeared among the

avenues of the large cemetery. Tupé could not hear any longer the *froo, froo* which had so scared him, but he still felt sure that the entrance of the tunnel was being guarded by a "soul" armed with a bone as big as an elephant tusk. It was trying to remain there. At last he got up and looked stealthily over the wall. Down in the cemetery, winding its way toward the central chapel he could distinguish a procession of red lights. He thought he saw coffins instead of hoods, but—

* * * * *

The eastern sky was beginning to brighten up when Tito and Don Pepe left their night lair and came down to find Tupé. They were not surprised to find him asleep, but they were rather amused by the look of terror on his face. When Don Pepe shook him Tupé rose up and shrieked: "*Suelta!*" Then, rubbing his eyes, he asked whether the souls were still in the cemetery. He recounted the events of the previous night. Don Pepe's answer was characteristic:

"You darned old idiot, did you put dog tears in your eyes before you went to sleep? They were no 'souls.' Ha! ha! ha! Of course they weren't. You didn't see their cloaks, or their hoods; you didn't hear a little bell tinkling—the leader's bell—did you? What you saw was a regular night funeral. Well, not quite a regular funeral, but it was a funeral all right. Didn't you see those sickly looking soldiers who came from Cuba last week? They've all have got the yellow fever, and are dying by the barrel. They bury them at night. It is dangerous to do it by day. That's what you heard. El Padre Juan was chanting his '*saecula saeculorum.*' They were no souls!"

"The devil," snapped Tupé. "I didn't know that! Hey, Don Pepe, let's break some street lamps before the sun comes out!"

III. TITO AND DON PEPE WATCH.

Tito was superstitious. He had a good reason for being so, for he could trace his maternal ancestry to the wilds of Congo—wherever that country for "niggers" might be. His mother was superstitious; he knew that. His grandmother had been a renowned "charmer" and "pseudo-witch." He wasn't sure about the "pseudo," but there wasn't the least doubt as to the truthfulness of the other word. With such an ancestry to back him up, he could not help being melancholy at twilight; neither could he keep his ears from catching uncanny noises. When the evening breeze made itself felt by its coolness and salty odor then, surely enough, Tito would hear the voices of his two uncles—the slaves who were drowned in the sloop "*Conquistadora.*" He would also hear the "soul" of his grandmother Antonia whispering and blowing hot breath on his cheek. That is why he and Don Pepe were watching together that night when—But here comes the story.

After trying every means to keep awake, the two boys had resigned themselves to chance. A *tronera* is a bad place to keep awake. But it was extremely important that Don Pepe should not succumb as long as Tito remained with his eyelids open. You can't tell what might happen. A ghost, a *duende*, a hell-bird, a fire ball—you can't tell. Curious things happen at night, especially when one is a nigger with a witch of a dead grandmother against him. *Me caso en*—he was sorry he hadn't refused to come to watch for naval battles. Maybe it wasn't a funeral that scared Tupé. They might come, the "souls," and—*caramba*, he was sorry he was watching! And now Don Pepe would not keep awake. He could not see "things," that's why he would not keep awake and help his friend.

It was not long before Don Pepe commenced to snore. Yes, it was like him to do such things when there was real danger of his being mimicked by some skulking devil. To make things worse the sea breeze was blowing fast, wafting along many and many an echo from *Pena Para* and other places, where hundreds of people had been drowned. Tito moved uneasily and tried to wake Don Pepe, but without much success. His snores and muffled hisses were becoming more and more alarming. "If he don't stop," thought Tito, "we are going to have all sorts of cats and skulking devils hissing at us. They don't like those noises." He crawled on all fours to where Don Pepe sat and shook him vigorously.

Don Pepe woke up. He shuffled around and then spoke:

"Say, Tito, old idiot, you are the most unreasonable fellow I ever saw. You can't do anything without seeing your black ancestors. If a cat comes around why don't you say 'Zape! scat!' That will drive him away! If the devils begin to smell bad around you just stick a pin in that knot you carry tied in your pants, just like Tupé and I do? That will fetch the devils away. Tito, *caramba*, you are not a deacon's boy! Deacons' boys are not black, anyhow!

There was a short silence. Then Don Pepe added half philosophically:

"When the grass-hoppers chirp and the mosquitoes buzz you don't have to drive them away. They have nothing to do with the *animas*. They are only bad weather."

But again the night air moaned and the reverberating echoes of the sleeping city disturbed the peace of poor Tito. He would hear his name called now, and then he would hear some creaking like the tread of a "cloaked ghost." Again it would be a grass-hopper, or a *coki*, or

a distant dog, or perhaps an ambling cat. But to him they were all either ancestors or "skulking devils." Heavens! what was that? Ramp! ramp! ramp! Someone was walking in the tunnel.

"Don Pepe, Don Pepe, did you hear that?"

Don Pepe consigned him to the lowest pit he could think of, and went to sleep again.

Tito now decided to do like the ostrich. He would close his eyes and ears—to keep the ghosts away.

The two little traitors! They had come to watch, and were now asleep! How scornfully would Tupé have looked upon them! And no funeral to scare them, either! What a disgrace! *Chufas*, the "curia" was degenerating! If they had stayed awake they would have seen the gunboat "Concha" sneak back into the bay when the blockaders had been increased from two to eleven. They would have seen also the pyrotechnic display of eleven powerful searchlights focused upon the mouldy walls of Morro Castle, an "effect" which made the old fort sparkle like a huge diamond in the dark. But they missed it. The two little traitors! Ah, *chufas*!

They slept. In the morning, when the mists were rising slowly over the sea, and the copious dew had gradually filtered down to their bones, the two little rascals woke up, and were surprised to see the shadows fast disappearing.

"*Caramba*, Tito, you ought to have awakened me. You are a cheat!" was Don Pepe's salutation to his companion. Tito gave something back in return, and they both rubbed their eyes.

And while they were gaping and stretching their limbs, the sound of husky voices reached their ears. They listened. Surely, voices and guitars! They were coming down the *rampla*. They were cheering. No, they were singing again.

Nearer and nearer they drew. Now they could hear them distinctly. It was one of the popular airs with new words; yes, it was this,

"Arrum-ban-baya, arrum-ban-baya,
Ahi viene el gran Viscaya."

and

Apuesto un gayo, apuesto un gayo que
Ahi viene el gran Pelayo."

These songs were punctuated by vigorous "long lives" and "bravos" for Cervera and the Spanish fleet.

For, sure enough, those eleven steel monsters approaching Morro Castle so serenely, could they be other than Cervera's fleet—the long expected fleet, the marvel of all the marvels, the eighth wonder, the most— But, say, it was funny that the batteries hadn't commenced to salute. Such a man, such a fleet! Oh, well, it was too early. Spanish sentries and look-outs go to sleep at their posts, *sabe usted?* And then, the batteries could not begin the racket while El Senor Gobernador was asleep. Of course no; it was plain as daylight.

So

"Arrum-ban-baya, arrum-ban-baya
A que el Yankee aqui se encaya"

showed their glowing admiration for the floating wonders.

No, the batteries would not salute.

No wonder, then, if the supposed Cervera fleet took it upon itself to remind the fort of naval etiquette. It formed itself in a semi-circle and, steaming right for the entrance, it emptied several tons of steel and iron into the city before the *compadres* had time to finish their last song. *Santo Cristo!* Fluttering above the smoke, like the crests of fighting cocks, the *compadres* beheld eleven star-spangled banners! Great was their dismay and hurried their retreat when out of a neighboring *tronera* there issued two young scamps, crying at the top of their voices, "Run for your lives. It's the Yankees!"

It was a memorable morning for Tito and Don Pepe. Frenzied women in the streets, dismantled churches, unclaimed property, un—; but that is history.

It was a memorable night and—morning!

J. P., '07.

Erin's Prayer

On Seeing Parrish's Poster of St. Patrick.

Thou, patron saint of brogue and bravery,

Benignly hear our prayers as they arise—

As day-dawn vapours softly climb the skies.

Wink absolution on our roguish knavery.

O jovial saint, serene in thy calm reverie,

Look lovingly upon us, let thy sighs

Plead for us with the God of destinies;

Still keep us pure from taint of slavery.

Thus let thy people, innocent and free,

Fulfill a thousand years of happiness.

Still grant us humor quaint to bear the cloud,

Still let us, children of the soil, aloud

Cry, not in vain, to thee; our isle still bless,

Well let us learn thy lesson, loyalty.

J. T. T., '08.

THE VETERAN'S DAY

The Forty-ninth Regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteers, containing the companies enlisted from Great Oak County, were as fine a lot of men as could be found among the first troops to answer the call of Lincoln. In the Public Square of Conwicks stands a shaft of granite forty feet high as a commemoration of their services. The list of battles, twelve in number, in which they took part, fills up one side of the tablet at the base. Here is Shiloh, where their gallant Colonel Transome, who is still active in State politics, lost his left arm. Below are Spottsylvania and the Battle of the Wilderness, where many tough fellows who farmed the Brandywine meadows fell; again, there is Port Hudson and Gettysburg—how they must have fought there, within a two-days' march of their own homes! The list is ended with the fall of Richmond, their services completed at Appomattox Court House. Show me the battleground where a stubborn fight took place under McClellan and its name will be upon their monument, or where Meade rolled back an invasion, and I will point to the place where the Pennsylvanian stood in the shock of battle.

They are grand old fellows, these Civil War veterans! Our nation has done well to set aside a date in the early spring when everything is throbbing with new life for a Memorial Day of the conflict in which our country was reborn. It has always seemed to me that it was taken in the spirit intended for it. Our Fourth of July has degenerated into a debauchery of violence and noise. Our religious holidays are even more sadly abused because of their more sacred origin. The two distinctly American holidays are respected more in their true spirit—Memorial Day and Thanksgiving.

The evening before the celebration in my native town the firemen bring their tall ladders to the Soldiers' Monument and wreath the shaft in greens. They soften the flinty features of the stone Federal at the top with a warm leaf of the ivy or the more airy spray of a fine-leaved vine, and around the stone cannon at the base and upon the steps of the foundation are laid the contributions of the citizens, flowers of all colors and kinds, but every bunch tied up in loving remembrance of the stout fellows who fought for our happiness. Who knows what old lady may have gathered those nasturtiums, and carefully wrapped their stems in tin foil as she told the little boy at her knee of a grandfather, more mythical than real, who was sent home from Pittsburg to die with his young family around him? And as she wraps the yarn around the stems, who better than she can estimate the struggles against poverty which are crowned in the person of the little grandson beside her? Or is there a prouder woman in the land as she goes with him in the lengthening evening to place the flowers upon the steps of the monument? As she reads to him the list of battles here, the officers there, the counties represented on another side, and the personnel of the regiment upon the fourth, the little lad's face grows serious. Together they look up at the curiously uniformed statue, with his slouching cap and heavy cape, his face glowing in the light of the waning sun, as he looks far away into that western country, for the freedom of which he fought. Silently they walk home through the darkening streets, the little lad awed by a sense of strangeness, the widow intent upon her thoughts of the past.

In the morning the annual ceremony

of the Veterans' march is performed. When I was a boy, back in '91 or '92, I can remember when as many as forty honest citizens of every class marched firmly up in their old worn uniforms of blue and their battered caps and newly oiled muskets, following the tattered silken flag of the company, to do honor to the memory of their dead comrades. The Colonel, with his left sleeve pinned up out of the way; the worthy green grocer, more portly now than when he wore that suit for a sterner purpose; then comes the little old car-cleaner, with an honorable limp, gained in the Wilderness. The Pennsylvania Railroad would go far before it could find a more faithful servant than he. Then there is the worthy chaplain. He keeps a grocery store and has a little church outside the town where he preaches to the country folk.

In '92 all the veterans marched; perhaps they did in '93, but they only numbered thirty-eight that year. In '94 there were thirty-two in the procession, and two rode behind in a carriage. The next year the carriage was not there, but its occupants did not march, and the little band only numbered twenty-nine. Last spring only nineteen old men, with snow white beards and slow steps marched to the music, while the spruce youngsters of Company N, N. G. P., who hardly smelled powder in '98, marched behind in natty khaki. Proud was he who in a khaki suit could march among the blues with a father upon his arm.

The little band files up to the flower-strewn monument and the hoary chaplain faces his uncovered comrades in the full, strong glow of the morning sun,

amidst the awed silence of the spectators, and asks a divine blessing upon their comrades who fell in the wars, for those whom the passing years have removed, and for the small remnant that is still held together. In previous years the march was continued to the burying ground, where most of the dead lie buried. Nowadays the short journey is made in carriages, and the crowd follows the dignified procession in respectful hurry. Under the large trees of the Cedar Hill Cemetery, where the moss-covered graves are ranged in rows, the old men form silently into a short line. A word from the Colonel and the rifles click, another syllable and the old arms stiffly aim them, a subdued command of "fire," and the dead salute breaks out under the oak trees; they repeat the action and again the hills send back the echo. A third salute flashes forth and then the smoke floats dreamily away among the tree tops, leaving the dead to another year of unbroken solitude.

The soldier upon the monument still confronts with his granite face the soft evening light of Memorial Day or the whirling snow on the northwestern wind; his hairs grow no whiter; his uniform the bitter blast cannot fray; but his prototype will soon be a thing of the past. The sons in the khaki uniforms will in their turn fire the dead salute over the moss-covered graves beneath the cedar trees in the cemetery. Then they, too, will be gathered to their fathers, and other hands will perform the ceremonies until wars and fightings shall cease. Then shall the children of that generation say, "What manner of men were these, our sires?" *F. R. T., '06.*



FACULTY DEPARTMENT

Conducted by Dean Barrett

Dr. James A. Babbitt has been elected a Fellow of the Philadelphia College of Physicians.

The library has lately received from Miss Anna Morris, of Philadelphia, a complete set (one hundred and fifty) of the double-folio plates of Audubon's "Quadrupeds of North America;" also a set of Nuttall's "North American Sylva."

The facilities and scope of work in the Electrical Laboratory have been enlarged this spring by the addition of a $7\frac{1}{2}$ horse power, 200 volt, 3-phase, Westinghouse induction motor and auto-starter. The Westinghouse representative in the transaction was Mr. E. P. West, '04. By means of this and other new equipment, many important tests with alternating currents may now be made.

Professor Frederic Palmer, Jr., has been granted leave of absence for next year, in order to pursue his graduate work in physics at Harvard University. Alpheus W. Smith, a graduate of the University of West Virginia, and for four years a graduate-student at Harvard, will have charge of the Physics Department during the absence of Prof. Palmer. Mr. Smith is now an instructor in physics at Bowdoin College, and is a candidate for the Harvard degree of Ph. D. at the approaching commencement.

Many substantial citizens of Delaware County have urged President Sharpless to become a candidate of the Lincoln Party for nomination looking toward a seat in the Lower House of the Pennsylvania Legislature. If successful in securing the nomination at the Media convention of this party on May 10, he will stand for election on the regular election day, next November. His principal motive in becoming a candidate is to assume his share in the attempt to break up the political ring in this county and thus better to secure purity in politics in this community.

Philadelphia was the natural centre of a very wide-spread interest in the Franklin Bi-centennial celebration, which took place during the week beginning April 16. Prof. F. B. Gummere and Prof. E. W. Brown were prominently connected with various features of the week's proceedings, while many other members of the Faculty attended some sessions. Prof. Gummere read a paper on "Repetition and Variation in Poetic Structure." Prof. Brown, with Sir George Darwin, was a delegate for the Royal Society and he also was the delegate for the Royal Astronomical Society for which he presented an address. Sir George and Lady Darwin were entertained for several days at Prof. Brown's house, and while here Lady Darwin planted an oak in front of the gymnasium.

Oh, Maiden!

Young and fair and sweetly charming,
By thy countenance disarming,
Every fear of hurt and harming,
Every thought of earthly care;
May thy virtue shine forever
And may Time's hard trials never
Stain thy purity or ever
Dim thy matchless beauty rare! —'00.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

THE program for Alumni Day this year is much the same as that adopted last year. The details have not all been settled upon by the committee in charge and will be announced by a circular letter, which will be mailed the latter part of May. A special train will, if possible, be provided, leaving Broad Street at 10.10 A. M., and arriving at Haverford in time for those taking it to get in line for the Commencement Exercises. The afternoon Cricket game this year will be between two Alumni Elevens, instead of between the Alumni and the College Eleven. The Captains of these teams will be announced later. A number of Alumni who considered themselves too expert to play on the duffer team and who did not get places on the Alumni Eleven last year will thus be enabled to play. The program will be as follows:

10.10—Special train leaves Broad Street for Haverford.

11—Commencement Exercises in Roberts Hall.

12.15—Presentation of Cricket prize in front of Founder's Hall.

12.30—Lunch on the campus.

2—Cricket game, Cope Field, expert Alumni Elevens (captains to be announced later).

2.30—Duffer, Cricket game, Walton Field.

2.30—Alumni Baseball game, E. B. Hay, '05, and A. C. Maule, '99, captains, Walton Field.

5.30—Alumni Committee meeting in Roberts Hall.

7—Supper on the campus.

8.15—Alumni oration, by Francis R. Cope, Jr., 1900, Roberts' Hall.

9.15—Undergraduates' concert and illumination on the campus.

Alumni Day cannot be a thorough

success unless a large number of Alumni make a whole day of it. It is believed that Haverfordians are coming more and more to regard Alumni Day as a legal holiday, when their place is at the College. During the past years strong Alumni organizations have been formed in neighboring cities, and it is hoped that large delegations will come on from Baltimore, New York, etc., for the entire day. It is urged that each Class Secretary see to it that his Class is well represented in the line which will be formed in front of Founder's Hall at 10.55 A. M.

H. S. Drinker, 1900.
Chairman.

The fifth annual dinner of the Haverford Association of New York was held at the Republican Club, No. 54 West Fortieth street, New York City, on April 6, 1906, at 7 P. M. Twenty-five members were present. The dinner was the most enthusiastic ever held by the Association, and a very keen interest in Haverford and her future was manifest.

Abram S. Underhill was the guest of the evening, and delighted his hearers with his reasons for sending his son to Haverford.

Speeches were also made by James W. Cromwell, '59; Samuel Parsons, '61; James Wood, '58; J. Stuart Auchincloss, '90; John Roberts, '93; Alfred Busselle, '94, and Walter C. Webster, '95.

Officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows: President, James W. Cromwell, '59; vice president, Minturn P. Collins, '92; secretary and treasurer, L. H. Wood, '96.

It was urged on behalf of the Association that every Haverfordian resident in or near New York, or knowing the name and address of any Haverfordian so residing should send the same to L. Hol-

lingsworth Wood, secretary of the Association, No. 2 Wall street, New York City.

Those present were: James Wood, '58; James W. Cromwell, '59; Samuel Parsons, '61; Arthur Haviland, '65; Thomas Woodward, '66; E. D. Thurston, '71; Daniel Smiley, '78; Stephen W. Collins, '83; J. Stuart Auchincloss, '90; J. N. Du Barry, '90; Minturn Post

Collins, '92; F. F. Davis, '93; John Roberts, '93; Alfred Busselle, '94; D. S. Taber, '94; Walter C. Webster, '95; G. Raymond Allen, '96; William K. Alsop, '96; L. H. Wood, '96; Elliot Field, '97; John Storey Jenks, Jr., '98; Frederick Swan, '98; J. Bernard Haviland, '02; Parke L. Woodward, '02; S. Marshall Busselle.

NOTES

'80. Richard White, of Baltimore, has recently returned from an extended tour of Southern Europe and Egypt.

'81. A. Morris Carey, of Baltimore, made a brief call on April 16. He had not been at the College for a number of years.

'88. John Cowgill Corbet, Jr. was instantly killed in alighting from a train at Spring Garden Street Station, Philadelphia, on March 31. Mr. Corbet had been employed since graduation by the Haines, Jones & Cadbury Company.

'92. Christian Brinton has an illustrated article in "The Century" for

April entitled "A Sculptor of the Labour, Constantin Meunier."

'97. Edward Thomas sailed for Liverpool in the steamship Merion, April 14, for a five-months' stay, chiefly in England, in the Lake District.

'98. Thomas Wistar, Jr., was married to Miss Mary Beatrice Starin in Germantown, on April 21. Among the ushers were: J. H. Haines, Dr. Samuel Rhodes, S. R. Morgan, A. G. Scattergood, F. R. Strawbridge and M. M. Lee, all of '98.

Ex-'00. Lieutenant Mallel Prevost Grayson Murphy, U. S. A., was married to Miss Maud Donaldson in Philadelphia in Easter week.

COLLEGE DEPARTMENT

ASSOCIATION FOOT BALL

Harvard Games

On March 31 Haverford met and defeated Harvard by the narrow margin of 1 to 0 in a close but rather uninteresting game. This match was the second of the intercollegiate series and drew a crowd to Walton Field in spite of the threatening weather. Haverford was very strong on defence and rather weak on offence, while just the opposite was true of Harvard.

The star of game was Philips, at goal, who five times stopped difficult

shots. The game ended with the ball in Harvard's territory. Score—Haverford 1, Harvard 0.

Haverford	Positions	Harvard
Philips	Goal	Parker
Lowry	Right full-back	McLaurin
C. Brown	Left full-back	Kidder
Drinker	Right half-back	Bird
Pleasants	Centre	Squires
Godley	Left half-back	Thackaray
Reid	Outside right	Mayer
P. W. Brown	Inside right	Gordon
Rossmassler	Centre	Osborn
Spaeth	Inside left	A. W. Reggio
Young	Outside left	A. N. Reggio

The Cornell Trip

Amid the enthusiastic applause of several waiting engines, and spurred on by the pithy comment of Manager Nauman and the delirious evolutions of Captain Spike, the Haverford Soccerites left the train-shed of the Reading Terminal in good order, on the morning of April 6. The trip to New York was uneventful. Several trips over the entire Subway and L systems of New York finally landed the company at Morningside Heights. Here they separated to various "frat" houses for lunch, and reassembled somewhat later at the gymnasium. An endless trolley ride followed, and the eleven were at their last gasp when the Oval was finally reached. The cheerful news was soon spread abroad that the suit case containing the uniforms of "Art" and "Smith" had been left on the vengeful trolley. While the rest of the team sat in stupefied silence (all except "Smith"). Art despatched a mounted policeman in pursuit of the elusive car, which was miraculously caught and brought back in spite of its determined struggles. Of the game little can be said which would not border on the uncomplimentary. After playing in fairly good style against a strong wind, in the first half, and scoring a goal through a beautiful shot by "Smith," the team slumped miserably in the second half and failed to break the tie which Columbia had created by a score shortly before half time. The fault lay mainly with the forwards, who had dozens of chances to score, but invariably missed the net. Not disheartened by this unsatisfactory ending, however, the team left New York that evening with the determination to beat Cornell and clinch the championship anyway. Of the little misunderstanding about the ferryboats, of Manager Nauman's crafty manipulation of the Le-

high Valley Railroad, of the agony endured by the faithful ones while waiting in awful doubt for the tardy diners, and of the accommodating train which waited 15 minutes for those great men, nothing need be said. All troubles were forgotten in an exclusive sleeper, inhabited by none but the sacred team, and Ithaca was reached in the early hours of the following morning. Our hosts, who met us at the station, represented a variety of nationalities, and we spent most of the morning learning to pronounce their names and viewing with them the beautiful campus and buildings of the University. The game itself was exciting from start to finish. The "Cosmopolitans" showed a good knowledge of soccer, and, with a little more team work and training, would probably have won. It is only fair to them to state that their star full-back, Douglas, was injured very early in the game and was thereafter practically useless, although he pluckily continued playing. As it was, the Cornellians had the lead at the end of the first half, by 1 to 0. The second half was well under way before the complexion of the game changed. The lucky "Ham" suddenly sent in a long shot and, to the surprise of everyone, the ball rolled first through the legs of the Scotch half-back, then through those of the Dutch full-back and finally past the hands of the Greek goal-keeper. With the score a tie, Haverford worked like fiends for victory. The "Ham" again came to the rescue, and a second shot slipped just inside the post, being fumbled by the well-greased Achilles. Without any abatement in their speed, the Haverford forwards continued to bang away at the goal, until "Smith" made a third tally by a neat and well-executed shot. Time was called soon after, leaving Haverford the victor by 3 goals to 1. Too much praise cannot be given

Captain Pleasants for his persistent stirring up of the team and for the fine example he set by his own brilliant playing. The result of the game left Haverford the champion, with a score of 7 points, three games having been won, and one drawn. Special mention should be made of the able management of Nauman, and of the unflagging hospitality of the Columbia and Cornell men. The line-up was as follows:

Haverford	Positions	Cornell
PhilipsGoalChrysseidy
C. T. Brown	Left full-back	

	Vander Dose	der Bye
LowryRight full-backDouglas
RossmasslerLeft half-backWilson
PleasantsCentreReinecke
DrinkerRight half-backLawson
YoungLeft wingDragoshinoff
SpaethLeft insideDelcasse
P. W. Brown	Centre forward	Van Byrnefeldt
SmithRight insideZerallos
ReidRight wingMcDonald

Referee—S. W. Mifflin, Harvard.

Time of halves—35 minutes.

Goals—Spaeth, 2; Smith, McDonald.

The soccer season has been a successful one; although we did not win the club championship again, we have won something we value more. The intercollegiate cup presented to the league by Captain Milnes, of the English Pilgrims, who played in this country last fall, will be in the trophy room this next year and, we hope, for many to come. Captain Pleasants is to be congratulated on having developed a team from practically raw material, which none of the college teams defeated. Pleasants entertained the soccer team at the Hotel Colonnade, at the close of the season, and, we believe, from all accounts that have reached us, that the dinner was a great success in every way. Rossmassler, '07, was elected captain for next year.

The gymnasium team, under the leadership of T. K. Brown, '06, made a very creditable showing this year. The sea-

son closed at the end of the last quarter. Bushnell, '08, was elected captain for next year.

On Wednesday evening, April 25, Professor Le Baron R. Briggs, of Harvard University, gave an extremely interesting and instructive lecture on Dryden. This is the second annual lecture of the Thomas Shipley Memorial Fund.

The annual spring reception to the college by the Y. M. C. A. took place on Thursday evening, April 12, at 8 o'clock. The speaker for the evening was Dr. Comfort, who gave an interesting and helpful talk on the place the association should take in each man's life and actions. Shortlidge, '06, the retiring president, made way for the new presiding officer, I. J. Dodge, '07, and the evening closed with a reception, at which refreshments were served. The past year has been productive of many good results and we feel that the Society is a great help to the whole college body.

The Sophomore Freshmen speaking contest for the Everett Society medal took place on Tuesday evening, May 1, and was won by J. Carey Thomas, '08.

Those who took part were: Drinker, '08; Troth, '08; Thomas, '08; Elkinton, '08; Dodge, '09; Killen, '09; Loewenstein, '09; Phillips, '09.

Track

Following is the schedule for this season's track work:

Meet, Wesleyan University at Middletown, May 12.

Intercollegiates at Harvard, May 25 and 26.

The Inter-class sports were won by 1906.—Results were as follows:

Shot-put—First, A. T. Lowry, '06; second, E. F. Jones, '07; third, Birdsall, '07. Distance, 33 feet, 11 inches.

220-yard hurdles—First, T. K. Brown, Jr., '06; second, Bushnell, '08; third, Myers, '09. Time, 29 minutes and 4 seconds.

Half-mile run—First, E. C. Tatnall, '07; second, Reid, '06; third, R. H. Mott, '09. Time, 2 minutes, 20.2 seconds.

Two-mile run—First, W. K. Miller, '06; second, Reid, '06; third, R. Scott, '06. Time, 11 minutes 5 seconds.

High jump—First, J. D. Philips, '06; second, Cary, '06; third, Bushnell, '08. Height, 5 feet 4 inches.

Hammer throw—First, A. T. Lowry, '06; second, Birdsall, '07; third, Ramsey, '09. Distance, 102 feet, 10 inches.

220-Yard Dash—First, T. K. Brown, Jr., '06, and P. W. Brown, '07; second, W. Kennard, '06, and J. P. Magill, '07.

100-Yard Dash—First, Brown, '06; second, Magill, '07; third, Rossmassler, '07.

Discus Throw—First, Jones, '07; second, Wood, '07; third, Lowry, '06. Distance, 99 feet 5 inches.

Relay Race—First, 1907; second, 1908; third, 1909.

Quarter-mile Run—First, Tunney, '06; second, Kennard, '06; third, Warnock, '08. Time, 56 seconds.

120-Yard High Hurdles—First, Brown, '06; second, Rossmassler, '07; third, Brown, '08. Time, 17 1-5 seconds.

Broad Jump—First, Brown, '06; second, Jones, '07; third, Rossmassler, '07. Distance, 20 feet 8 inches.

Mile Run—First, Tatnall, '07; second, Miller, '06; third, Young, '06. Time, 4 minutes 49 4-5 seconds.

Cricket

Manager Godley announces the following schedules for the first and second cricket teams. Owing to lack of space that of the third is not here inserted.

FIRST ELEVEN.

Saturday, April 28, Frankford at Frankford.

Saturday, May 5, Alumni at Haverford.

Tuesday, May 8, next 15 at Haverford.

Saturday, May 12, Moorestown at Moorestown.

Thursday, May 17, Philadelphia at Wissahickon Heights.

Saturday, May 19, Germantown at Haverford.

Wednesday, May 23, Harvard at Haverford.

Saturday, May 26, Cornell at Ithaca.

Wednesday, May 30, Pennsylvania at Haverford.

Saturday, June 2, All Scholastic at Haverford.

Saturday, June 9, Merion at Haverford.

Friday, June 15, Alumni vs. Alumni.

SECOND ELEVEN.

Saturday, April 28, Frankford at Haverford.

Saturday, May 5, Germantown at Mannheim.

Tuesday, May 8, 1st XI at Haverford.

Saturday, May 12, Wissahickon at Haverford.

Thursday, May 17, Haddonfield at Haverford.

Saturday, May 19, Philadelphia at Haverford.

Saturday, May 26, Glenside at Haverford.

Saturday, June 2, Linden at Camden.

Saturday, June 9, Gibbsboro at Gibbsboro.

CLASS GAMES.

April 24-25, 1908 vs. 1909.

May 1-2, 1906 vs. 1907.

May 14-15, winners play for championship.



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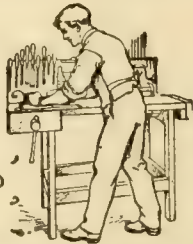
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HAVERFORD COLLEGE

VOLUME XXVIII, No. 4.

June, 1906

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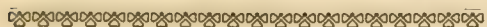
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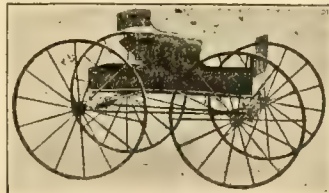
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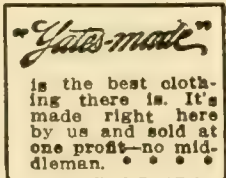


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HAVERFORD, PA., JUNE, 1906.

No. 4

IT is with hesitation and diffidence that we attempt to put into words our feelings at this commencement time. We should rather not voice the complexity of emotions that fills us at this season. The severance of undergraduate relations with the graduating class is our predominating thought, and we should prefer to leave our sentiments to feeling, nevertheless we could not close the year without wishing *bon voyage* to 1906.

New Members
of Haverford
Alumni

All commencements are very much alike. Classes graduate and leave college with mingled feelings of regret and anticipation. Other classes look after them with a touch of sentiment, then step up into their places, and affairs go on pretty much as usual. And yet commencements are ever new, because the actors are always changing. How we wish we could offer some new thought at this time, but, failing in that, we can only look at the practical aspect

of this culmination of the college course.

Commencement means more to us here at Haverford than it does at institutions where men don caps and gowns after the business of examination is over, and receive their sheepskins in company with men they may never have seen before. The close associations at Haverford make it an unusual event both for those who go and those who stay behind. But this very association keeps it from being anything more than the substitution of business or professional life for that of college, for the graduate steps out into the ranks of the alumni who are actively and materially interested in the welfare of the college.

As the Senior Class steps into the fraternity of Haverford graduates it may well look back upon its course with satisfaction. In scholarship, athletics and college activities in general it has distinguished itself, and if past records be a criterion we anticipate great success for the class of 1906.

THE spirit at Haverford at present is noticeably that of healthy progress. The new buildings and equipment show the visible advance that is being made, and those who have read the recent alumni address by our President know the ideal toward which the College is steadily progressing under his guidance. Intellectual gains are also being achieved by the development of the curriculum; the unwonted use of the library upon two occasions this year, by men who had been strangers there before, serves as an index of the remarkable change wrought by simply varying a course hitherto manifestly safe and innocuous.

But those who were fortunate enough to hear the informal "question box"—held during the recent reception to the United Charities Association upon the College campus—must have been impressed by two facts, namely, first, that we have much to be proud about here at Haverford, and, second, and more important, that people from a distance knew very little about the institution. The policy of Haverford is wisely conservative, and a large college is not desired, but a small college with a waiting list is better off than a college which has not its maximum number. Then, too, a college is less provincial when its student body embraces representatives from all over the country.

Just now, at the time of advancement, is the time for alumni and undergraduates to do what they can to help in the growth of the college. A committee is quietly working along these lines, disseminating information about Haverford—but they need co-operation and encouragement—especially from graduates who reside in other States. And it is the duty of the college, if it desires to progress in the direction of numbers and widespread influence, to make Haverford

a place as well suited to those from a distance as to those from this immediate vicinity. It should see that reasonable care is exercised to render Sundays as pleasant as possible for those who from force of circumstance remain at the College; and there is a general sentiment that it is unseemly with our fair dining hall that men should, on Saturdays and Sundays, be forced to compete for sustenance under the Darwinian law of the survival of the fittest. And then, again, it should see that provision is made, so that students might be accommodated for a reasonable remuneration during the vacations of the year, if, because of distance, it is unfeasible for them to travel home.

It is certain that as Haverford grows it is bound to have more students from other States, and conditions should be made as favorable as possible for them to come, for, as it is certainly worth while for a student to come to Haverford from any distance, however great, it is also of a certain value to the college to have him come.

IT is at all times interesting to read contributions by alumni of experience and prominence, but to those who expect to teach and who are interested in educational work, the article entitled "Educational Conditions in New Mexico" will be of exceptional interest.

And in dealing with his subject the author has given a very clear idea of what conditions in general are in the territory. Hon. Hiram Hadley, the author, is superintendent of public instruction and one of the pioneer educators in New Mexico. He graduated from Haverford in 1856, and has devoted most of his life to educational work. For twenty years he has been located in New Mexico, and is an authority upon the subject about which he has written.

ONE of the main arguments brought to bear in favor of the new dividing wall in Barclay is that it would mitigate the careless usurpation of other

Careless men's time, which, according
Usurpation to its upholders, now pre-
of Other vails. At first we scouted
People's Time such an argument as lacking weight, but observation has led us to believe that this is really a potent issue. Even at college men have to devote some time to study and reading, and during the evening, while this needful but depressing ordeal is being performed, it takes very little to subtract a half hour of studying. This time must either be made up later, or, as is usually the case, not made up at all. And we all are too prone needlessly to interrupt other men during their solid hours of study, upon the most trivial and insignificant pretexts.

These do not include social calls and necessary interviews, but even these should be made with a due regard for the other man's time and, if possible, not during the accepted study hours. The fellowship and good comradeship that we have here are the strongest arguments against the proposed wall, hence we should hesitate about abusing it, so that it might serve as an argument for the wall.

But, after all, the time that might be saved per individual with the wall would not be worth the fellowship and spirit that would be lost. Besides, a sentiment along this line will do more than a wall to prevent this thoughtless waste of time, and with the sentiment we should not only preserve, but refine the sociability which college men essentially possess.

The Prodigal

Crowned with a crown of calm inscrutable,
Fate sits enthroned within the court of chance,
While I, Fate's fool, kneel at his feet and hold
The golden goblet given me of God,
Within whose crystal chalice Fate doth blend
Small gains of time and ruby wine of life.
—And like as thirst-mad lips, insatiate,
Ravish the desert pool—I drain the draught.
And now it flows my veins a liquid fire!
I'm mad—mad—mad! In pure, unchecked excess
Of madness crying out aloud; the cup
Collapses in my fevered hands! Once more
Unto my lips I press its lips—Great God,
What foul and filthy dregs are these! That fire
From those veins vanishes—I grow acold—
The madness leaves mine eyes—I see but dim—
This body draws together—softly shrinks—
Melts—and is seen no more, and naught except
A gray damp mound of burnt-out ash, to tell
Where lately stood a lordly citadel.

J. T. T., '08.

EDUCATIONAL CONDITIONS IN NEW MEXICO

HAVING been invited to prepare an article on educational, political and economic conditions in New Mexico, having special reference to the fitness of New Mexico for Statehood, I decided to confine this article to a truthful exhibit of educational conditions, as I view them after nearly twenty years of active connection with the education of New Mexico. In my treatment of this topic, I shall not permit myself to be influenced by a consideration of what effect my statements may have in creating a sentiment favorable or unfavorable to the fitness of the territory for Statehood.

The origin and civilization of the peoples who inhabited this region previous to the coming of the Spaniard is one of the perplexing problems of the archæologist.

Coronado entered New Mexico in 1540; Martin Luther died in 1546. During the succeeding hundred years, terminating with the treaty of Westphalia in 1648, all central and western Europe was violently agitated by the antagonism existing between the Church of Rome and the followers of Luther. During this exceedingly turbulent period Spain remained loyal to the Mother Church.

In New Mexico during the same period, with varying successes, the struggle for mastery between the Spaniard and the native people was carried on, with the general result of victory for the Spaniard. It was perfectly natural and in accord with human experience that the early Spanish invaders should come saturated with the feelings and sentiments that then prevailed in Spain. They brought with them the zeal for the propagation of their religion that has ever characterized the devoted Fathers of the Roman Catholic Church. So zealous were they that by 1617 eleven churches had been built and 14,000 natives bap-

tized. For 200 years, without opposition, save from the tribes they sought to convert, and without competition from other missionaries, these intrepid bearers of the Cross pursued their work. During that time they gained almost absolute and undisputed control of the minds and the hearts of the entire population of what now constitutes New Mexico.

At that time this people believed that education was chiefly the prerogative of the Church. A comparatively small number of their more favored young men were sent to existing colleges, became well educated for the times, returned and became dominant factors in all kinds of administration. But the mass of the common people were illiterate.

This was the people and these were the conditions that the United States became possessed of as a result of the Mexican War. At the date of 1850 few Americans were in New Mexico. Much as I regret to say one word against the paternalism of our great Government, I cannot be honest and say less than that the National Government has ignored its duties to these wards of hers. Grant it that they were ignorant; the Government until very lately has done nothing to correct this condition. In 1898 Congress gave to New Mexico, in lieu of what she would naturally be entitled to when she becomes a State, the sixteenth and thirty-sixth sections of land, and permits the proceeds from the leasing of these to be used to foster common schools. In this country of plateaus and mountains, frequently these sections are without value. Yet, by careful management, from this source the common schools are beginning to receive substantial aid. So far as I know, this is the only aid the Government has rendered common school education during its more than half a century's possession.

If the people are illiterate, who is to blame? If the Government had shown the same paternal interest in New Mexico that she has manifested toward the Philippines and Porto Rico, the cry of "illiteracy" would have ceased a quarter of a century ago. She acquired by conquest a people comparatively helpless, and has left them to struggle alone in their helplessness and inexperience, when every interest of patriotism and humanity has demanded the reverse.

Following the termination of the Mexican War the Americans poured in. In 1880 the A. T. & S. F. R. R. was built. The newcomers brought with them the idea of free, popular education firmly established in their own minds. They met here the idea that education was a function of the Church and belonged exclusively to it.

Soon several Protestant religious denominations began to plant their missions and establish schools. These did a great work, and much credit is due them. But these, too, failed to reach the masses, although they did much to foster educational spirit.

The newcomers, comparatively few in number, in addition to contending with and overcoming the difficulties incident to the making of homes among a practically foreign people, have been compelled to plant the seed of popular education, attend to its germination, and to nurse the plant. Public sentiment in favor of free schools had to be created; from limited individual resources means had to be provided for sustaining them; legislation had to be secured and organization for administration effected.

Under these adverse conditions, New Mexico can show educational progress, at which she feels much gratification. In 1889, by act of the Legislature, the University of New Mexico, the College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts, and the School of Mines were created. The

first two have been developed into good institutions doing substantial work, and the third has done well. It is but fair to say that the second has received Government aid, as usually accorded to such colleges in territories. In 1893 two Normal Schools and a Military Institute were created and provided for. These have all been developed into most creditable institutions and are doing as good work as is done by similar schools anywhere. A school for the deaf has just been opened, and one for the blind will be opened in September.

In 1891 the Legislature revised the existing inefficient school law. This revision made provision for a Territorial Board of Education; created the office of Superintendent of Public Instruction; provided for the adoption of a uniform series of text-books; increased the powers and duties of County Superintendents; and made provisions by which funds for the support of schools could be raised.

The cause of the common school received a great impetus, and schools were established in all parts of the territory. Those of the towns and cities are sustained nine months annually, are well graded, and people from the East who patronize them pronounce them equal, or superior, to what they have left behind. The rural schools in New Mexico, as elsewhere, are not so good as those of the cities, but every school district sustains a school for from three to six months, and the average length of term of all the schools in the territory for the past year was 114 days. I wish space permitted me to go more into details.

The English language is the legal language taught in the schools. No provision is made for teaching the Spanish. Our law requires that all teachers must understand the English language. Of the 600 schools in the territory, I think it not improbable that in a very small

number more Spanish than English is taught. But this condition is almost extinct, and will soon be unknown. Nearly all the children and young people among the natives understand and use the English language. Of course, a large portion of the old people, the fathers and mothers, still hold on to their mother tongue, but many of those with gray hair are picking up the English.

Experience shows that the young man who has a knowledge of both Spanish and English possesses the educational qualifications of greatest immediate commercial value. All the former distance and apparent antagonism, the result of a difference in nationality and religion, has passed away, and harmony and cordial co-operation in educational affairs exist.

Educational spirit and enthusiasm is in the atmosphere, and the native people have caught these and are clamoring for more and better educational advantages. In my half a century of experience in teaching I have not known more tractable, more faithful, or more efficient students. Neither have I ever known any among American young men who, with no greater opportunities, have attained more satisfactory success in life.

Briefly, it is my conviction that New Mexico, during the past fifteen years, has known a greater and more satisfactory educational progress than that experienced in the same time by any other portion of the civilized world.

Hiram Hadley, '56.

EARLY HISTORY OF HAVERFORD SCHOOL

THE following extracts from the letters of Isaac Collins, one of the most interested and helpful founders and supporters of the institution now called Haverford College, have been furnished by his son, Stephen G. Collins, of the class of 1856. They explain the sort of school they desired to establish and some of the difficulties of its infancy.

Phila., 1 mo. 3d, 1831.

Saml. Parsons.

Esteemed Friend:—The stockholders of the "Central School" having adopted a constitution and elected their officers and managers, and empowered the latter to select and purchase a farm for a site, and to erect suitable buildings for the institution, as well as to solicit subscriptions to the full amount of the capital stock (\$60,000), for all which sub-committees have been appointed, the next most important business will be to obtain the consent of and elect a suitable Friend to place at the head of the institution.

Much will depend of this selection, and I hope we shall be favored to find a person who will possess all the essential qualifications, and who is well known and will enjoy the confidence of the Society at large.

The experiment is at last about being tried, whether the Society of Friends in this country are in favor of and will support a college planned and conducted as a sectarian institution. If successful the benefits resulting to our Religious Society will be numerous and extensive, and if unsuccessful I apprehend it would not be attempted again for many years.

Well knowing the deep interest thou feels in this project, and how much will depend upon the due administration of the institution, more especially for the first year or two, it has occurred to me that there is no person in our Society so eminently and entirely qualified to discharge the important duties devolving upon the superintendent as thyself, and

if it is right, and among the possibles, to prevail on thee, I know it would gratify the stockholders, and in their opinion ensure the filling of the capital stock and, in fine, establish the confidence of its friends and of the Society at large, in the success of the experiment.

Considering the numerous and important relations thou now holds with the Yearly Meeting of New York, I confess I do not feel very sanguine that the proposition now made would meet thy acceptance, and indeed I fear that thy services and influence in the present trying situation of that Yearly Meeting could not be dispensed with, yet I felt willing just to state the wishes of the stockholders and friends of the Central School here.

Thy sincere friend,

Isaac Collins.

* * * * *

Phila., 4 mo. 25, 1833.

My dear Friend:—I feel inclined to write thee a few lines respecting the difficulties the managers of the Haverford School find in obtaining suitable persons to fill the various offices of superintendent, matron and teachers—all our inquiries have as yet proved unavailing, and it really seems at times as if we should utterly fail.

We had some hopes that William Evans and his wife would be willing and find it their place to go and fill the offices for superintendent and matron, but upon mature reflection they have finally declined.

Is it probable that we could induce William and Ann Willis, or Joseph Talcott and wife, or Richard Mott and wife, or Samuel Adams and wife, to accept of this appointment? We think it is quite time an engagement was made with some persons, if the institution is to be opened this fall and winter, and we must continue to make offers to all whom our friends may consider suitable, until we

effect our object. We should be pleased to have thy opinion of the persons I have named, and of the probability of their accepting our offers.

We are informed that Richard Mott is now very desirous of selling his mills and farm and removing from Mamaronock, and it does appear to us as if he should no longer bury his talents in that sequestered spot.

It has been suggested to us that Jos'h Bowne and wife might find it their places to accept such a situation.

I believe the managers would be willing to give \$1000 or \$1200 and find the family everything except clothes.

We have applications from several young men for the office of classical teachers—one of them a son of George Sherman, of Trenton, who is now at Yale College, about 19 years of age, is said to possess superior talents.

* * * * *

Phila., 4 mo. 1st, 1836.

My dear Friend:—As the examination of the students at Haverford School commences on 5th day next, I hope we shall have the pleasure of thy company and that thou will stop with us while at our house when they leave the School, on fourth day after the examination closes.

* * * * *

Phila., 5 mo. 17, 1836.

My dear Friend:—Thomas P. Cope and myself have addressed a joint letter to Humphrey Haviland soliciting him to subscribe again to the stock of Haverford School. Will thou please hand the letter to him, if he should be in New York during the sitting of the Yearly Meeting, or, if not, send it to him by Joseph Talcot or some other friend who may reside in his neighborhood. If he is in New York do have some conversation with him and urge him to give us a tract of land, if he cannot conveniently give us money. The Legislature have

authorized the Association to increase the capital stock from 60 to 100,000 dollars, and we are very much in need of more funds to raise the water from Cobb's run to give the school and grounds a full supply of excellent water.

We should erect some additional buildings and increase our library and chemical and philosophical apparatus and improve the lawn, etc.

All these require money, and we now owe \$10,000.

We have 73 students entered, amply sufficient to pay all our current expenses.

George Hamilton, of New Bedford, and H. H. Holinshead, have subscribed \$1000 each to our funds very recently. Still we require more and must have it.

Has J. S. Shotwell returned from France and when are we to receive the legacy of M. Smith's of \$500?

Sincerely I remain

Thy friend,

Isaac Collins.

* * * * *

Phila., 6 mo. 21st, 1836.

My dear Friend:—Previous to your late Yearly Meeting Thomas P. Cope and myself wrote a letter to Humphrey Haviland, and sent with it to thy care a copy of the "History of Haverford School;" not having heard from thee or from H. Haviland since, we feel desirous of knowing whether our letter and the book were delivered or sent to H. H. We need much more funds for some additional improvements at the School, and are therefore looking around among our wealthy and liberal friends to meet our necessities. Our last annual report is published and will be sent to our New York friends.

To improve the lawn and grounds surrounding the school we have subscribed \$2000 and will probably require \$500

more. Will any of our stockholders in New York give us a lift?

Our friends here are generally pretty well, and from last accounts all were well at the School.

With love to thee and thine I remain

Thy sincere friend,

Isaac Collins.

* * * * *

Phila., 7 mo. 6th, 1836.

My dear Friend:—At the last annual meeting of Haverford School Association a resolution was passed directing the Board of Managers to endeavor to obtain from all the stockholders a relinquishment of any dividend or interest that might accrue to them (by the bye, such a state of the funds of the Association will never probably occur) and accordingly a form was prepared, bound in a book, and most of the stockholders here have already entered their names, and all no doubt will. It was intimated by S. Bettle and George Williams at the annual meeting that if this release was effected the institution would receive some legacies in due time—and I consider both those persons as virtually pledged to leave funds by will to the institution. At the last meeting of the managers this book was directed to be sent to New York, and Samuel Parsons, W. F. and L. F. Mott and others were appointed to solicit stockholders in the city and State of New York to subscribe to it. The book has since been forwarded to New York to W. and L. Mott, but 'tis reported that they are out of town, and if so, it will fall upon thee to attend to this business.

Please turn over thy bundle of letters and see if there are not several from me that await an answer.

Affectionately I remain

Thy friend,

Isaac Collins.

THE YEAR'S WORK IN THE Y. M. C. A.

IN a review of an institution such as the Young Men's Christian Association it is very difficult to fasten to tangible facts by which to measure its growth or increase. In the development of stronger manhood toward which it strives, the individual may say, "It has done me good," but there is no way to find the sum total of such good that may have been done throughout the collegiate body. Numbers oftentimes, in an enterprise like this, are misleading. The depth of purpose of the few is always more vital than the lukewarmness of the many, and nowhere is that more evident than in the Young Men's Christian Association.

It has been a common remark at Haverford that the Y. M. C. A. does not meet enough opposition to become really strong, that to join the Association is the custom which all adopt. This is in a measure true. But no one can deny that there is still abundant opportunity for real, live enthusiasm. A man does not always need the prospect of a track meet to make him take proper exercise, though this is an undeniable stimulus. The man who exercises diligently, simply out of respect for his physical nature, deserves, on the other hand, higher praise. And so in our spiritual life. To keep a careful regard for the highest things of life should be a pre-eminent ambition in the heart of every individual, even in the absence of any opposition. The strength of any Christian work is due to the sincere consecration of the individual. It is the man-to-man influence which will count in work of this kind, and if there is one thing above another on which we would lay emphasis, it is the fact that this personal influence is the one thing to bring men to an enthusiastic support of things good and things true.

To turn to a brief resume of the past year. The enrollment has been 96, while the average attendance at the Wednesday evening meetings has been 41. The Sunday evening attendance has averaged 24, partial explanation of which is found in the large number of men absent from college over Sunday. A few outside men have addressed these meetings, but for the most part we have had student leaders. Many of these meetings have been marked by a deeply spiritual tone. It may be well to note the subjects of two that were most conspicuously so. One dealt with Paul's conversion and its application to daily life, while the second was based on the Student Volunteer Convention at Nashville, to which we sent two delegates, who seemed to have brought back some real inspiration. The subject of the missionary spirit in daily life aroused hearty response on the part of the large number of fellows present at that meeting.

The Bible classes this year have been largely attended. This work is often taken as the register of the spiritual tone of an Association, though numbers here are not so significant as daily application and study. The average attendance in these classes has been 51, while the enrollment has reached 88.

The attendance at mission study has been much less than this, averaging 11.

What might be called the Home Missionary work of the Association has been attended with success. The work at Coopertown is reported more prosperous this year than ever before, while the Preston work has about maintained its average. The leaders of this work have emphasized the fact that the people of Preston seem to need older men in the leadership, and have asked that a general appeal be made to the college community to support this work. Not the

good we do ourselves as much as the good we do others is what counts. Let the next administration meet this need in Preston.

The Boys' Club, held in the old gymnasium at Merion Cottage, has stopped its work for the year. It has been very successful, with an enrollment of 45, and an average attendance of 20. Sixty dollars are in the treasury to continue the club next year.

The boy whom the Association has been supporting for some years in Ramallah, has graduated from the school he was in and has taken up the profession of carpenter.

The Haverford School, at Hoshangabad, India, a trade school, attended by 80 boys is still supported by the college

body, and over eighty of the one hundred dollars necessary for this work has been subscribed to date. The canvass for this money continues until the end of this year, and it is hoped to make the sum up to \$125, in order to pay for the deficiency of last year, which was made up by some friends in the community.

The alumni membership, begun three years ago, has reached 23, which number is gradually increasing. In a financial way the Association is in good condition, as the treasurer reports a balance of \$246.23.

Trusting in Him to whom we look for our guidance and help, we pray for constantly growing success on the part of the Young Men's Christian Association of Haverford. *R. J. Shortlidge.*

THE VESPERS

A LONG a vague wood-path beside a clear, flashing stream, a boy was walking with surprising agility. His dress was of deerskin, except for a curious little red woolen cap and a coarse jean shirt beneath the coat. His outer garments showed wonderful nicety of fit and care in construction. The beaded moccasins would indicate that his journey was neither far nor difficult. He glided noiselessly along with a swift but perfectly natural gait, making no attempt at concealment, and whistling as he went the air of the "Te Deum Laudamus." The sun flecked the floor of the woods with numerous patches of golden light, shining now and then upon the face of the boy radiant with health and good spirits. The surroundings were in full harmony with his youth, the fresh green moss on the rocks and fallen trunks, the gentle swaying of the hem-

locks in the June breeze, and the murmur of the stream, now and then rising to a swish and gurgle, and then a long, smooth, green glide below a short waterfall. The boy was happy; there could be no doubt of that from his actions.

He followed the course of the stream, going up the right bank by the vague footpath, crossing and recrossing by the large red stones until he came to the rude door of a log hut, built against the steep side of a hill. Without knocking he drew the deerskin thong and pushed the door open. Inside there were two couches with rough sides, raised a few inches above the floor and covered with hemlock boughs and blankets. A cupboard of rough-hewn boards stood in one corner. Through the small window in the logs the sun shone upon the floor, littered around the beds with moccasins, pouches, stray bits of leather, and a net

of home manufacture. Upon the wall hung skins and hides of different animals, a couple of heavy double-barreled flint-locks, three powder horns and as many leather bullet bags. The boy walked across the room under some dried venison and skin stretchers hanging from the ceiling to another door cut low in the wooden wall, over which was a rough wooden cross. He cautiously opened it a crack, peeped in and quietly withdrew to the outside of the hut, where he sat down upon a log bench and dangled his feet. Finally from the interior came a low, monotonous chant in a rich masculine voice, that started the boy to his feet again. As it ceased he pushed open the interior door, and entered a low cave, lighted only by two candles on each side of a shrine, above which stood an effigy of the Virgin Mary. Before this, his hands crossed upon his breast, and his eyes gazing intently upon the face of the statue, knelt a figure in a brown robe and cowl, with a golden crucifix hanging from the cord at his waist. The back of the small cave was in darkness when the boy closed the door and he remained motionless by the rough earth walls in the obscurity. Finally the figure at the shrine relaxed, crossed himself and turned toward the boy.

"Why do you interrupt my orisons, my son?" said he in a grave and measured tone. "I thought you had ended before I entered, my Father," replied the boy. "You have been very slow," continued the Father. "What detained you so long upon your way; did you have difficulty?" "None, Father; I did your errand and was returning, but the birds sang so sweetly and the sunshine was so bright that I lingered to enjoy them." "You did wrong, my son, to let these material things interfere with the spiritual, and here have I finished the matins, and you only now returned.

Such negligence is sinful and you must spend an extra hour at your books as penitence." Throughout the morning the boy worked at his books, painfully toiling through large pages of Latin, and frowning over Church history while the sunshine fell aslant his page and the stream laughed at him without. At times the hermit would help him and then hear him recite; then, again, he would spend long periods upon his knees at the shrine, wrapped up in divine meditation and seclusion. At one time he broke into audible prayer, earnestly beseeching that he be given strength to meet a crisis on the morrow. "O, God!" he continued, "do Thou help me to tell this youth, when he shall attain his seventeenth year to-morrow, everything as his father directed about his birth and rank. And do Thou pardon the iniquity of his parent against Thy anointed representative, our holy King Charles."

While the good Father was thus engaged the boy would let his book slide between his knees and look out of the window, as much absorbed as was his teacher within the cave, until the hermit's return recalled him to his task. "You grow dilatory, my son," the monk remarked, as he entered upon such a scene as this for the third time. "To attain the knowledge of the divinities and the history of the Holy Church one must take his mind off all carnal affairs of the world and concentrate it upon the writings of the Holy Fathers only. Can you now tell me what led up to the excommunication of Henry IV of Navarre?" And so the Father scolded the boy and the book grew heavier every moment, the sunshine was brighter and warmer and the stream really sang as it flashed wavering gleams through the cracks in the door. Again the Father withdrew for his prayers, and the boy looked out of the window until he returned. So the morning wore away, and one hour

later than usual the boy laid aside his book and entered the cave for noonday prayer in the light of the wax candles.

After a simple meal the hermit withdrew again to the shrine, leaving the boy free for a time. Once outside ecclesiastical history and Church Fathers were forgotten, and the boy was again as active as he had been in the early morning. He ran along the bank; he stripped off his clothes and plunged into the water; he sang a hymn from pure delight, and then he lay flat upon a sun-baked rock in midstream and drew in the congenial warmth. Somehow he seemed to know the stream. It could talk to him and tell him of vast forests near its source and great ships and houses near its mouth. He loved it and felt that he could trust it for it was a part of his life, a close friend and companion. And then he would lie in the shade upon the grass and watch the nesting of the birds until the time came once again to return to his book. The afternoon dragged wearily and the monotonous variation from Latin to his mother tongue made the boy drowsy. Still the hermit continued the unending succession of prayer and work, work and chant, and the afternoon wore away.

The boy was finally summoned to help prepare the evening meal. It was eaten in silence, the Father wrapped in deep meditation and the boy intent upon his venison. Another hour of freedom took the boy once more outside and he sat upon the top of the hill and watched the glorious, red sun set behind the mountains of hemlocks and spruces. The

twittering of the day birds ceased, the anxious cry of the wide-mouthed night-hawk greeted him, and a whip-poor-will began to moan upon the opposite slope.

Once more he must return to the cabin. With slow and loitering steps he crossed the familiar threshold, which he had known for years, and little did he realize that he entered for the last time. "Come, my son, to Vespers," said the hermit. "Oh, my Father," broke out the boy, "'tis so beautiful outside." "My son!" sternly began the holy man. It was enough, and together they entered the shrine, the hermit kneeling before the candles and the boy in the gloom of the door.

Slowly the Father began the evening service in clear, earnest tones, becoming totally absorbed in his religious reverie. A whip-poor-will wailed out his note back of the hut, above his very head, the boy thought, and still the Father droned away. Stealthily the boy swung open the cave door and slipped noiselessly through. Taking a flintlock, powder horn and bullet-bag, he left the hut like a shadow. He paused a moment doubtfully upon the threshold and looked back into the room, and then at the great full moon, rising over the hill. From far down the valley came the song of a vesper-sparrow. He hesitated no longer, but drew from under his shirt a small gold locket, attached it to the deer-skin latch string, and, shouldering his musket, silently stole away down the valley by the side of the rippling stream.

F. R. T., ob.



FACULTY DEPARTMENT

Conducted by Dean Barrett

Professor L. B. Hall will probably spend the summer in New England.

Professor F. B. Gummere has taken a cottage for the summer at South Dartmouth, on Buzzard's Bay, Mass.

Professor W. W. Comfort and Secretary O. M. Chase will remain at Haverford during the summer. Mr. W. H. Collins will also be here, except during the month of July.

Professor W. W. Baker, after attending the Harvard Commencement, will go to northern Indiana to camp for the remainder of the summer.

Professor A. E. Hancock has taken the house of one of the Harvard professors and expects to spend the summer in Cambridge.

Professor D. C. Barrett will be in Cambridge for a few weeks, and expects to spend the latter part of the vacation in northern New England.

Professor H. S. Pratt will be at the Marine Biological Laboratory, at Cold Spring Harbor, Long Island, for six weeks, beginning July 2. Afterward he will go to Casco Bay, Maine.

Professor A. C. Thomas sailed from Philadelphia June 2 for Liverpool. He expects to spend most of the summer in Kendal, in the Lake District. He may do some work in English History.

Professor W. P. Mustard and Mr. F. Palmer, Jr., will go to Europe for the vacation. The former will travel in Italy and France and the latter will spend the time in Zurich, studying in preparation for his work next year at Harvard.

Mr. L. H. Rittenhouse will be engaged during the early vacation in writing some articles for an engineering cyclopedia. Later he will devote some time to the inspection of new power-plants and related works in and about New York City.

Rufus M. Jones will spend the summer working on the extensive history of the development of Quakerism, of which he is editor. The first volume, which he is personally writing, is now nearly half written. In August he will attend an English Summer School and give a course of lectures.

Dr. J. A. Babbitt expects to spend the summer at Chautauqua in scholastic and professional work. He will return early in the autumn to New York and Philadelphia to organize the Central Board of Football Officials and to adjust schedules. A general conference of officials on interpretation of rules will be held under his direction about September 25, in New York.

President Sharpless expects to remain at the College until July 17, when he will make a trip to England, on college business. His principal destination will be Cambridge. He will return on the "Campania," leaving Liverpool on September 1.

The Board of Managers has sold some sixteen acres of its land located in West Philadelphia for the sum of \$116,000. The proceeds will be placed in the general endowment fund. The land sold is on the Jacob P. Jones estate, of which about sixty-five acres, equally valuable, remain in the hands of the College.

Unfortunately for Haverford, Professor E. W. Brown has decided to sever his connection with the College. He has accepted an appointment to a professorship of mathematics at Yale University. He will, however, remain at Haverford until the summer of 1907. He came here in 1891 and was a fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge, from 1889 to 1895. He is a fellow of the Royal Society of England; of the Royal Astronomical Society, and a member of the

American Mathematical, the American Philosophical and other societies. He has been engaged for many years in a new theory of the motion of the moon, which is now nearly completed. Yale University has undertaken to supply the assistance necessary to form and publish new tables of the moon's motion to

be constructed from this theory. Professor Brown will spend the summer at North Edgecomb, Me., and will probably attend the summer meeting of the American Mathematical Society to be held at New Haven during the first week of September.

Repercussus Horatii

I want no home of sordid wealth,
 No mansion wish of gilded pride;
 I want no tow'r or marbled dome,
 No echoing halls or portals wide.
 Build me a home 'neath the forest trees
 Where the woodland vines are clinging;
 Here let me live, where the violets bloom,
 And the wild wood-thrush is singing!

O the smell of the blossoms sweet on the air,
 And the boughs that wave in the breeze;
 The dancing ferns and the velvet moss,
 And the cool, green shade of the trees!
 Where, in every nook of woodland dell,
 The May apple's shoots are springing;
 Here let me live, where the violets bloom
 And the wild wood-thrush is singing!

Thine be the searching for wealth and power,
 Thine be the cities of hate and strife;
 Thine be the toil for the treasures of earth;
 Thine the rewards of a barren life;
 But let *me* live where the violets bloom,
 And with Love the woods are ringing;
 Where Love is the King that rules all hearts,
 And the wild wood-thrush is singing!

T. C. D., '08.

Triolet

Adorable Dora—
 Shure ye've wan kiss for Barney!
 Lass, give it—begorra,
 Adorable Dora,

It's oit that ye've swore I
 Was fine at the blarney!
 Adorable Dora,
 Shure ye've wan kiss for Barney?

—J. T. T., '08.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

NOTES

'52. William E. Newhall died May 2d, 1906, as the result of a fall.

'65. Benjamin E. Vail, of Rahway, N. J., Judge of Union County, was appointed by Governor Stokes, of New Jersey, a Judge of the Circuit Court.

'76. F. H. Taylor has recently resigned his position as second vice president of the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company. But a short time ago he returned from an extended trip through Mexico. He expects soon to travel through Europe.

'85. The engagement is announced of William F. Wickersham, principal of Westtown Boarding School, to Miss Winona Crew, of Friends' Select School, Philadelphia. Miss Crew is a sister of Prof. Henry Crew, who was Professor of Physics at Haverford from 1888 to 1891.

Ex-'89. Cornelias Jansen announces his engagement to Miss Christine Fossler, of Lincoln, Nebraska.

'92. The engagement has been announced of William H. Nicholson, Jr., to Miss Katherine Leonard Lea, of Philadelphia.

'92. Walter M. Hart spent a few days in Philadelphia during May on his way to Cambridge, Mass. He expects to devote the summer to study in the Harvard Library, before returning to his home in Berkeley, Cal., where he is instructor in English in the University of California.

'96. George H. Deuell died May 5th, 1906, of pneumonia.

'96. Paul D. I. Maier was married on April 28th to Miss Anna M. Shinn, at Friends' Meeting House, Twelfth

street, Philadelphia. J. Henry Scattergood, '96, was best man. Among the ushers were Benjamin Cadbury, '92; W. S. Vaux, '93; L. Hollingsworth Wood and C. H. Howson, both of '96.

'00. E. B. Taylor, Jr., who has recently been connected with the Western branches of the P. R. R., has received a promotion and takes up his new work in and about Pittsburg.

'03. Robert Louis Simkin was married to Miss Margaret Lowenhaupt on May 1st, at Ossining, N. Y.

'03. O. E. Duer, who is connected with the Westinghouse Company's district office in San Francisco, fortunately escaped injury during the recent earthquake.

'04. Bernard Lester, of the Sales Department of the Westinghouse Company, has recently been elected a junior member of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers and an associate member of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers. He is located at the Amber Club, Pittsburg, Pa., of which he is an officer.

'04. E. P. West, who has been located in the Philadelphia office of the Westinghouse Company, has left that company to work for the L. T. Edwards Engineering Company.

'05. A. E. Alexander is with the Jones & Laughlin Steel Works in Pittsburg, where he is connected with the engineering department.

'05. H. K. Stein is taking the apprentice course at the Westinghouse Company's works in Pittsburg.

COLLEGE DEPARTMENT

The annual exercises of the Junior Class were held in Roberts Hall, on May 18, at 8 P. M. The hall was packed to its utmost capacity, there being about a thousand people present. The entertainment consisted of an original play, entitled "Woman and Superwoman." The plot was as follows: "Mike Newcomb" and "George Mendel" are to have a tea in their rooms on the afternoon of a cricket match with Cornell. A telegram arrives for George, saying that his aunt, who is to chaperone the affair, will not arrive until late. At this point "Jack Reade" bursts into the room, dressed in the costume he is to wear to a mask ball. He is captured and imprisoned and made to take the part of George's aunt. The girls arrive and Jack is in the midst of his chaperoning when the real aunt appears. Curtain.

The cast was as follows:

Muriel Nelson, George's Aunt, the Woman	Emmett R. Tatnall
Jack Reade, the Super-Woman,	Samuel J. Gummere
Rastus Washington, Janitor,	John W. Nicholson, Jr.
George Mendel, A Junior.	George C. Craig
Mike Newcomb, George's roommate,	Michael H. March
Howard Newcomb, a Freshman, Mike's	Brother Howard H. Shoemaker
Van Tuij Livingston, Jack's roommate,	Ira J. Dodge
Alex. Miller, a visitor from Cornell,	Alexander N. Warner
"Buck" Herbert, a Junior.	Wm. H. Haines
Buttons, Valet to Mike and George,	Jose Padin
Harold Newcomb, Mike's Uncle and an	old lover of Muriel Nelson's,
	Harold Evans
Betty Miller, Sister of Alex.,	Francis D. Godley
Marian Baker, Jack's girl.	W. Butler Windle
Alice Smith.	Wm. R. Rossmassler
Molly Baird.	Karl J. Barr
Eliza Johnson, a Washerwoman,	Paul W. Brown

Cricket Chorus—Edward C. Tatnall, Joseph C. Birdsall, George B. Comfort, Walter L. Croll, Ernest F. Jones, James P. Magill, T. Cornell B. March, George H. Wood.

Cat Quartet—K. J. Barr, Paul W. Brown, John W. Nicholson, Jr., Edward C. Tatnall.

POSTSCENII CURATORES.

Arthur E. Brown, William S. Eldridge.

Scene: Room of Mike and George at College.

Time: Afternoon of cricket game with Cornell.

Committee—Wilbur Hamilton Haines, chairman; Ira Jacob Dodge, Harold Evans, Samuel James Gummere, Michael Henry March, John Whitall Nicholson, Jr., Howard Hey Shoemaker.

The quadrangle of the campus was strung with Japanese lanterns and there refreshments were served to the guests after the play, while a band stationed near the sun-dial furnished music. The gymnasium was tastefully decorated, the prevailing colors being green and white.

The play was rendered especially attractive by the musical numbers, written by J. W. Nicholson, Jr.

The Alumni Oratorical Contest for Seniors and Juniors was held on Tuesday evening, May 22, in Roberts Hall. The speakers and their subjects were as follows:

1. A Roman Stoic. Harold Evans
2. The Torch Bearers,
Elliott Bartram Richards
3. Modern Despotism,
Walter Carson
4. Stephen A. Douglas—Patriot,
Warren Koons Miller
5. The Golden Rule,
Donald Cornog Baldwin
6. The Strength of the Hills,
Ira Jacob Dodge

The contest was won by Harold Evans, '07.

CRICKET—1906

With an eleven considerably weakened by the loss of C. C. Morris, R. L. Pearson and others who left last spring, the season was opened on Saturday, April 28th, at Frankford, when the Country Club won by 4 wickets and 3 runs. With the exception of J. P. Magill and A. T. Lowry, Haverford seemed unable to master the bowling of the Frankford team, particularly of W. S. Evans, who obtained six wickets for 34 runs. A. L. Hilles played a careful innings for the home team. The score in detail:

HAVERFORD.

1—F. D. Godley, c. Winter, b. Potts.....	0
2—A. T. Lowry, c. Winter, b. Evans....	23
3—E. A. Edwards, c. Potts, b. Evans....	3
4—J. P. Magill, l. b. w. Pacey.....	25
5—H. W. Doughten, Jr., b. Evans.....	2
6—S. J. Gummere, c. Pacey, b. Evans....	0
7—T. S. Evans, b. Evans	0
7—H. Evans, b. Evans	0
8—J. D. Philips, c. Potts, b. Evans.....	6
9—H. Pleasants, Jr., b. Pacey	7
10—C. Brown, not out	12
11—A. E. Brown, c. Hilles, b. Pacey.....	11
Extras	7
Total	96

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	B.	M.	R.	W.
Potts	78	6	36	1
W. S. Evans	90	6	34	6
Pacey	51	0	15	3
Heston	6	0	4	0

FRANKFORD C. C.

1—W. W. Foulkrod, Jr., c. Lowry, b. Pleasants	26
2—W. S. Evans, b. Pleasants.....	1
3—Pacey, b. Pleasants	7
4—J. W. Potts, b. Godley	20
5—F. R. Hansell, st. C. Brown, b. Godley	0
6—A. L. Hilles, not out	30
7—R. W. Hilles, c. Magill, b. Pleasants...	8
8—B. Saddington, not out	1
9—A. G. Singer, did not bat
10—C. H. Winter, did not bat
11—C. B. Heston, Jr., did not bat.....	..
Extras	6
Total for six wickets	99

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	B.	M.	R.	W.
Pleasants	108	5	38	4
Godley	96	1	47	2
A. E. Brown	12	0	8	0

First XI vs. Alumni

On Saturday, May 5th, we again had to acknowledge defeat by Dr. Lester's picked team of Alumni. A glance at the score, however, and the names of our opponents will show that the playing of the undergraduates was not at all discreditable. Lester's batting and the fact that 30 byes (five of them boundaries) were scored for the first eleven were the features of the game. The score:

HAVERFORD COLLEGE.

1—F. D. Godley, b. Patton	10
2—A. T. Lowry, b. A. C. Wood.....	11
3—J. D. Philips, run out	16
4—J. P. Magill, b. A. C. Wood.....	4
5—E. A. Edwards, c. Sharp, b. Lester....	3
6—H. W. Doughten, Jr., c. Wood, b. Patton	7
7—C. T. Brown, run out	2
8—H. Evans, run out	3
9—H. Pleasants, Jr., c. and b. Lester....	29
10—S. J. Gummere, c. Sharp, b. Priestman	8
11—A. E. Brown, not out.....	2
Extras	31
Total	126

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	B.	M.	R.	W.
Priestman	44	1	17	1
Patton	48	1	33	2
Wood	48	0	15	2
Lester	78	3	30	2

HAVERFORD ALUMNI.

1—C. C. Morris, c. Magill, b. Pleasants.	5
2—H. H. Morris, c. Evans, b. Godley...	23
3—R. H. Patton, c. Godley, b. Pleasants.	18
4—A. C. Wood, c. C. T. Brown, b. A. E. Brown	18
5—J. A. Lester, retired	45
6—A. G. Scattergood, b. A. E. Brown...	1
7—S. W. Mifflin, c. Edwards, b. A. E. Brown	17
8—J. W. Sharp, c. Doughten, b. A. E. Brown	12

9—A. G. Priestman, b. Pleasants.....	0
10—J. H. Scattergood, not out.....	9
11—A. L. Bailey, not out	1
Extras	3

Total for 8 wickets.....152

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	B.	M.	R.	W.
Pleasants	96	1	59	3
Godley	36	0	33	1
A. E. Brown	54	1	57	4

First XI vs. Next XV

The second team in the annual match defeated the first eleven in a close match played on Cope Field, May 8th. Pleasants, with 50, made almost half the first eleven's score, while Spaeth batted a careful 37 for the Next Fifteen. Godley's bowling was fully up to his standard. Score: First XI, 102; Second XV, 117.

NEXT XV.

S. G. Spaeth, c. Edwards, b. A. E. Brown	37
W. H. Haines, c. Doughten, b. Pleasants..	0
P. W. Brown, c. Philips, b. Godley.....	3
T. K. Sharpless, b. Godley	2
W. Kurtz, 2d, b. Godley.....	5
J. W. Nicholson, Jr., l. b. w. Pleasants...	1
C. F. Scott, c. Edwards, b. Godley.....	1
J. B. Clement, c. Godley.....	0
C. K. Drinker, c. Evans, b. Godley.....	4
E. F. Bainbridge, c. A. E. Brown, b.	
Lowry	8
E. Wright, b. Pleasants	11
Myers, c. Philips, b. Brown	0
F. C. Bailey, b. Godley	18
J. C. Thomas, b. Godley	14
Brey, not out	3

First XI vs. Moorestown

This game, played at Moorestown, on May 12th, resulted in a decisive victory for Haverford, notwithstanding the fact that five wickets fell for "ducks." Smith, of Moorestown, secured six wickets for 34 runs, but Godley put his efforts in the shade by obtaining the same number for a total of 18. Spaeth batted well, hitting eight balls to the boundaries for four. The score:

1—F. D. Godley, c. Smith, b. Marien.....	26
2—J. P. Magill, c. Smith, b. Wood.....	15
3—E. A. Edwards, run out	11
4—H. W. Doughten, Jr., c. Richie, b. Ma-	

rien

5—S. G. Spaeth, not out

6—H. Pleasants, Jr., b. Smith.....

7—H. Evans, l. b. w. Smith

8—C. T. Brown, c. Wood, b. Smith.....

9—S. J. Gummere, b. Smith

10—H. Haines, c. Roberts, b. Smith.....

11—A. E. Brown, b. Smith

Extras

Total

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	B.	M.	R.	W.
Smith	112	7	34	6
Marien	66	2	26	2
W. Richie	30	1	29	0
Wood	12	0	9	1
Guest	18	0	22	0

MOORESTOWN FIELD CLUB.

1—E. Guest, b. Pleasants	2
2—D. R. Richie, c. Edwards, b. A. E.	
Brown	21
3—A. C. Wood, Jr., c. Evans, b. Godley..	5
4—Smith, b. Godley	1
5—W. H. Richie, c. C. T. Brown, b.	
Pleasants	5
6—E. R. Richie, b. Godley	5
7—A. E. Marien, c. Magill, b. Godley....	0
8—D. H. Roberts, b. Godley	3
9—J. S. Stokes, c. Magill, b. Godley.....	16
10—J. W. Nicholson, Jr., run out.....	0
11—G. McAllister, not out	1
Extras	5

Total

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	B.	M.	R.	W.
Pleasants	72	5	26	2
Godley	94	8	18	6
A. E. Brown	24	0	14	1

First XI vs. Philadelphia C. C.

Haverford defeated Philadelphia at Wissahickon, May 17th, by the score of 160 to 65. Lowry and Pleasants made the most runs, with 57 and 45 respectively to their credit. The score:

HAVERFORD.

F. D. Godley, c. Harris, b. Welsh.....	8
J. P. Magill, c. Norris, b. Welsh.....	14
A. T. Lowry, c. Dixon, b. Norris.....	57
E. A. Edwards, b. Norris	2
H. W. Doughten, Jr., l. b. w. Norris.....	9
S. G. Spaeth, l. b. w. Norris.....	0
C. T. Brown, c. Clark, b. Norris.....	0
H. Pleasants, Jr., b. Woolley	45
J. D. Philips, c. Mason, b. Gray.....	0
H. Evans, c. Dixon, b. Norris.....	11
A. E. Brown, not out	1
Extras	13
Total	160

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	B.	M.	R.	W.
Norris	92	3	51	6
S. Welsh	48	1	36	2
H. L. Clark	24	0	21	0
L. Gray	36	0	15	1
Woolley	36	2	15	1

PHILADELPHIA C. C.

T. H. Dixon, c. Lowry, b. Godley.....	7
G. Woolley, c. Lowry, b. Pleasants.....	5
H. L. Clark, c. Magill, b. Pleasants.....	3
E. Norris, c. Philips, b. Pleasants.....	10
J. H. Mason, c. Godley, b. A. E. Brown..	5
S. Welsh, b. Godley	1
L. Gray, run out	19
C. Graham, b. Pleasants	1
J. S. Smith, c. C. T. Brown, b. A. E. Brown	2
M. Harris, not out	9
W. Logan, b. A. E. Brown	0
Extras	3
Total	65

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	B.	M.	R.	W.
Pleasants	90	4	33	4
Godley	54	1	19	2
A. E. Brown	33	0	10	3

First XI vs. Germantown C. C.

Considering the fact that Manheim had four teams playing Saturday, May 19th, and that only nine men turned up on Cope Field to play Haverford, it is not surprising that the College should win; but there is no apparent excuse for the disparity in the scores. Godley bat-

ted a magnificent 55, and the bowling of Godley and Pleasants was of a high order. Score: Haverford, 155; Germantown, 17.

HAVERFORD COLLEGE.

F. D. Godley, c. Jordan, b. Clark.....	55
J. P. Magill, b. Green.....	3
A. T. Lowry, c. and b. Clark.....	14
E. A. Edwards, c. Middleton, b. Clark...	0
H. W. Doughten, Jr., c. Jordan, b. Middleton ...	14
S. G. Spaeth, l. b. w. Middleton.....	5
H. Pleasants, Jr., c. Tripp, b. Middleton..	16
C. T. Brown, l. b. w. Clark	0
H. Evans, c. Jordan, b. Middleton.....	7
J. D. Philips, not out	26
A. E. Brown, b. Green	0
Extras	15
Total	155

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	B.	M.	R.	W.
P. H. Clark.....	126	4	38	6
F. A. Greene	94	2	41	1
Middleton	66	1	57	4
Mann	18	0	13	0

Germantown C. C.

H. N. Middleton, c A. E. Brown, b Godley	7
F. A. Greene, ct C. T. Brown, b Pleasants	0
T. C. Jordan, c C. T. Brown, b Godley...	3
P. H. Clark, c S. G. Spaeth, b Godley....	3
L. E. Madeira, b Pleasants	0
W. B. Mann, l b w Godley.....	2
A. W. Goodfellow, c and b Pleasants.....	0
W. B. Mellor, b Lowry	0
H. Tripp, b Pleasants	0
R. H. Spaeth, b Pleasants	0
A. B. Morton, not out.....	0
Extras	2
Total	17

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	B.	M.	R.	W.
H. Pleasants, Jr.....	36	3	9	5
F. D. Godley	30	1	7	4
A. T. Lowry	2	0	0	1

TRACK

Haverford vs. N. Y. U.

The results of the track meet between Haverford and New York University on Walton Field, May 4th, were as follows:

120-yard hurdles—First, Brown, Haverford; second, Sullivan, N. Y. U.. Time, 16 1-5 seconds.

Half-mile—First, Banderman, N. Y. U.; second, Reid, Haverford. Time, 2 minutes 44-5 seconds.

100-yard dash—First, Sullivan, N. Y. U.; second, Tonsor, N. Y. U. Time, 10 2-5 seconds.

Two-mile—First, Miller, Haverford; second, Smith, N. Y. U.

220-yard dash—First, Sullivan, N. Y. U.; second, Tonsor, N. Y. U. Time, 23 4-5 seconds.

One mile—First, Tatnall, Haverford; second, Hyatt, N. Y. U. Time, 4 minutes 49 3-5 seconds.

220-yard hurdles—First, Brown, Haverford; second, Johnston, N. Y. U.

Quarter-mile—First, Craigin, N. Y. U.; second, Tonsor, N. Y. U. Time, 53 2-5 seconds.

High jump—Tie for first between J. Phillips, Haverford, and Wylie, N. Y. U. Height, 5 feet 6 inches.

Broad jump—First, Brown, Haverford; second, Tippet, N. Y. U. Distance, 20 feet 7½ inches.

Pole vault—First, Bushnell, Haverford; second, Lowry, Haverford. Height, 10 feet ½-inch.

Putting shot—First, Schwartz, N. Y. U.; second, Jones, Haverford. Distance, 36 feet.

Throwing hammer—First, Lowry, Haverford; second, Brown, N. Y. U. Distance, 113 feet 3 inches.

Total points—N. Y. U., 64; Haverford, 56.

Bushnell, of Haverford, made a new college record of 10 feet ½-inch in the pole vault.

Haverford vs. Wesleyan

Results of meet with Wesleyan, at Middletown, Conn., May 12:

100-Yard Dash—Won by McCormic, Wesleyan; second, Kent, Wesleyan. Time, 10 3-5 seconds.

Half-mile Run—Won by Smith, Wesleyan; second, Gray, Wesleyan. Time, 2 minutes, 14 seconds.

120-Yard Hurdles—Won by T. K. Brown, Jr., Haverford; second, J. Bushnell, Jr., Haverford. Time 17 3-5 seconds.

Two-Mile Run—Won by Miller, Haverford; second, Benson, Wesleyan. Time, 10 minutes 23 seconds.

220-Yard Dash—Won by McCormic, Wesleyan; second, Kent, Wesleyan. Time, 24 seconds.

One-Mile Run—Won by Tatnall, Haverford; second, Gray, Wesleyan. Time, 4 minutes 44 4-5 seconds.

220-Yard Hurdles—Won by Kent, Wesleyan; second, T. K. Brown, Jr., Haverford. Time, 26 3-5 seconds.

440-Yard Dash—Won by McCormic, Wesleyan; second, Moore, Jr., Wesleyan. Time, 55 seconds.

Pole Vault—Won by A. T. Lowry and J. Bushnell, Jr., Haverford, tied at 9 feet 6 inches.

Broad Jump—Won by Kent, Wesleyan; second, T. K. Brown, Jr., Haverford. Distance, 21 feet 2 inches.

High Jump—Won by Phillips, Haverford; second, Gatch, Wesleyan. Height, 5 feet 5½ inches.

Shot Put—Won by Dearborn, Wesleyan; second, Jones, Haverford. Distance, 39 feet 6 inches.

Hammer Throw—Won by Jones, Haverford; second, Dearborn, Wesleyan. Distance, 119 feet 9 inches.

Discus Throw—Won by Dearborn, Wesleyan; second, Jones, Haverford. Distance, 117 feet.

Score: Wesleyan, 64; Haverford, 48.

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HAVERFORD COLLEGE

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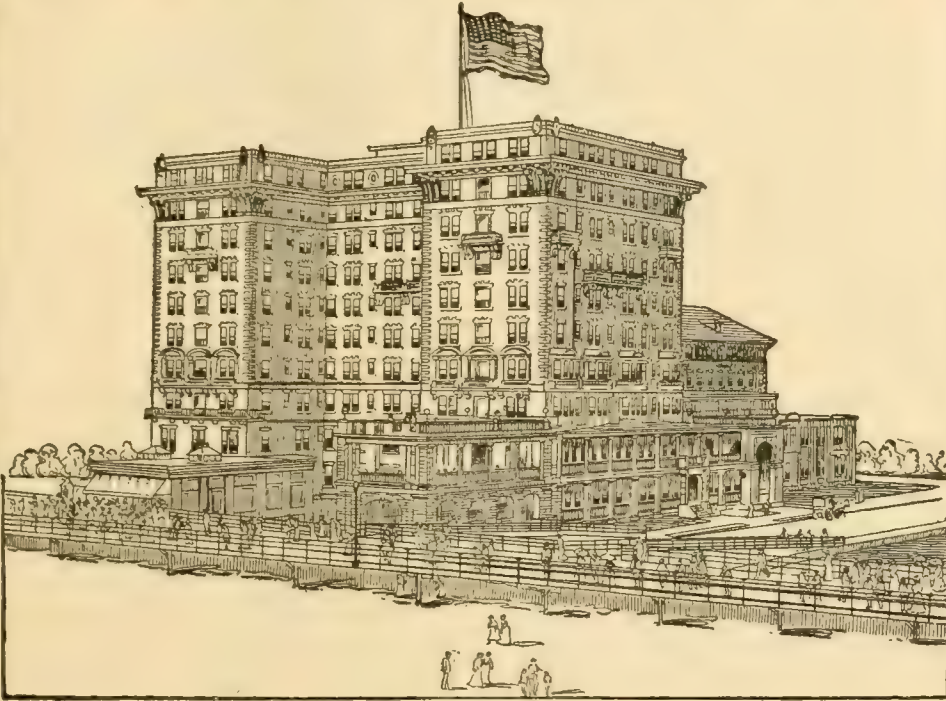
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VOL. XXVIII

HAVERFORD, PA., OCTOBER, 1906

No. 5

IT is with a marked degree of pleasure that we resume our editorial pen after the lapse of three months. Naturally our chief interest about this time lies in

Incidental to the Opening of College

the prospects for the ensuing year. We are glad to inform our graduate readers that the Freshman

Class is the largest in the history of the college, and the total number of students is greater than ever before.

The number of Seniors is swelled by eight new men, graduates of other colleges, who have come to take the Senior year at Haverford.

As soon as the college year ended last June, work was begun upon the new power plant. This is not yet finished, but work is progressing rapidly upon it, and when it is completed it will be thoroughly adequate for the increasing demands upon it for many years to come.

The dormitories underwent the usual improvement and repair during the sum-

mer, but no extensive alterations were made. The fact that all the accommodations for students are crowded to the limit brings before us the fact that increased dormitory room must soon be considered along with a new Science Building, which at present is the crying need of Haverford.

In greeting the new men in college, on behalf of the undergraduate body, we would say that we are glad they have decided to come to Haverford, and in their growth into true Haverfordians we know that they will get a training that will make them realize what an invaluable decision theirs has been.

There are many things that could well be said to Freshmen that might aid them in getting definite objects in college and in life, but we refer them for their particular problems to the Faculty and reliable upper classmen, who are always glad to aid, in any manner, new men in college. We can sum up our own sermon in this general motto, "Don't drift." Get

definite ideas about your course in college and in the very beginning get before you definite objects and ideals as to your physical, intellectual, social and spiritual lives.

NATURALLY we are all vitally interested in foot ball just at present—in the success of the new rules and in our own prospects. As usual, Haverford

**Football
For the Fun
of It**

will have a light team, and assurance and speed must be relied upon to develop a winning team. Eight of the old team are back and there is promising material among a few of last year's scrub and the new men, but the candidates will not approach in weight the men whom the team has lost.

Coach Thorn is greatly missed from the field practice, but as he is engaged in business in Philadelphia it is almost impossible for him to get here for the work, and any time devoted to it during the day will be at great personal sacrifice. His energy and spirit of leadership are felt among the team, however, and much benefit will be derived from the technical coaching he will give the men during the season.

He has adopted this very wise but unusual policy as the basis of foot ball here, that is, "To play the game for the fun there is in it." With this platform, whether we win or lose our games this season, we shall, here at Haverford, lift the game to the level of a true sport.

THE Board of Editors regrets to announce the withdrawal of Thomas C. Desmond from college, and his consequent resignation from the Board.

Desmond has gone to Harvard to study technical chemistry. We take this occasion to invite all men in the three lower classes, desiring to do so, to enter the competition for the vacancy on the Board.

The Editor-in-Chief may be consulted about requirements deciding election at any time.

LAST year, about mid-years and finals particularly, but all through the year, we heard complaints because the Library was not open in the evening.

**Merely
a
Suggestion**

Not only is it inconvenient to realize about eight in the evening that a book or reference needed the next day is then securely locked in the Library, which closed its doors at six o'clock, but also the Library offers an excellent place to study quietly without interruption, and to study with all necessary books at hand. No other place on the campus offers such a scholarly atmosphere conducive to study as the Library,—not even Barclay Hall.

Perhaps the need is not urgent enough to warrant it being open during the evenings throughout the year, but it certainly is for the month preceding the mid-years and finals. And yet we are optimistic and believe that the "Open Library" would be appreciated and used—nay more, that we might look forward to the day when its influence would be so potent that a new species of student might be developed here, which, eschewing theatres, society and other ordinary collegiate pursuits, would spend their evenings in scholarly, academic ramblings among the books in Alumni Hall.

world there are representatives from the earliest colonial times to the present, a characteristic letter of the once famous Lorenzo Dow being among them. Of the European prelates are letters of Cardinals Antonelli, Manning, Newman and Wiseman.

In literature the collection is most interesting, containing many letters of great value. British poets from Dryden to Swinburne, prose writers from Francis Bacon to John Ruskin, novelists from Richardson to Sir Walter Besant, are all represented. America's poets, prose writers and novelists are well represented, and also many foreign writers of note.

Among the most interesting letters of English poets are those of the Brownings, Robert Burns, Lord Byron, Cowper, Coleridge, and Wordsworth. Burns' letter is particularly characteristic, ending with "I always remember Mrs. Hamilton and Miss Kennedy in my poetic prayers, but you both in prose and verse.

"May could ne'er catch you but a hap,
Nor Hunger, but in Plenty's lap;
Amen!"

The letter of John Keats, written to Fanny Brown, is possibly his most passionate love letter, and is the one referred to by Matthew Arnold in his Essay on Keats. Sidney Smith's and Dean Swift's letters are conspicuous for interest among the prose writers of English literature.

Letters of especial interest in other fields are those of John Bright, Piron, Racine, Melancthon, William IV and Mary II, of England; William IV writing to a Quaker, using the Friends' language; and Mary II, writing when a child to her mother.

In American history such men as Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Hancock, Benjamin Franklin, John Dickinson, Patrick Henry, Silas Deane, George

Clymer, Henry Laurens, Robert Morris, the Lees, and Livingstons, and in later times, Abraham Lincoln, are represented by letters of great historical value.

In one of Clymer's letters the servant question is discussed at some length, and in one of Henry Laurens' he writes wishing to engage an English master, giving the branches to be taught and the necessary requirements, quite interesting from an educational standpoint. Silas Deane's letter extols the character of Benjamin Franklin.

Of the President's wives, perhaps the most entertaining letters are those of Martha Washington, wanting her miniatures set on bracelets, and Abigail Adams, referring to a friend suffering with St. Anthony's fire, and Rachel Jackson, speaking of New Orleans.

One more letter needs special mention, that of the unfortunate Major John André. The specimen in this collection is unusually fine and extremely valuable. It is written in 1778, from Reading, to Caleb Cope, in Lancaster.

Those interested in philosophy, science, or art will also find much profit in referring to the many specimens representing these classes.

The result of Mr. Roberts' forty years of untiring labor is a collection surpassed by few if any private collectors. Haverford College is greatly enriched by such a collection as it now possesses through the kindness and generosity of Mrs. Roberts.

So, in a spare hour, anyone may surely find something to interest him in some old letter which takes him back to days before the telegraph and telephone, before steam traffic and automobiles,—to times when the "express" was waiting while he was writing the letter, and it must go by that post or wait a week or perhaps a month for the next conveyance.

THE CHARLES ROBERTS AUTOGRAPH COLLECTION

In 1903, Haverford College received from Mrs. Charles Roberts the gift of her husband's famous collection of autograph letters. Mr. Charles Roberts was a graduate of the college and for thirty years a member of its Board of Managers. The letters are kept in a fire-proof room especially built for them in Roberts Hall.

Mr. Roberts made his collection between the years 1860 and 1900, and his aim was not merely to possess the letter, but that the letter should be a characteristic one of its author, hence there are many letters of rare interest and value.

During the last year Mrs. Roberts had four thousand or about one-half the whole number of these letters catalogued. The collection, while especially strong in American history, by no means confines itself to that subject, but includes literary writers of all countries, theologians, bishops, clergymen, artists, European royalty and statesmen, generals, admirals, etc.

In American history the most valuable collection is that of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, there being only three other complete sets in the country, the letters or even the signatures of some of these men being almost impossible to obtain; for instance, that of Thomas Lynch, Jr., who was drowned at sea while still a very young man.

There are also complete sets of the Delegates to the Albany Convention, 1754; members of the Stamp Act Congress, 1765; members of the Congress of 1774; the signers of the Articles of Confederation; all the members of the old Continental Congress, and the Presidents of Congress; delegates to the Annapolis

Convention, 1786; framers of the United States Constitution; members of the first Congress; Generals of the Revolution; Washington's aides-de-camp; the British and the French Generals in the Revolution; the Presidents and Vice-Presidents of the United States; Cabinet officers, Senators and Congressmen.

In other fields the collection represents English royalty from Henry VII to Victoria, excepting only Edward VI and Mary the Catholic; the most prominent English statesmen and premiers from William Cecil, Lord Burleigh, to Gladstone and the Marquis of Salisbury. Prominent in this set are Edmund Burke, Richard Cobden, John Bright, Benjamin Disraeli, William Gladstone, Warren Hastings, Lord North, Sir Robert Peel, William Pitt, Lord Palmerston and Sir William Temple.

In French history nearly all the French kings are represented, from Louis XI to Louis XVIII, and the most prominent French statesmen; among them being the Duc de Sully, Colbert, Cardinal Mazarin, Louis Philepeaux, Rumusat, Talleyrand and Thiers.

Besides the French and English there is a good representation of the sovereigns and statesmen of the other European countries, among them Catherine II, of Russia; Charles V, of Germany; Charles XI and XII, of Sweden, Ferdinand and Isabella, of Spain; Frederick the Great, of Prussia; Gustavus Adolphus, of Sweden; Paul I, of Prussia; John De Witt, John of Austria, and Louis Kosuth.

Clergymen of all creeds and countries form a large and interesting part of the collection. In the American religious

ALASKA

The conception of Alaska in the minds of the general public is, I think, judging from my own of a year ago, a very hazy one. The average person has heard of the Klondike gold mines, the seal fisheries, and the rigors of the climate, but that is about as far as his knowledge goes. The Portland fair has done much to bring Alaska before the eyes of the people. During the summer hundreds of persons took advantage of the reduced excursion rates and made the trip. There are at present two important steamship lines which run boats on a regular schedule from Seattle and San Francisco; these are the Pacific Coast and the Alaskan Steamship Companies. Some of the steamers carry only passengers and mail, while others take also freight. I hear from home that it often took a shorter time—about five days—for my letters to reach there from Alaska than it does now from San Francisco, which is about six days. These steamers make it just as easy and almost as cheap to buy all kinds of fruits, such as cantaloups, peaches, oranges, plums, pears, etc., in Juneau as in Seattle. Many articles of merchandise sell at the very same price.

I visited only southeast Alaska, going as far north as Juneau, the capital, which is about three hundred miles north of Seattle. The whole coast line is very rugged and broken. It is just as if, at some pre-historic time, great masses of lava had flowed into the sea, and on coming into contact with the water had cracked up into thousands upon thousands of small, jagged islands with many deep and narrow ship passages between. Except for a stretch of some twenty-five miles, the whole voyage from Seattle to

Juneau is through these inland waters, which never feel the swell from the ocean. Beautiful snow-capped mountains, their sides densely wooded with fir, spruce, and pine, shut in the passage on both sides for nearly its whole length. All the many dense Alaska forests are very full of game, such as deer, black and brown bears, and goats, but especially deer, of which there are thousands. It is almost impossible, however, to pursue them through the forests.

Many of the bays are full of wild geese and ducks, and the waters are well stocked with fish—salmon, rock cod, bass and halibut. The very cold water makes the flesh of the fish especially fine and firm. Hair seal are very plentiful, but are scarcely ever molested. My first sight of a whale was in Alaska. We saw a great many of them sporting together in the different bays which we were surveying.

Mining copper and gold is the chief industry of southeast Alaska. There was hardly a port at which we stopped that did not have its copper or gold mine. The supply of copper on the large Prince of Wales Island is apparently without limit. You see signs of copper in almost every stone; there are dozens of mines over the island, but they are still in the very first stages of development. To open a copper mine requires very expensive machinery, so that only very wealthy persons or corporations can afford the initial outlay. Two large mines which we visited had already spent over \$400,000 each for big smelters, modern mining machinery, tunneling, etc., and only one of them was just then beginning to receive any returns. The two most common kinds of ore are the glittering yellow copper

sulphide and the beautiful green copper sulphate, which, before being exposed to the weather, looks just like green bottle glass. The top of Copper Mountain, the highest peak (about 4,000 feet), on Prince of Wales Island, is composed almost entirely of this green sulphate. New claims are being registered and staked out every year, but there are still a great many left. There are also many gold mines, but few of them have begun operations. The Treadwell mine, near Juneau, is, however, an exception. It is about the largest gold mine in the world; last year it cleaned up over \$2,000,000 worth. It contains a very low grade ore, but the owners have installed the most modern machinery and are able to make the mine pay enormously. At present, in this part of Alaska, there is no placer mining done.

Next to mining, the most important industry is the canning and the salting of salmon. There is hardly a town which does not have its cannery or its saltery. The largest cannery is at Loring. Every summer during the two or three months of the open season it puts up 80,000 cases, four dozen cans to each case. It employs about 135 men, mostly Chinese from San Francisco, a few Japanese and some Indians. Most of the canneries use only modern up-to-date machinery, which shows many very ingenious inventions for cleaning, cutting up, washing, and canning the fish. The whole process is as clean as is possible to make it; after the fish enters the cutter, only the steel fingers of the machines touch it, while a strong jet of cold water, brought from some nearby mountain stream, plays on it and washes it clean. The mountain stream as a rule also runs all the machinery. There are several government hatcheries to keep the rivers stocked with young salmon. In addition to these, the Alaska Packers' Association, which owns

most of the canneries, maintains several hatcheries of its own. That at Loring hatched during the summer over 1,000,000 eggs.

Lumbering is quite an important industry, but no lumber is allowed to be taken out of Alaska. The whole of Prince of Wales Island has been made a government forest reserve, and no timber can be cut for any purpose whatever, except by special permission from Washington. This has very much retarded the growth of mining, but will preserve for all time the deer and other wild game, as these forests are almost impenetrable for the white man.

The very rough and mountainous nature of the country in southeast Alaska will, I think, prevent any very extensive agriculture. Garden truck, however, is grown very successfully. The long hours of sunshine in the summer months make such products as potatoes, turnips, radishes, lettuce, cabbage, peas, and all kinds of berries mature very quickly. In Juneau, on the longest day, the sun rises about 2.50 A. M. and sets about 9.10 P. M. The salmon berry, much like a very large raspberry, grows wild everywhere in great abundance. The strawberry also grows wild, but is not nearly so widely distributed. Wild flowers, such as lilies, columbine, asters, blue bells, and a host of others, whose names I did not know, grow in wonderful profusion wherever there is an open space in the forest. On all the mountain tops above the timber line they cover the ground with a most beautiful carpet of many colors. In most of the important towns, such as Ketchikau, Loring, Wrangell, Juneau and Sitka, the Indians maintain very attractive flower gardens. In these, however, mostly imported flowers are grown.

In all the towns we visited, except Juneau, the Indians furnished the bulk

of the population. They live mostly in two-story frame houses. These are generally heated by an old cast-iron stove, the smoke from which escapes into the room, as only a very few houses have chimneys. The interior of the average Indian house contains many evil smells. All the waste from the cooking, old bones, and even sometimes the offal of slaughtered animals is allowed to lie on the floor and decay. As quite the natural consequence these Indians suffer a great deal from skin diseases. There are several notable exceptions, however, the most striking of these being the Metlakatla Indians. The men are fine, strong, handsome people, and the women and little children are really very pretty. These Indians, through the aid of their minister, a Mr. Duncan, with whom they emigrated from British Columbia to their present location, have become highly civilized. It is said they never smoke, swear or drink. There are some six or seven hundred of them, and they have a fine church, a school, gymnasium, fire and water departments, and own and operate a large cannery.

One of the most interesting subjects for study in connection with the Alaskan Indians is the totem poles which they erect in front of their houses and over their graves. The grave totem is generally a very grotesque carved wood representation of some animal, which is the distinguishing totem of the family or tribe; every family is, or at least was, supposed to have its own peculiar totem.

The animals most frequently seen are the bear, the seal, the beaver, the whale, the grampus, the eagle, etc. Now that the Indians have come in contact with the white man, they often erect plain marble shafts. In one place I saw, waving over the grave of quite a prominent chief, who had just been buried, a large, brand new American flag. Evidently he considered it a powerful totem. As is common with most of the Indian graves, this chief had built over his a pretty little grave house, while scattered around it and nailed to its sides were many of his personal belongings. One of our men got from a grave totem, in a deserted Indian village, what had been, before the weather rusted it, a good Winchester rifle. The totem poles which the Indians erect in front of their houses are generally more elaborate than the grave totems. They are often 30 feet or more in height and about 2 feet in diameter at the base. These poles are supposed to tell the history of the man and his family. At the top of the pole is his distinguishing totem, a beaver, bear, eagle, or some other animal, and below is a long series of elaborate carvings, showing the family's lineage, often tracing it all the way back to the Raven, which, according to the Indian legend, was the origin of all life. The Indians often carve out of black stone miniature totem poles from eight to thirty inches in height. These are kept inside the house. They can be bought, but are quite expensive, the regular market price being one dollar an inch.

Arthur Crowell, '04.

"THE MILL NEVER GRINDS AGAIN WITH THE WATER THAT IS PAST"

The old cotton mill along Cobb's Creek is a most fascinating place, on account of its unusual surroundings. The row of houses, evidently built for the use of the mill hands, the corner stone by the old William Penn mile stone, the Catholic Church and Friends' Meeting House all give evidence of a former bustling activity that had long ceased to exist before the scream of the modern trolley whistle echoed in and out of the sashless windows. In the rear of the building is the old wheel house. A luxurious growth of grass and weeds clings desperately to the soil of the rotting shingles, destroying by its own weight the foothold upon which its life depends. The remains of the old wheel have long ago crashed through the rotten wood work, and lie, a twisted mass of oak and iron, in the swampy pit below, from which a tiny stream trickles out into the old tail-race and is lost among the tussocks. The water arch has caved in; the plaster no longer holds the stones together, and it seems only a question of time till the whole structure will crash down into the black silt and mud.

I frequently go to this place to read and muse or dream, as the fancy strikes me, listening to the trickle of the water or the songs of the birds, and surrounded by that damp and musty smell of stonework in the hot sunshine.

One afternoon, as I came around the corner, I saw an old man sitting in a dilapidated window sill looking down into the pit. I sat down a little beyond him and opened my book, but did not read until I had looked him over carefully.

He had noticed my presence with a turn of the head, and then had sunk back into his reverie, completely absorbed by the interest of his own dreamy intentness. He was a well-dressed and intelligent-looking man of seventy-five or eighty years, with a beard and heavy eyelashes upon his deeply wrinkled face. His forehead was so furrowed that at first sight he seemed to be a misanthrope of the darkest kind, but the little circular lines from his nose to the corners of the mouth made such an idea impossible. His face was now at rest and had that far-away, dreamy look of one whose thoughts are back in the past or else void of sensibility.

I had only read a few pages when I realized, more by instinct than by actual sight, that he was looking at me, and by force of habit I raised my eyes and met his squarely fixed upon my face. My susceptibility to embarrassment immediately overthrew me and I returned to my book rather confused. His calm glance had such a mixture of pathos and firmness that I compelled my eyes to stay upon the book, although I knew he was looking at me.

"Do you know the history of this mill, young man?" said he, breaking the silence that was beginning to make me desperate under his stare.

I replied that I knew only that it was a cotton mill long out of use, and such other facts as I could pick up from the building itself. My answer seemed to satisfy him, for he thought about it silently for a time, while I sat expectantly looking at him and waiting for his next venture.

"Well, I could tell you a lot about it," he began again. "I was superintendent here when the old place was doing its best. I lived in that house yonder where you see those chickens. It was a good home, but that's all past now, thirty-eight long years ago, and I haven't been here since," and he relapsed into silence, while I began to read again, thinking his communicative mood was ended.

I had almost forgotten him, when he interrupted me again. "Do you live near here?" "A half-mile up the pike, at the corner of the road," I replied. "Why, is your name Roberts?" he asked with renewed interest, half eager at the possibility of meeting with a familiar name. "Yes, Roberts," I answered, "Cecil Roberts." "Cecil Roberts," he mused, "you must be named for your grandfather;" and without waiting for a reply, he rattled on in a half-childish way, "I used to know Cecil Roberts; he was one of the best farmers in this locality. His father sat head of the meeting up here on the hill. I was a Friend, too, in those days, though I don't look much like it now." This remembrance of my grandfather interested me, and I asked him more particularly about him, for my own father had died when I was a baby, and I knew very few of those anecdotes that fathers delight to tell their sons about their ancestors.

The old man had secured a pleasant topic, and his moodiness fast disappeared as he brought back to mind those days of his youth. "My father lived on the adjoining farm, and your grandfather and I grew up together. We attended the new school together over there across the fields when it was opened, in '33." And so he rambled on until he came to my father. "Your father was a fine young fellow and a good farmer. I've often seen him here at the mill when he was a boy. You certainly lose a great

blessing, my boy," he said in the kindest of tones, "in having no father to direct you, and yet," he added in a lower tone and as if to himself, "some fathers might be happy to die when their sons are young." I did not understand what he meant, but a silence ensued that was only broken by the old man's farewell as he walked off with a feeble step, leaning heavily upon a stout cane.

That evening my mother told me what little she had known of him through my father. He had risen rapidly in the mill-work as a young man, and at 21 he had married and settled in the little stone house. My mother believed that his son and my father had been exceedingly good friends during their boyhood and part of their college course. In the last years young Reynolds (for such was the old man's name) had been spoiled by his father's money and lack of training. He had gone from bad to worse, until my father, to his great sorrow, had parted with him forever. My mother knew little more than this about the young man, for my father had been extremely reticent about it all his life, but she believed the son disappeared and had never been heard from since. The blow killed the boy's mother and broke his father's spirit to so great an extent that he gave up his position and went west. Beyond that she knew nothing.

Needless to say, I haunted the mill pretty steadily for a while in hopes of seeing him again, and my patience was rewarded in about a week. As I came up to him he was standing on the other side of the building, but looking down at the wheel pit as before. He recognized me, and said, "You seem to be fond of this old place." "I am," I replied, "it's so quiet, and then I used to play around here so much that I feel as if I knew it like a person." "Your father played in the same with my son when they were chil-

dren," he continued. "Were my father and your son very intimate?" I asked, to keep the conversation going. "Yes, as loving as brothers until after they were through college; they saw very little of each other after that." I knew it would be cruel to go further, so I was quiet again, and the old man resumed his despondent expression. Not having opened my book, I stood by him in silence. "You are very much like your father was at your age, and I hope you are as steady," he began again, "but any boy must miss a father's care," and he sighed as if he had experienced the truth of his words. He started to leave the bank of the old tail-race upon which we were standing. "Good-bye, my young friend, my son," said he, as he held my hand. His voice was thick, and he did not attempt to conceal the tears that were starting to his

eyes. "Would to God that my own dear son were your age again, and I able to start him right; but the mill never grinds again with the water that is past," and so he walked feebly away by the side of the old building; his thin, white hair and wrinkled face lit up intermittently by the red light of the setting sun, shining through the empty windows of the building that had seen the best years of his activity.

He passed up the road and by the meeting-house, and I never saw him again, but his last sentence remained indelibly fixed in my mind, nor have I ever heard a sadder expression of lost opportunity than the old man's as he bade me good-bye on that beautiful summer evening,—*"The mill never grinds again with the water that is past."*

F. R. T., '06.

THE RUINS OF FLORESVIVAS

The sunset had been glorious.

Upon a background of pale amber countless gold-fringed clouds lay scattered, forming a huge archipelago, whose ample bays and sharp capes accentuated the wild irregularity of its contours. Below, the Caribbean, calm and unrippled except by the occasional plunge of some fleeting gull, completed the duet of smiling sky and calm sea so common in the tropics. But with the approach of night the golden fringes faded and the sharp outlines were blurred. A tremendous black cloud, shaped like a dragon's paw, emerged from below the horizon and spread itself slowly over the aerial archipelago, hiding under its blackness

the imposing chimera. And later, more dark, frowning clouds rose from the southwest and commenced to race madly toward the east, expanding and concentrating their masses so that they formed innumerable fantastic objects. And in their wake there came a cool breeze, saturated with the odor of seaweed. Later the full moon struggled over the eastern hills and was soon overtaken by a huge, bull-head-shaped cloud, which hid its face almost entirely. The assailant relented and the moon peeped at us from behind its horns, but it was not long before another, and still a third cloud came and hid it for the rest of the night. And then more clouds rose from the

northwest, and they, too, began to race eastward....

The tamarind-trees were swaying gently; the fan-like opening and closing of the palm branches could be heard distinctly; the broad banana leaves were flapping violently.... The tiny life of the chaparral was silent; few fire-flies ventured abroad; the glow-worm had sought shelter for the night.... The odor of seaweed had become stronger. Already a pale flash, accompanied by a muffled booming, had lightened the northwestern sky.

Now the breeze ceased its sighing. This was howling. The torrential fury was coming.

Periquin sat in a corner watching the approach of the storm and beating back with thick clouds of smoke the advance guard of foraging mosquitoes. At times he would twirl his moustache and bite his cigar as if he were struggling with some irresistible temptation. These were the symptoms. Come, Periquin, spare us further waiting.

"*Ca-ram-ba!*" burst out at last our old friend. "There is going to be enough rain to drown Sena Fifa's seven cats. The ten thousand devils from the ten thousand pits are coming upon us on all fours. Rain? And thundered? Why, there will be enough to kill Sena Fifa's seven cats, as I said before."

It was a night like this: Rain, flashes, thunder, mosquitoes—a night that would scare Sena's—Well, it was a bad night, anyway you look at it. And if you consider what I saw—well, I guess it was worse than this. If you don't believe it, listen.

Tio Mateo and I had been fishing all day. Well, at the approach of night we started home, like good Christians, well satisfied with our luck. We rowed under San Anton's bridge, and came to the

shallow waters of Floresvivas, where we had to pole the boat among the mangrove channels. Then, suddenly, as the devil would have it, *Caracoles*, it got dark, and dark—dark as a wolf's guzzle, and before we knew it down came the rain. *Cristianos, figurense*—worse than the holy deluge that Moses called down from heaven to drown Cain's tribe for having stolen Abel's sheep. Yes, every bit worse. And what did Tio Mateo do but say: "Quick, let us pole to Floresvivas and take shelter in the ruined bell-tower. We'll get drowned if we don't." "Tio Mateo," I jump up and answer; "Floresvivas? Floresvivas is a cursed place. Haven't you seen the ugly crabs in its swampy soil and the long-necked birds roaming among the reedy grasses? Tio Mateo, I prefer to get drowned."

But Tio Mateo had a thicker crust than a rusty shark. We had to pole to Floresvivas and hide in the cursed tower. And the worst of it is that when we got there, he took off his wet clothes and made himself comfortable to sleep, saying:

"Periquin, wake me when the storm blows over." Ah, Tio Mateo had a crust thicker than that of a rusty shark. Soon he commenced to snore like a steamship whistle that is out of order. It was fierce. Enough to scare Sena Fifa's seven—

Suddenly, when I was not thinking about anything particularly, unless it was the ugly crabs who, I feared, might bite a hole through the boat—suddenly, as I said, I heard a queer noise about me. There was a winding stair in the tower which led up to where the bells used to be. Well, I was leaning against that, when I heard the queer noise. I listened, shuddering. It wasn't Tio Mateo or the rain. *Caracoles*, someone was coming down the rotten stairs! Ramp! Ramp! R-r-ramp! I could hear them creak, too!

I shut my eyes, and as quietly as possible I let myself drop until my face was close to Tio Mateo's. Then, would you believe it, I heard a rattling noise, like that made by a sprinkler, and my face was soaked with a shower of cold water? I crossed myself, and as I finished I heard distinctly a *Dominus nobiscum, ora pro nobis!* Then, above the din of the storm, I heard a clear, infernal laugh coming from the mangrove channels. It wasn't the squeak of a swamp bird. It was a laugh—a hellish laugh.

Then I heard the steps creaking again. Whoever he was he was going upstairs, satisfied with his exploration.

A cold sweat ran down my back. I said my prayers many times over and crossed myself until I was exhausted. Then I tried to awaken Tio Mateo. *Cristianos*, nothing on earth could budge that man. When he slept, he slept. He must have known that the storm wasn't quite over. Tio Mateo was wise, even in his sleep.

Then suddenly—*de buenas a primera*—the storm seemed to concentrate around that ruin. Flash after flash; peal of thunder after thunder—*cielos!* I thought the end of the world was near. And the creaking on the stairs began again. Down came the footfalls and I closed my eyes, and didn't breathe.

"*Dominus nobiscum, ora pro nobis—Amen,*" and I got sprinkled again. Was it blessed water—*agua bendita?* I could not tell; I was so frightened. Then, in the distance, there sounded again that mocking, hellish laugh.

"Tio Mateo! Tio Mateo!" I whispered; "*Por la Virgen del Carmen*, do wake up; there is something wrong in this cursed place."

He woke up and put on his wet coat. He sniffed the air and numbled: "San Quintin, there is sulphur in the air." Tio Mateo knew a great deal about that

place; you could tell that immediately by looking at him. I asked him if he heard the *ora pro nobis*. He had not heard it. "Something queer about this cursed tower," he added, and listened attentively.

Then came the worst. First there was a deep sigh uttered upstairs. Ah, *compadres*, my hair stands on end as I repeat this tale. A deep sigh, as if uttered by a dying man. Then the deep tones of a bell began to be heard right above us. A bell ringing right above us! *Santo Dios de misericordia!* Tong!—Tong!—Tong! The knell of the dead! Deep and lugubrious! Right above us! Tong-golonk!—Tong-golonk! Right above us, *compadres*.

It was long before we dared to move or to speak. Then Tio Mateo grumbled between his teeth: "Something wrong about the infernal place. Something wrong." Then we stayed there as if terrified; stayed there as if petrified to the floor! My feet felt cold; then my knees felt cold; then my waist felt cold—but I thought it was fear petrifying one to the floor. Then I—

Suddenly Tio Mateo pulls me by the arm and yells: "Periquin, the place is flooded. Floresvivas is going! Run to the boat and let the devil take the intruder and his bell." Tio Mateo was a wise man, even in his sleep. You could not petrify him, and you could not drown him even if you petrified him.

Out we plunged, the water to our waist. The rain lashed our faces and the soft soil yielded under us. "Pull, Periquin!" screamed Tio Mateo. I pulled like a red demon. The place was going, surely! And that bell still kept on tolling. Tong!—Tong!—Tong! But it could not petrify me! Not as long as there was danger of drowning. At last we reached the boat. The mangrove to which it was tied was under water; but

it held the boat safe enough. We jumped in. *Santo Cristo!* The boat was full of crabs and swamp reptiles. They had escaped the flood and had sought shelter there. Huge hairy crabs, with large nippers and bullet-shaped eyes; water alacranes; small snakes—the boat was full of them. There was no time for finicalness, however, and we rowed away, with our infernal load.

"Narrow escape," said Tio Mateo when we were at a safe distance; and I crushed a crab with my foot.

"Narrow escape," I answered, and crushed another crab. Narrow escape, but how do you account for all those queer things that happened there?

He placed his first finger over his lips and beckoned me to keep silent. We

were now under San Anton's bridge. In the distance I heard the mocking laugh again. Then a band of birds of prey whirled around and flew toward the sinking ruins. I crossed myself, and so did Tio Mateo. Then he said:

"The sacristan of the old church of Floresvivas once pawned a holy sprinkler and Saint Peter punished his soul to make nightly apparitions. Understand now? And that laugh—*chiton!* Never speak to anyone about it. One may hear it, but it is forbidden to tell about it."

It was enough to petrify Sena Fifa's seven cats!

The storm was now upon us and Periquin would not speak another word.

J. P., '07.

HAVERFORD COLLEGE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

Financial Summary, College Year 1905-1906

GENERAL FUND.

 $Dr.$

Deficit.	Surplus.
1870	1871
1871	1872
1872	1873
1873	1874
1874	1875
1875	1876
1876	1877
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2016	2017
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2018	2019
2019	2020
20	

To Dues from Undergraduates.....	\$ 697.50	
To Dues from Alumni	210.00	
To Interest on Deposit Account.....	26.59	
To Special Contribution	3.50	
To Appropriation from Skating Pond Surplus..	150.00	
To Deficit	176.38	\$176.38
	<u>\$1,263.97</u>	

Cr.

By Appropriation to Football	\$ 185.00
Cricket	370.00
Gymnasium	185.00
Track	185.00

By Expense Interscholastic Meet	150.91
By Printing	3.50
By Deficit former years	184.56
	<hr/>
	\$1,263.97

FOOT BALL.

Dr.

To Balance	\$ 856.35
To Gate Receipts and Guarantees.....	684.15
To Appropriation from General Fund.....	185.00
To Miscellaneous Receipts	25.90
	<hr/>
	\$1,751.40

Cr.

By Traveling expenses, Guarantees, etc.....	\$ 633.44	
By Equipment	447.56	
By Medical and Special Supplies.....	124.08	
By Officials	73.00	
By Cost of Grandstand	141.92	
By Expenses Intercollegiate Rules Committee...	75.00	
By Miscellaneous Expenses.....	171.28	
By Balance	85.12	\$85.12
	<hr/>	
	\$1,751.40	

CRICKET.

Dr.

To Balance	\$ 127.86
To Balance Shipley & Vaux Donation.....	48.23
To Appropriation from General Fund.....	370.00
To Appropriation from Trust Fund.....	50.00
To Special Contributions	52.50
	<hr/>
	\$648.59

Cr.

By Equipment	\$ 71.08	
By Traveling Expenses	147.43	
By Prizes	33.00	
By Miscellaneous Expenses	43.10	
By Balance	304.85	304.85
By Balance Shipley & Vaux Donation.....	48.23	48.23
	<hr/>	
	\$648.59	

GYMNASIUM.

Dr.

To Balance	\$ 353.02
To Receipts from Exhibitions	506.25
To Appropriation from General Fund.....	185.00
To Miscellaneous Receipts	37.00

 \$1,081.27
Cr.

By Equipment	\$ 59.05	
By Share due Musical Association.....	118.37	
By Guarantees	80.00	
By Traveling Expenses	110.48	
By Miscellaneous Expenses.....	184.48	
By Balance	528.89	528.89

 \$1,081.27

TRACK.

Dr.

To Balance	\$.42
To Gate Receipts and Guarantees.....	173.81
To Appropriation from General Fund.....	185.00

 \$359.23
Cr.

By Equipment	\$ 13.50	
By Guarantees	85.00	
By Traveling Expenses	150.32	
By Prizes	57.40	
By Miscellaneous Expenses.....	43.66	9.35
By Balance	9.35	

 \$359.23

Cash balance	800.06	
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	\$976.44	\$976.44

Respectfully submitted,

 C. J. RHOADS,
Treasurer.

Philadelphia, October 1, 1906.

FACULTY DEPARTMENT

Conducted by Dean Barrett

AT the date of writing (October 2d) the student-body for the present year will, apparently, be made up as follows:

Graduates	4
Seniors	32
Juniors	26
Sophomores	39
Freshmen	47

Total148

The actual number of Freshmen who have taken up their work at the present time is forty-four, but there is a strong probability that three more will register before this number of *THE HAVERFORDIAN* is issued.

The increase in the number of Freshmen makes the entering class the largest the College has yet had, and several addi-

tions to upper classes give an increased total enrollment. The capacity of the dormitories is not quite sufficient to accommodate all.

There have been few changes in the Faculty. In the department of physics, Dr. A. W. Smith, last year an instructor in Bowdoin College, will take the place of Mr. Frederick Palmer, Jr., who has been granted a year's leave of absence. Thomas K. Brown, '06, and Roderick Scott, '06, remain at the College as teaching fellows; and Richard L. Cary, '06, will act as assistant in the chemical laboratory.

During the summer some improvements have been made. Chief among these is a new central heating and lighting plant, erected at a cost of \$25,000.

In The Desert (In Der Wüste)

[From the German of Nikolaus Lenau.]

Is it not a vain and hopeless thing,
Plodding through the desert sands of life,—
Stumbling toward the far horizon's ring,
Ploughing out a course with toil and strife?

Even if our feet, amid the dust,
Scatter traces of their rambling path,
Storms, pursuing with a vulture's lust,
Soon devour them in exultant wrath.

Singly and in caravans we go
Toward the far-off land of rest and peace,
While a thousand banners, drooping low,
Tell us that our efforts must not cease.

I am plodding likewise, weak and slow,
Blindly guessing, struggling in a dream;
And the red-hot gleaming desert's glow
Kindles longing for some cooling stream.

Let me get away from this dry land,
Full of longing hopes and sudden fears,
Where the ever thirsty, gaping sand
Lifts its panting mouth to drink my tears.

S. G. S., '05.

PLANS FOR A HAVERFORD MISSIONARY

Robert L. Simkin, '03, continued his preparation for religious service as a foreign missionary by graduating last spring from the Union Theological Seminary, in New York. During the summer he has been in England, making the acquaintance of prominent English Friends and addressing many meetings. He finally secured an appointment from London Yearly Meeting to go out to China this winter as a supported representative of that meeting. He has also won the approval and support of his own New York Yearly Meeting in undertaking his life-work.

It appears that throughout his years of preparation Simkin has cherished the hope that, whatever other organizations he might be chosen to represent in China, he might also be chosen to represent Haverford College as a Haverford missionary. Upon learning of this deep personal solicitude upon Simkin's part, some of his friends hereabouts took steps to fulfil his desires. A number of past and present Haverfordians, representing

the Christian Association, met last spring to consider the advisability of undertaking to contribute toward the support of Mr. and Mrs. Simkin in their missionary labors.

To those of us who knew Simkin personally and who believe in the generosity of Haverfordians, the moderate plan proposed seems easy to accomplish. An Advisory Committee of twelve graduates and undergraduates has been selected, to be in charge of raising whatever sum may be decided upon as practicable for the first year.

In assuming such a responsibility, Haverford will be but following in the steps of many larger institutions, which have realized the great deepening of missionary interest which has come from the appointment of an Alumnus to such service. When the occasion presents itself, let us at Haverford give Simkin such support as will convince him that all Haverfordians are behind him in his noble undertaking.

W. W. Comfort, '04.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

NOTES

'49. The degree of Doctor of Laws, rarely given by Haverford, was conferred upon Albert Keeble Smiley last June, in recognition of his work in the interests or International Peace.

'60. James Tyson, M. D., of the Faculty of Medicine, University of Pennsylvania, delivered the commencement oration to the Class of 1906.

'70. Thomas K. Carey died in Baltimore on May 29.

'77. George G. Mercer died in Philadelphia on May 28. After graduating at Haverford, Mr. Mercer studied law at University of Pennsylvania, and then at Yale, receiving his Doctor's degree from the latter institution. He was Alumni orator, 1889, and member of Phi Beta Kappa, 1898. During his entire professional career in Philadelphia he was prominent in political and economic movements.

'96. George H. Deuell, editor of THE HAVERFORDIAN, 1895-96, Phi Beta Kappa, 1899, died on May 28.

'98. Samuel H. Hodgin and Miss Olive L. Jenkins were married in Richmond, Ind., on August 22d. They are living at Guilford College, N. C., where Hodgin is teaching English.

'98. Dr. Samuel Rhoads is acting as one of the registrars in his division in the Twenty-second Ward, Philadelphia. He was appointed under the new personal registration law.

'98. Frederick A. Swan was married to Miss Helen A. Wood, of Boston, on August 29th. They were married by Friends' ceremony in the Flower Hospital, New York City, where Swan had been taken a few days before, owing to a severe accident which happened to him while riding on a crowded trolley car which was run into by an automobile. He is at present recovering rapidly. His business address is 1 W. 34th Street, New York, where he is associated with M. P. Collins, '92, in the Bankers Investing Company.

'98. Robert N. Wilson has returned to the chair of chemistry and physics at Guilford College, N. C., after a valuable year's work along those lines in the Harvard Graduate School.

'00. Walter Hinchman is again teaching at Groton School.

'00. Henry S. Drinker has been abroad for several months, convalescing from a severe nervous breakdown.

'01. Arthur R. Yearsley has announced his engagement to Miss Elva Ashe, of Coatesville, Pa.

'02. A. G. H. Spiers is studying at Harvard for his doctorate in the Romance languages.

'02. E. W. Evans is entering the second year at the Law School, University of Pennsylvania.

'02 R. M. Gummere expects to receive his Ph.D. in Greek and Latin at Harvard next spring.

Ex-'03. A. G. Dean has announced his engagement in marriage to Miss Therese Holland.

'03. C. W. Davis has resumed work as an instructor in Oak Grove Seminary, Vassalboro, Me.

'03. F. E. Barr is engaged in the practice of law, with an office at 904 Land Title building, Philadelphia.

'03. E. F. Hoffman has been transferred to the pastorate of a Methodist church in Hamburg, Pa.

Ex-'03. C. W. Kelsey has for some time been general sales agent for the Maxwell automobiles, with offices at Tarrytown, N. Y. In the recent Glidden tour he obtained one of the trophies.

'03. R. L. Simkin has been appointed to the Freinds' Mission at Chungking, China, and will leave for his post in November. He was married, May 1st, to Miss Margaret Lowenhaupt, of Ossining, N. Y., who will accompany him to China.

'03. I. S. Tilney is with N. W. Harris & Co., Pine and William Streets, New York, learning the business of the bond broker.

'03. S. N. Wilson has been appointed instructor in mathematics in the West Chester High School.

'03. F. R. Winslow is a resident physician at the hospital of the University of Maryland, Baltimore.

'04. H. N. Thorn is again head coach of the foot ball team.

'04. W. S. Bradley announces his engagement to Miss Remington, of Philadelphia.

'04. Harold H. Morris is entering upon his third year of medicine at the University of Pennsylvania. He spent last summer in England and Scotland.

'05. S. G. Spaeth received the degree of A. M. at Commencement last June. He is now an instructor in German at Princeton.

'05. Charles A. Alexander is at present in the employ of the Jones & Laughlin Steel Company, of Pittsburg. He and H. K. Stein are living together in Wilkinsburg.

'05. Benjamin Eshleman is in the purchasing department of the Baldwin Locomotive Works.

'05. M. Ward Fleming has completed his first year in the Pennsylvania Law School. He has been made a member of the Sharwood Law Club.

'06. Albert K. Smiley, Jr., was married to Miss Mabel Craven at West Chester on the 19th of last June. They spent the summer at Lake Mohonk, N. Y.

'06. W. K. Miller has entered the Law School of the University of Pennsylvania.

'06. W. C. Carson, Clementine Cope Fellow for 1906, is studying at Harvard. E. B. Richards is also there, studying for the degree of A. M.

'06. J. D. Phillips is with the Bell Telephone Company in their Germantown office.

'06. R. J. Shortlidge is teaching at the West Chester Normal School

'06. S. G. Nauman is teaching temporarily at the Yeates School, Lancaster, Pa.

'06. A. T. Lowry is in the lumber business in West Philadelphia. He is assisting Thorn in coaching the foot ball team.

'06. James T. Fales is studying law at Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill.

'06. Gordon H. Graves is teaching at George School, Pa.

'06. Henry Pleasants, Jr., was with the Haverford delegation at Northfield last June. He has entered the Medical School of the University of Pennsylvania.

'06. W. H. Haines, Jr., has announced his engagement to Miss Alice Janvier, of Orange, N. J.

COLLEGE DEPARTMENT

Foot ball practice started on Monday, September 24th. H. Norman Thorn, '04, will again be head coach. This year, however, he will be unable to get out in the afternoons. A. H. Hopkins, '05, and A. T. Lowry, '06, will be the field coaches. Thorn will come out every night and to every game, and thus keep in close touch with the work.

The team will greatly miss the services of ex-Captain Lowry, Brown, Reed and Smiley, but with all the rest of the men back, and possible material in the

Freshman Class, Captain Jones should have no mean team this fall.

The schedule is as follows:

Oct. 6—Medico-Chi, at Haverford.

Oct. 13—Lehigh, at South Bethlehem.

Oct. 20—Rutgers, at Haverford.

Oct. 27—Ursinus, at Haverford.

Nov. 3—Franklin and Marshall, at Lancaster.

Nov. 10—Johns Hopkins, at Haverford.

Nov. 17—Trinity, at Hartford, Conn.

Nov. 24—New York University, at Haverford.

The annual cane rush took place on the afternoon of the day college opened. The cane men were Bard, Ramsey, Green for 1909, and Wilson, Frost and Ayer for 1910. Those having two hands on the cane were Marsh, Ramsey, Bard, Spaeth, Green, of the Sophomore Class, and Ayer and Frost, of the Freshman Class. The Sophomores won by the score of 14 to 12.

The annual Y. M. C. A. reception to new men was held Thursday evening, October 4, at eight o'clock, in the new Assembly Room. R. L. Simkins, '03, was the chief speaker. Refreshments were served after the meeting.

At the commencement exercises, held on June 15th, 1906, seven men were granted the degree of Master of Arts, twenty-nine the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and eight the degree of Bachelor of Science.

The following athletic announcements were made on commencement day last June:

Captains for year 1906-7:

Cricket—F. D. Godley, '07.

Track—E. C. Tatnall, '07.

Soccer—W. R. Rossmassler, '07.

Prizes Awarded.

CRICKET.

First Eleven.

Colors to J. D. Philips, '06; J. P. Magill, '07.

Cope prize bat for best average to A. T. Lowry, '06; average, 25 4-5.

Congdon prize ball for the best bowling average to F. D. Godley, '07; average, 8 21-45.

Hames prize fielding belt to H. W. Doughten, Jr., '06.

Second Eleven.

Class '85 prize bat to S. G. Spaeth, '05.

Class '85 prize ball to W. H. Haines, '07.

Class '85 prize belt to P. W. Brown, '07.

OTHER PRIZES.

Improvement bat to J. B. Clement, '08.

C. R. Hinchman prize bat for highest average in intercollegiate matches to H. W. Doughten, Jr., '06; average, 66.

Christian Febiger prize ball for best bowling averages in intercollegiate matches to H. Pleasants, Jr., '06; average, 10 2-7.

Prize cup to best all-around Freshman cricketer, F. Myers, '09.

Prize bat to best Freshman batsman, T. K. Sharpless, '08.

Prize belt to best Freshman bowler, T. Lewis, '08.

Class of '85 prize ball, for interclass championship, Class of 1907.

TRACK.

Walton cup to man scoring most number of points during the year, T. K. Brown, Jr.

New records made:

120-yards hurdle—16 m. 1 s., T. K. Brown, Jr., '06.

Two-mile run—10 m. 22 s., W. K. Miller, '06.

Discus throw—99 ft. 5 in., E. F. Jones, '07.

Pole vault—10 ft. ½ in., J. Bushnell, '09.

SOCCER.

H's awarded to H. Pleasants, '06; A. T. Lowry, '06; J. D. Philips, '06; W. R. Rossmassler, '07.



CRICKET TEAM, 1906
(Courtesy of the 1906 Class Record)

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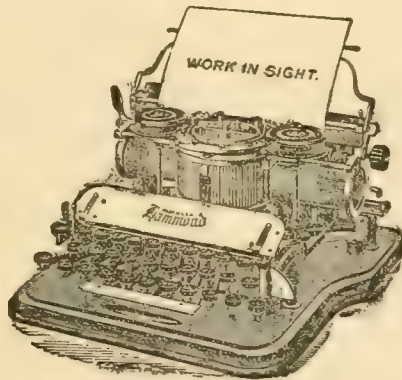
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VOLUME XXVIII, No. 6.

November, 1906

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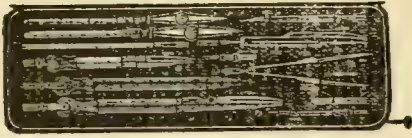
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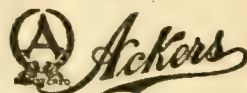
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No. 6

ORIGINALITY is an element of success in every field of achievement, and colleges should be striving to train men in this as well as to educate them in the fields of academic learning. They not only should have at their command facts that have been true in the past or at present; they should be able to go further and to reason out from their knowledge of well-known truths, new theories or conditions. New inventions constantly impress one with their simplicity, and we wonder "why we never thought of that." The principles were familiar enough—what we lacked was the ability to visualize something that was not.

It is
Originality
that counts

Science, literature, art, music,—every phase of activity,—evolves as men come forth who have original ideas—ideas which seem to be in every conceivable case merely a fresh combination of well-known elements.

But if conventional thinkers are being produced it is not so much the fault of

the schools and colleges as it is that of the tradition which exists in those institutions that students should quickly learn to conform to certain standards of thought and conduct. Nowadays, when a man enters college with individual characteristics, it is generally the pride of the college body that his "peculiarities" shall be rubbed off by the end of his Freshman year. And the process is generally so successful that he soon becomes a "typical college man," and it is often possible to tell a man's college by the cut of his clothes or the way he combs his hair, while his speech reveals his Alma Mater almost as surely as the dialect betrays a Yankee or a Southerner.

Now this system is wrong in the main. Certainly we have to follow accepted custom in many things, but men should be encouraged to maintain their individuality and not be compelled to live according to the mind of the crowd nor forced into common moulds of habit and convention. We need more faith in the freedom of a man's own will to choose.

Less of precept and more of practice. The times do not demand dreamers or idealists. They demand those who have the stamina and the training to advance a little further than those around have progressed. They demand original thinkers.

IF there is a small, unwarranted, pernicious influence in our College today it is the attitude taken by the students regarding what is called "boot-licking." Within the mem-

**The Harmful
Influence of
a Word**

ory of the Senior Class this word has been introduced here. Although at first used in a mildly humorous way, it has lost all its original harmlessness and is undoubtedly destroying what was one of the most pleasant features of Haverford life—the close and inspiring relationship between the students and the able men who compose our faculty.

It is not necessary to point out the invaluable gain to undergraduates to be derived from personal contact with the professors here—scholars who have been chosen as much for their broad manhood as for their specialization in their subjects. This relationship, so potent here in the past, and one of the chief advantages of a small college, we are allowing to slip from us because of the power of this cowardly epithet "boot-licker."

It is unjust to the students. Do not be deceived into thinking that professors are hoodwinked by men who are merely striving for marks and exhibiting false interest to attain them. They can pick out the men who are really interested and who are striving to get the most out of their work. There are many men who desire to go deeper into subjects than is possible in class. There are men who have doubts and problems whom professors could greatly help if they only real-

ized the needs of the men. It is a shame that such men should have to feel a diffidence about extended personal conversation with a professor, which is exactly the condition that now exists in College.

And it is unjust to the professors. It is a slur on them that public sentiment should not realize at once that they are perfectly capable of deciding a man's true value in class. If men feel diffident about approaching them, so also are professors placed in a peculiar position about any relationship with undergraduates outside of classes.

Now this matter has gone too far. It is time for College sentiment to take it up. It is time for every man to rebel against the false sentiments that cluster about the word "boot-licker." It is time for the personal influence of professors over students again to be as helpful as it used to be in the past.

THERE are many encouraging features about the recent Reform campaign, although the people have voted their willingness again to slumber under misrule and dishonest government in this Commonwealth. The Reform Party about Philadelphia was led almost entirely by college men, and this general awakening of such men to their duties of leadership is the most hopeful feature of modern politics. The ethical training, the knowledge of economics and history they receive and their broad aspect of life equip college graduates to take the lead in politics and to keep pure and healthy the life of the nation.

It meant something for our honored President to allow himself to be named as a candidate to the Legislature, yet, when such men express their willingness to accept the trust of public offices, it is

the omen of the approach of new and better social and political conditions in this country.

Colleges are social institutions, and no man who leaves college does so without assuming definite social obligations that he must fulfill. He owes it to society to strive by his best influence to improve its condition and at least to guarantee his vote and endeavor in the cause of clean and honest government.

MEDICINE to-day offers itself as something more than a mere profession, it offers itself as a science to which men may devote their entire skill.

Medicine as a Science Few fields of research afford discoveries which are so valuable to the race as that of medicine.

Dr. Arthur F. Coca, '96, the author of the article entitled, "The Heidelberg Student," is at present devoting himself to research work in Germany. After graduating from Haverford he studied medicine at the University of Pennsylvania, and from 1897-99 also did special work in histology under Dr. Pratt, receiving the degree of Master of Arts here in 1899. He served as an instructor in

the University until he went abroad to study several years ago.

While at Haverford Dr. Coca was prominent in literary work and athletics and was a member of the Cricket Eleven English Tour, 1896. His life in Germany has well enabled him to paint the picture of German student-life which we publish in this issue.

The following letter is one that will be interesting to Haverford readers. The author, "Caleb," after a long period of service here as mail carrier and driver of the College wagon, retired from active work last September. He recently wrote this letter to the College through President Sharpless:

1500 North 11th St. Reading Pa.

2d Day 10th Month 29—1906

Isaac Sharpless

Dear Friend

I Cannot Express my Feelings Towards my Friends at Haverford College for their Kind Remembrance of me thee Will Kindly thank them for me

I am thine Very Respectfully

Caleb Worrall

am sorry I Cannot Help thee on thy Way To Harrisburg as I Will Love to Hear from the College ask My Friend Chase if he Has time to Let me Know How things is going on How is Old Bill Poor Old Bill He May Miss Caleb.

TERRA INCOGNITA

When Daphne plays, I know not why,
But woven in the harmony
I hear a deeper, softer tone,
Apart from other chords, alone;
A strain that starts to lilt and play
Like laughing brook in sunlit May,
But always ends with wistful sigh
When Daphne plays.

And yet 'tis all in vain I try
To penetrate the mystery
Of that fair, unknown world which lies
Behind the sapphire of her eyes:
That land whose borders I descry
When Daphne plays. *M. O. F., '10.*

THE HEIDELBERG STUDENT

When the student comes to Heidelberg he comes to the oldest university, and to the most beautifully situated university town in Germany.

Heidelberg lies in the narrow valley of the Neckar, just at the point where the river, emerging from the mountainous Odenwald, guarded on the left by the Gaisberg and Königstuhl, and on the right by the Heiligenberg, flows out upon the level plain across which it winds to join the Rhine. Nestling in the broad lap of the Königstuhl overlooking the town, and thrown into strong relief by a background of heavy foliage, lies the most striking object of the town—the picturesque castle. To attempt a description of the many natural attractions of the spot would carry us too far from our subject. We can only add that the panorama that stretches before the traveller as he stands upon the heights behind the castle—the broad fertile plain of the Rhine bounded on the west by the Haardt mountains, which are plainly visible on clear days; to the northwest the busy, modern city of Mannheim on the Rhine; to the southwest, the ancient city of Speyer, famous as the burial place of the early German rulers; little towns and hamlets here and there; and right at his feet the original of so many photographs, etchings and paintings—the pretty village of Heidelberg itself—such a scene produces an impression not soon to be forgotten.

To those who have remained in the place long enough to become familiar with its charms, it were no wonder that the Heidelberg student in his riper years should contemplate his sojourn there

with a little of that fond recollection with which the Haverfordian remembers the four years with his Alma Mater.

As shown by the autograph, "Stiftungsbrief," of the founder, Kurfürst Ruprecht I, which is perhaps the most treasured relic of the library collection of manuscripts, the university was founded in 1386. In view of the seniority of the institution, it is not surprising to learn that many of the customs in vogue among German students have arisen here and are here most devotedly cherished.

The first business of the student is to find a lodging, which task resolves itself simply into a question of funds and of choice; for in his search for rooms he is cheerfully aided by a half dozen or more of free agencies, conducted by book stores, etc., throughout the town. The lodgings are almost always furnished, and many consist of one or more rooms. A breakfast of rolls, butter and coffee is commonly included, but as a rule the other three or four meals are taken at a restaurant.

For about a month it is permitted to attend any of the lectures free of charge. Before a fixed date, however, the student is required to matriculate and to pay the fees for the courses which he has elected. Since the university authorities take no notice of the student's actions beyond exacting the payment of fees and attendance upon practical courses, if he is just beginning his university career, and if the allurements of society, duelling, travel, or doing nothing at all, be too strong for his powers of resistance, an entire semester may pass without his hearing a single lecture. And this is a

very common experience,—the experience, by the way, of one of the present professors.

The examinations are given orally and in public; that is, any one may attend them as a spectator. The advantage of this custom to the student is that he may learn in advance what is to be expected of him in any subject; the disadvantage, to any one who can recall the mental anguish which precedes the ordeal even when it is to be endured in relative privacy, is obvious.

We have referred to the environment of Heidelberg as influencing the life of the student, and the relationship may seem, at first, a slight one; for granting the advantages of the river for aquatic sport, in what way can a mountain range or a rural plain provided with good roads affect the life of a student? The answer to this question is not hard to find when once we understand what these mean to the German.

The German is a born lover of the beauties of nature, wherein he may be said to differ little from the American; but he must be given the credit of exhibiting, as evidence of his devotion, a higher degree of public-spirited generosity. Everywhere, in city, town, country and forest, the same high purpose is evident—that of preserving all the grand and beautiful works of nature as well as that of embellishing by art those places which lack natural charms. Everywhere the public parks, squares and gardens, artistically designed, richly provided with trees, flower-beds and fountains, and kept constantly in perfect order; the many, lofty, substantial towers, situated, often at a great distance from the towns, upon high elevations from which the outlook is particularly fine, which towers have been erected solely for the purpose of giving travellers the advantage of a perfectly unobstructed view—these and

many other features of the same sort must impress upon even the most casual observer the high regard in which the beautiful in nature is held by this people.

The whole mountainous district, designated as the Odenwald and the Schwarzwald, extending from Darmstadt to the borders of Switzerland, is traversed in all directions by footpaths which are kept in good condition and plentifully furnished with good sign-boards by so-called "Verschönerungs-vereinen"—societies whose purpose is indicated in their name. Under the direction of these "Vereinen" guide-books are published, with the aid of which a perfect stranger may walk from Heidelberg to Basel over the highest peaks and through the finest parts of the region with practically no risk of missing the way.

Furthermore, after having contributed so largely to the cause, it may be, indeed, on account of having so contributed, the German adopts the only logical means of reimbursing himself, and on every opportune occasion flies from his "narrow cages" into country and forest, over hill and vale, with his knapsack on his back, a stick in his hand, and a feather in his cap. And to many a student this respectable variety of tramp-life seems to offer greater reward, for the moment, at any rate, than the tedious lecture hour.

In addition to the innumerable short walks in the immediate vicinity, by any of which a totally new impression of the neighborhood may be obtained, Heidelberg offers a convenient starting-point for longer excursions either into the Odenwald to the north, westward through the Neckar valley, or southward into Schwarzwald.

FRATERNITY LIFE.

The whole complexion of the social life of the student depends upon whether he is or is not a member of one of the

incorporated fraternities, which latter question is in large measure determined by his social status.

The German student fraternities are distinctly classified into the "Corps," the "Burschenschaften," and the "Turnerschäften," all of which are incorporated and have adopted distinguishing colors and shape of cap; and into a motley array of sectarian, scientific and other societies, some of which ape certain customs of the first three, none of which, however, wear colors. Most of these classes are represented in all the large universities, and annual conventions of delegates from societies of the same class are held for the purpose of discussing common interests.

The "Turnerschäften" are gymnastic clubs and do little fighting. The "Burschenschaften" are the descendants of the student political organizations that took such active part in the politics of the country during the revolutionary period which ended about the middle of the last century.

The "Corps" are the oldest of the fraternities, and have always been purely social organizations. One of these, the "Saxo-Barussia," is composed almost exclusively of nobility; its color is white.

Since practically all the social intercourse of university students takes place through the fraternities, an account of the doings of a typical representative will be of especial interest to the American collegian. Through my friend, R—, I have twice had opportunity to look in upon the "Allemania," one of the "Burschenschaften;" first at one of the regular meetings and again at the "Mensur."

THE "KNEIPE."

My visit to the "Kneipe" occurred April 30th, on which evening is held the "Maifest," or celebration of the advent of May. The regular "Kneipe" is held

twice a week and every member is obliged to attend, unless he be ill or have some other very good excuse. At certain seasons, however, they may be more frequent, *e. g.*, every night during the first week of May.

The fraternity house stands at the foot of the Königstuhl, directly beneath the castle. Externally, there is nothing about it to indicate its purpose, but internally it is characteristic. The entrance hall is very large, and its walls and ceiling are decorated with tasteful frescoes. A flight of stairs at the right leads to the second floor, on which are the executive rooms, toilet and coat rooms, and several bedrooms. A short passage beyond the stairway leads to the apartments of the "Hausmeister." On the left are two large rooms, the "Kneipe" room and another used for dinners. The former is carpetless; its furniture consists of three heavy wooden tables placed in the form of the letter U, wooden chairs and a piano. On the wall by the entrance hang a number of huge porcelain pipes, on each of which is recorded the fact that they are gifts from departing members to those left behind. The walls behind the tables are covered with photographs of former members, taken individually and collectively on special occasions; the oldest of these are daguerreotypes, and a number of others represent the "Mensur."

Standing upon a ledge which extends almost around the room, and arranged in the order of seniority, are the photographs of the present active members. Light is supplied by a large chandelier suspended from the ceiling. From the ceiling hang also several genuine drinking horns, long since out of use, but treasured as relics of an honorable and important history.

Before describing these characteristic official assemblies, it will be well by way

of preliminary explanation to outline briefly the more important regulations to which the members are subject. After qualifying socially the prospective member must give his word of honor to remain in Heidelberg at least three semesters; he must take two hours sword practice daily, and he must attend every "Kneipe," or regular meeting of the society. At the end of each month the entire expenses of the society for that month are ascertained and divided equally among the members. The average individual levy is between ten and twelve dollars per month. Upon entering the society each member presents a song-book and a beer-stein, each inscribed with his name and the date of presentation, both of which remain in the permanent possession of the society. Within six weeks after his admission each new member is expected to choose one of the elder men as his "Leibbursche," or personal adviser. For the first semester of membership he is given the name of "Fuchs," and during this period does no actual fighting, but devotes himself exclusively to sword practice, under the instruction of the university "Fechtlehrer." At the end of the semester he may take part in the "Mensur," his opponent, naturally, being also a "Fuchs." After having fought well on two separate occasions he becomes a "Bursche," and in addition to the "Mütze" or color-cap, is permitted to wear his colors in a ribbon or band across his breast. As in all the incorporated societies, the members of "Allemannia" are bound to be strictly honorable in all their dealings, and, furthermore, if one is suspected of a dishonorable action or of immorality in its narrower sense, he is liable to investigation, and if found guilty, is expelled.

It happened that on the occasion of my visit R— had been chosen to deliver the oration, and pleading the excuse of this

unusual responsibility, he begged me not to call for him till ten o'clock. R—, by the way, is an interesting and, I believe, an exceptional specimen of the class we are considering: a handsome young German, a crack swordsman, member of an eight-oar racing crew, a clever and enthusiastic violinist, a natural orator, and apparently the most popular member of his fraternity; but at the same time a most industrious student and unassuming to a fault. I was astonished to learn that he has paused in the middle of his medical course, that is, after having passed the "Physicum," to take his Ph.D. in natural science; after which he will complete his medical studies. He wrote the five-minute oration between eight and ten o'clock that evening and met me promptly at the appointed hour.

We passed through a capacious vestibule, at one side of which the "Hausmeister" and his son were busily engaged in filling steins from a large cask of beer, and entered the "Kneipe" room. With a loud voice R— introduced me to his associates, and in accordance with the rules governing this formality, recommended me to their hospitable treatment. As he finished, they all rose, shouted the appropriate response, and after raising their steins to the level of their eyes, banged them recklessly upon the table again, whereupon I was conducted to a seat and provided with stein and song-book.

The aimlessness of pure conviviality is relieved, in these meetings, by the introduction of an informal musical program consisting of alternating vocal and instrumental solos, each of which is followed by a song from the song-book, sung, without accompaniment and in unison, with the greatest enthusiasm.

While conversing with my neighbors I made mental note of the scene and the actors in it. The members were marked

by a uniform smoking jacket and "Mütze" or fraternity cap, while the few guests from other fraternities wore their own caps. There was one other beside myself who wore no cap, and he was destined to furnish the chief amusement of the evening. My attention having been drawn to him by circumstances which will be duly related, I was informed that he was a first semester student who had made himself obnoxious by reason of his self-conceit, and who imagined that the invitation which had been sent him for this evening was but preliminary to his election as a member. I do not doubt that to this day he is serenely unconscious of the fact that he was *the* joke of the occasion.

A favorite custom at these meetings is for two members to lock arms and at a single draught to empty a stein of beer. I have not been able to discover whether this rite is performed as a mark of mutual esteem, or upon a challenge from one to the other, but whether from one or both considerations, the would-be candidate felt it incumbent upon his honor to accept the invitations to drink which were showered upon him by the conspirators, who, by this and other means, endeavored to warm up the poor fellow's feeling of self-importance to the bubbling point of loquacity.

Within the hour after I began to count the number of times he took part in the ceremony just described, he drained no less than eight half-liter steins, and, finally, after maudlin nonsense had succeeded noisy hilarity, and he was no longer able to co-ordinate his movements, much less his ideas, he was led away by two of the younger members amid the mingled jeers and feigned regrets of his tormentors.

It lacked now but a quarter of an hour to midnight, and the signal was passed to prepare for the climax of the evening—

the ceremony of welcome to May, the "Lieblingsmonat" of the German calendar. After a rousing song, each one seized his stein, which, in the meantime, had been refilled, and took his place in line of march. A few moments later a single file of hatless men, most of them in gold-braided smoking jackets, each holding before him a stein of beer, could have been seen winding silently through the narrow streets toward the market place, where, upon our arrival, we formed a circle about the large stone fountain which stands in the middle of the square.

The few spare minutes were utilized by the company for brushing up their memory of the lines of the song of welcome, and as the last note of the hour died away a signal from R—, who had mounted the stone base of the fountain, brought forth the opening line with a precision and enthusiasm that was truly fine. The song was followed by R—'s oration, in which he recalled the discomforts of the winter season in much the same vein as Ulysses did the hardships of his wanderings, and after describing with glowing language the delights of summer, he called upon his companions to rejoice with him upon its return, and to signify their satisfaction by emptying their steins in the usual manner.

This done, we retraced our steps to the fraternity house, and soon after were on our way home.

THE "MENSUR."

My visit to the "Mensur" was one of those experiences which, by reason of their startling contrast with the ordinary events of the "simple life," leave behind them a lasting impression. On a certain Friday afternoon R— asked me whether I would like to attend "a German blood-feast," accompanying the invitation with a few suggestive passes; and upon my ready acceptance he appointed the "Old

Bridge" as the place, and nine the next morning as the hour.

Promptly at 9.15, therefore, after a short walk up the Neckar valley, we entered the door of the time-honored inn on the Hirschgasse and proceeded at once to the two large rooms above—the scene of action. After a most ceremonious introduction to the officers of the day, followed by presentations to the other members of "Allemannia," I began to look about me.

The smaller of the two rooms, both of which were carpetless, served the double purpose of dressing-room and surgery; on one side the tables were covered with weapons, and protective coverings for eyes, neck, body and arms, while on the other were wholesale quantities of materials for surgical dressings, antiseptic solutions, instruments, etc., and before a window a crude imitation of a dentist's chair.

The larger room likewise served two purposes; here the combats take place, and here also were displayed copious quantities of sandwiches and wine, together with cigars and cigarettes. The furniture was limited to a half dozen tables, a few benches and two or three dozen wooden chairs. Countless blood splashes on the floor of both rooms told the story of previous encounters, and on the walls hung other evidence in the form of photographs of similar assemblies, one of which bears the date 1857.

We arrived just as the first pair—seven were entered for the day's program—were preparing for the fray. All clothing above the waist is removed and a white muslin shirt put on, over which are placed padded shoulder guards, and the whole covered with a heavy apron. The neck is thoroughly protected by a broad padded band wound around several times and extending almost to the point of the chin. The fighting arm is also

heavily padded and the hand covered with a soft but thick leather glove, reinforced in the back to the finger tips with metal plates. Over the eyes are strapped heavy metal goggles with no glasses in the apertures, and so arranged that the wearer's glasses can be adjusted to them and protected by them. The face and top of the head are thus left unprotected, and it is against these parts that the attack is directed.

To the uninitiated the weapons are fearfully heavy affairs, possessing a guard which almost completely encloses the hand, and is decorated with the German national colors. The blade measures about a yard in length, three-quarters of an inch at the hilt and one-third of an inch at the tip, and its double edge for about a foot from the tip is sufficiently sharp.

As usual, two fraternities were represented, "Allemannia" and "Frankonia," and R—, as it happened, was serving as second for his fratri.

The two principals take their places opposite each other, each using as a half support the back of a chair, which seems to be an essential item of property in the scene to be enacted. The fighting arm of each is upheld in a horizontal position by his comrade, and in this attitude the two appear for several minutes to be endeavoring simply to stare each other out of nerve.

The seconds now appear, each with a weapon and clad like the contestants, but further protected by a head-dress of leather, looking much like a rural sun-bonnet.

The combatants, still wearing their fraternity caps, approach each other and raise their weapons, with the arm in rigid extension, till the blades point full at the zenith; the other hand rests in a leather ring attached to the belt at the back.

The seconds, after assuring themselves

that the interval between the men is exactly a sword's length, take a crouching position on the side opposite the fighting arm, each with one foot placed before the foot of his principal, and only the signal is wanting to precipitate the conflict.

At the word "los," shouted by one of the seconds, I am obliged to confess that I withdrew my gaze for a moment from the scene, for I was convinced that if not the whole head, at least a considerable segment of it must be lost by one or other of the duellists at the first blow. The signal, however, was followed only by a preliminary formality, which consisted in the crossing of the weapons above the head a few times, and the subsequent removal of the caps.

The positions above described were once more assumed, and at the second signal the battle began in earnest with three or four mighty sweeps, which resulted, however, to the immense relief of the writer, in nothing more fearful than the loud clanging of steel. At the word "halt," also given by the second, each second thrust his weapon before the face of his principal in such a position as to intercept any subsequent blows from his opponent. Hereupon the original positions were immediately assumed, the usual signal given, three or four blows again exchanged and the combat again interrupted.

The time occupied by these two acts from the first "los" to the second "halt" was less than fifteen seconds.

At intervals of from two to three minutes such a scene was repeated until finally the younger of the two—a "Frankonian" of about nineteen years—having had his skull laid bare by a slash of three inches, from which the blood was streaming down his back to the floor, his face bathed in blood from several minor "scratches" of one or two inches, received

a fearful wound reaching from the left ear nearly to the corner of the mouth; whereupon the judge, a battle-scarred, band-headed veteran, decided that he had been sufficiently punished and turned him over to the tender mercies of the surgeon.

The poor fellow seemed quite dejected, and with better reason than appeared upon the surface, for it was said that the judge had also decided that he had not shown sufficient fortitude under his injuries!

After removing his blood-soaked costume, which was delivered to a "diener" to be sponged off, the unlucky "Frankonian" proceeded to the dentist's chair, where the surgeon awaited him. Here, in the midst of his comrades, he was quickly made whole again, and it is the writer's humble opinion that he retrieved by his absolutely unflinching behavior under the merciless needle of the none too gentle surgeon, all that he had lost before the blade of his opponent.

The dressing had barely been applied and the plain black dressing cap put on, before the second pair were glaring at each other from their respective chair-backs in the next room. This conflict came quickly to an end, for the two were unevenly matched, the victor, who was a member of neither fraternity, having been invited to "take part."

He took part with a vengeance: in the first half of the first encounter, that is, in less than five seconds, he had twice reached his opponent's skull, while a few minutes later he cut an almost perfect Greek cross in the other's left cheek, from which the blood spurted so furiously that he was compelled to withdraw, defeated, of course.

The third event, on the contrary, was a very long one, lasting three-quarters of an hour, and, finally, after each principal had received at least half a dozen wounds,

none of which, however, was of major seriousness, it was declared a draw. The men were both heavy, and in the intervals their friends were kept busy straightening out the bent blades of their weapons, which they held, not with bare hands but in sterile gauze moistened with alcohol.

At this point the novelty of the business began to wear off, and since the remaining four pairs were said to be only tolerably skilful, and as they were total strangers to me, I paid my respects to my host and withdrew.

From conversations which I have had with several past masters in this gentle sport, I can say that the sensations attendant upon participation in it correspond precisely with those experienced by the batsman in an important cricket match, and that actual fear of physical pain enters as little into the former as into the latter. The parallel may be particularly observed in the fact that a "scratch" in the one, like a "chance" in the other, if it comes to one early in the

match, goes far toward getting one "set."

As to the danger involved in these encounters, aside from the almost certain facial disfigurement, which, by the way, is considered no misfortune, serious injury to important structures is by no means uncommon, and death, though rarely, does sometimes result.

We arrive here, not at the end of our subject, but at the self-imposed limits of its present consideration. The writer has only to add the apology which is due the chance reader of what he has presented. In accepting the invitation of the Editor-in-Chief of THE HAVERFORDIAN to "write up" the student-life at Heidelberg, no thought has been entertained of telling the whole story, and if the selected paragraphs, being those with which the writer found himself personally acquainted, will be able only to give an honest picture of the German student, drawn as it is with a hand so unused, and in colors so plain, the result attained will not fall short of his expectations.

Arthur F. Coca, '96.

THE LATEST THING IN RUBAIYATS

Wake! for the Muse, who did one Time inspire	A Rhyming Dictionary 'neath the Bough,
Omar Khayyam with an undying Fire,	A Pen in Hand, a Pot of Ink, and Thou
Drives off Originality and strikes	Beside me, Omar, in the grateful Shade:
Each Poetaster with a mad Desire!	Such Inspiration were indeed enow!

Before the Phantom of true Poesy died,	Think, in this battered monthly Magazine,
Methinks a Voice within the Poet cried:	Whose Covers are alternate red and green,
When Rhyme and Metre are prepared for you,	How Poet after Poet with his verse
Why need Things never used before be tried?	Abode a While; and then no more was seen!

Now the new Era, bearing new Desires,	You, gentle Reader, glancing at this Verse—
The thoughtless Soul of Parody inspires;	How oft hereafter will you read and curse;
While the glad Hand of some fool Editor	How oft hereafter, sneering, speak of me!
Puts out, and Authors send him Stuff by Quires.	What matter! It has filled my empty Purse!

Shakespeare, indeed, is gone with all his Plays;	And when you, too, Posterity, shall look
On Parodies of these no more we gaze.	Amidst the Dust in some envolved Nook,
Still Imitation kindles in the Mind,	And in your studious Errand reach a Spot
And many a Donkey "after Omar" brays	Where lies this Scroll—pick up an unread Book.

J. C. T. '08

DEA EX MACHINA

We all knew Hadley well, and when he blew in on us the other evening at the club we could tell at once that he was brimming over with one of his good stories. We were comfortably seated in those big leather chairs in the smoking room. Across the hall could be seen several groups of men sitting in the grill room, and beyond them were tables, bright with green billiard cloth, around which were young well-dressed fellows in their shirt sleeves. Amidst the click of the ivory balls a hearty laugh would often come from them that was pleasant to hear.

It did not take very much to get Hadley started, and he soon told his story.

"Well, the way it began was with a whiz-z-z-z and a crack, and then with a sound that resembled the despairing sigh of some lost soul in Purgatory, the big touring car in which Holton and I were ascending a foot-hill of the White Mountains, stopped. My friend made a hurried, fervent ejaculation, and then as though taken aback by his language,—its motive power spent,—the big machine started to retrace its footsteps, or tire marks, to be more exact. Holton pressed certain foot-levers in great haste and brought the car to a stop, and with much thankfulness I climbed out and cast my eyes back over the rocky incline up which we had come, while Holton rambled and muttered about 'Differentials—bad break up against it,' etc.

"Evidently something had happened. This Holton finally made me realize by his trenchant, decisive language. Several times before had we had our difficulties, but they always vanished after vary-

ing intervals of supine application on the part of my friend. But this time a brief examination sufficed, and with a woe-begone face, and swallowing great mouthfuls of clear mountain air, Holton said we should have to walk.

" 'Walk?' questioned I. 'Walk?'

" 'Unless something comes along that will give us a lift,' he answered.

"Then it was my turn to gasp. Walk! We had started early that morning from Tom Dunlap's lodge on Sunset Crest, bound for the Blue Mountain House, sixty miles away, where I had promised Helen Wright and her aunt I would meet them by dinner time that day. It was now two o'clock; we had made the trip very leisurely, because of the grades, and even stopped to whip a couple of likely looking trout streams, so we were yet twenty miles from the hotel, as closely as we could judge, from the distance we had come. Well, I imagine I looked rather woe-begone myself when I realized all this; because Holton suddenly burst out into guffaws of fool laughter, so that he had to sit down on a rock by the roadside and get his breath.

" 'Rather hysterical, aren't you?' I snapped, and with that he was at it again.

"Now, ordinarily, I can take a joke, but I couldn't see anything funny just then, so I am rather glad of the fate that he has met, which I have just learned from reading what is in this envelope, and which I shall show you fellows when I finish my story.

"You see, he was decidedly blasé about girls and thought I made a fool of myself over Helen, but he doesn't understand how deeply a fellow feels when he

is engaged—at least he didn't then. I knew how precise Helen was about keeping dates, and I knew how the dear girl would worry if I did not arrive when I had said I should. Why, she might even have thought that there were bears in the mountains, or that there had been a cloudburst, or anything,—even if she never happened to think that I might have made the trip in an auto (creations, by the way, against which her aunt was always warning her).

"However, when he got through laughing, and I realized that we should have to push ahead on foot, we sorted out the impedimenta that we would actually need, and then with great labor pushed the automobile out of the road into the thick underbrush beside it, and covered it with a big tarpaulin that we had been using occasionally as a tent during our past three weeks of touring. Now it was serious business upon which we were embarking, and as I look back upon it I congratulate myself that I showed the stuff of which heroes are made. I believe I made some such remark to Holton and likened myself to a martyr, whereupon he started his assinine laughter again and agreed that I *was* like most martyrs, because like them I had a flame at the end of my journey. We had ridden at least ten miles since seeing a habitation, and heaven alone knew how far we should have to walk before we should meet even man or beast—let alone a human dwelling place. but after carefully concealing all our possessions that we did not need, and blazing the trail of the decrepit car, we started on up the hill. Holton traveled light, in fact, I think he only stuffed his tooth-brush and pipe into his pockets, along with a flask, and two boxes of pressed turkey, but I just had to lug a bag along—I couldn't think of being there at the Blue Mountain House without my

evening clothes, and besides, Helen's aunt was always warning her against men who did not follow the strictest conventions, saying, 'The dear only knew' what they would do *after marriage* if they did not preserve the most perfect respect for their fiances before. So I carried a suit case!

"Well, to shorten a long story, we walked four hours before we met a person or saw a dwelling, and although we had rested often, and I had many times thoughtfully lightened Holton's flask, I was just about ready to open the lunch basket, namely, a can of pressed turkey, and camp for the night, when, afar off in the middle distance, we descried a man. Columbus discovering America, Balboa the Pacific, or even a Maine farmer a speak-easy, could never have experienced the exquisite joy that filled me at the sight of that homo sapiens. Even Holton remarked at it and said he would not have been so surprised had it been a girl.

"When we approached and got a good view of him, neither one of us was so happy as before. He was rather shabbily dressed, though his clothes bore the aspect of having once been of good quality. He wore an old brown slouch hat, but it was his face that filled me with apprehension. It was too shrewd for the man's garb. There were no bad lines in it, in fact it was a strong face, but even its strength looked out of place there. 'Something wrong,' I said to myself as I drew my belt tighter.

" 'My good man, can you direct us to some place where we can spend the night, and get something to eat?' questioned Holton as soon as the stranger had reached us; and then, in answer to a searching look from the man, he weakly burst out into a recital of our mishap. The man heard it through, and then gave one of those dry 'leatherstocking' laughs,

as though he, too, like Helen's aunt, had a grudge against automobiles and gloried in their downfall. But more important and far better was the invitation he gave to come and spend the night with him, with the added comfort that there would be a weekly provision wagon along the next day, upon which we could probably ride to our destination.

"We started. Holton and the stranger walked ahead, retracing our steps until they reached a wagon track that led up the mountain. I followed, thinking that even the poor hospitality this mountaineer could offer would be acceptable, and admitting to myself that my suspicions had been unfounded and were due largely to the old brown slouch hat. After walking for about twenty minutes we reached his house and I was agreeably surprised, as the situation was ideal for view, and the white cottage attractive in its setting of trees and shrubberies. There was a bracing odor of balsam and ozone up there, and as we got nearer I detected the still more bracing odor of a broiling beefsteak. The house was rather well fitted up and a good library of books graced the big living room, which surprised us, and, as I afterward remarked to Holton, hinted of University Extension and home-reading courses. But surprises seemed to be increasing, for later, when the mountaineer introduced us to his wife, we saw a very sweet middle-aged lady who would have graced a city drawing-room better than this lonely mountain dwelling. We both thought her very attractive, and I was thinking with pity what her life must be here, nothing more than a scant living, snowbound in winter, and a slow, tedious existence,—when the mountaineer, whose name was Mr. Wildes, by the way, appeared and led us to the dining-room. I tell you, I hardly took time to notice the tastefulness of

this room, there were more useful and satisfying things to be seen.

"Well, we had not much more than got started before I heard light footsteps outside a door that appeared to lead to a pantry or the kitchen. 'They must have a servant, after all,' I ruminated, and just then there appeared in the room one of the fairest girls I have ever seen,—she made me think at once of Helen. Holton and I both rose, hardly noticing that the girl was carrying a platter of waffles, and it would have been a pretty how-to-do had she really been the maid; but she was not; we were presented to Miss Wildes, the daughter of the house, who, it appears, had been the artist who concocted the royal banquet of which we were partaking. Evidently, she had known we were there, for she was not so embarrassed as Holton or I, and kept a very demure demeanor for a poor lonely country girl. We finished the dinner, finally,—supper they called it,—and went outside to the porch which looked out over the irregular green valley. After awhile Holton and I broke away from Mr. and Mrs. Wildes and went off to take a smoke. Well, fellows, you would have died at Holton, he could only babble about Juno, violet eyes, June roses, etc., etc., until I was thoroughly disgusted. After all, this was the time I should have been with Helen, and as darkness fell around us, slowly dimming the green mountains, and as we heard the mournful chirp of crickets and tree-frogs, my hard luck was forced home to me. But as for Holton, he was a perfect idiot. I had never seen him so foolish. You see, this girl's beauty, which could not be denied, struck him forcibly,—at the psychological moment, as Jack Reade would say, it was like finding a jewel among pebbles, or an orchid on the prairie, to find her there,—I am poor at

similes, but you see what I mean, and Holton was hard hit, I can tell you. As luck would have it, when we got back there, Miss Wildes was through with the dishes and it was not long before I was entertaining the old couple, while Launcelot was out strolling with Elaine. Worse and worse, the moon came up, pretty soon giving us a magnificent scene, and that just about fixed poor Holton. While I landed nothing more than eight mosquito bites, he seemed to have got a shaft fairly between his fourth and fifth ribs.

"When we retired that night, I twitted him about his conquest, and Holton, the cold, the unsentimental, the supposed woman-hater, actually blushed.

"The next morning he was up when I awoke, and when I went down stairs to see if I could be of any service, I found Holton, the immaculate, the Harvard graduate, peeling potatoes. This was almost too much, and I had to laugh when I saw it, much to his apparent embarrassment. But when breakfast was over he gave me news that fairly extirpated all breath from my body, by announcing that he was afraid to leave his auto so long, so he had been invited by Mr. Wildes to stay there while I rode to the Blue Mountain House on the rural provision wagon and brought back the necessary parts for repairing the machine. Nerve! Why, I should have thought Holton would have had more sense; but he was immovable. I coaxed and pleaded him not to give up so weakly, to be a man; then failing in that, I pointed out the wrong he was doing all around, I recalled the innocence of this country girl, but it was all unavailing, stay he would. So I made the trip alone. I shall not pause over its details, for they were many. We made forty professional visits before that traveling market house brought me to the hotel,—and to Helen.

Well, I explained things and we finally made arrangements with a blacksmith, who also ran a sort of garage, to send down the parts necessary with a man to adjust them. I did not go, I felt like washing my hands of Holton entirely for his perverseness, and when Helen asked me to go to Mirror Lake for a few days with a party that was starting, I left with no compunctions.

"Holton fixed his auto all right and came to the hotel, where I found him upon our return. He was serene and happy, yet repentant for what he had done, so I forgave him and we finished our trip together. I could never get him to tell me any more about his visit, so I came to the conclusion that he had been disillusioned, and really felt ashamed for what he had done. That was where I was fooled! Just listen to this":

With that Hadley drew from his pocket an invitation and read as follows:

"Professor and Mrs. J. Mason Wildes
request the honor of your presence
at the wedding of their daughter,
Grace Elizabeth Wildes,
to
Walter Willits Holton,
Friday evening, June the twentieth."

We all knew Holton and immediately flooded Hadley with questions.

"Well, I'll tell you," he said, "appearances deceived us for once,—deceived me, at any rate, and the drinks are on yours truly. Holton's eye wasn't so bad, after all. It seems that Wildes is that big geologist up at Yale that just put out that wonderful theory about the San Francisco earthquake. He and his family seek the simple life during the summer and we just struck them in their simplicity. I was fooled, and so may Holton have been also, but he didn't care and won out in the end. He's been hard hit all year, and I think his business inter-

ests will pick up when this is over. What is funnier still, is that this Elizabeth Wildes had graduated in Helen's class at Smith the June before we met them, and if the family had not been so secretive about themselves we should have known it at once instead of supposing them

mountaineers. However, all's well that— Here, boy, call a hansom for me, will you?

"So long, fellows; I shall see you all on the twentieth. I'm to do the duties of best man, you know."

I. J. D., '07.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

CLASS OF '98 REUNION

The eighth annual reunion of the Class of '98 was held at Haverford on October 27th. After the Ursinus game several of the members took a long walk along familiar roads, returning to an excellent dinner, in the new assembly room, at seven o'clock. Those present were: Dr. W. W. Cadbury, J. G. Embree, J. H. Haines, A. S. Harding, W. C. Janney, J. S. Jenks, Jr., M. M. Lee, Dr. S. Rhoads, A. G. Scattergood, F. R. Strawbridge, J. W. Taylor, T. Wistar and R. D. Wood.

After dinner, President Scattergood took the chair and read letters from O.

P. Moffitt, P. Stadelman, I. J. Sterner, F. A. Swan, Dr. W. J. Taylor and P. N. Wilson, who regretted that they could not be present. After an informal discussion of class business matters and Haverford interests, and a Class Day chorus or two, the meeting adjourned to the comfort of a Lloyd Hall study, until the inevitable handshaking time arrived. The general feeling is that considering the gymnasium, Lloyd Hall, new dining hall, Roberts Hall and cricket pavilion, '98 ought to have another term of four years.

NOTES

'81. John C. Winston, Chairman of the Committee of Seventy, is doing active work for the Lincoln party in Philadelphia.

'85. Rufus M. Jones delivered a course of lectures at a summer school, held by English Friends, at Bakewell, England, during August.

'92. Stanley R. Yarnall is acting principal of the Germantown Friends' School during the absence on leave of the regular principal, Davis H. Forsythe.

'92. Augustine W. Blair was in Philadelphia for a few days during August, visiting his friends and relatives. He is the chemist of the Experimental Department of the Florida State University.

'95-A.M. A bronze tablet was placed in the Law School of the University of Pennsylvania on Alumni Day, June 11, 1906, by the Class of 1898, Law, dedicated to Roy Wilson White, who was murdered May 20, 1900. Mr. White graduated from Earlham in 1894, received his Master's degree at Haverford in 1895, and the degree of LL. B. at the

University Law School in 1898. He was a fellow in the Law School, 1898-1900, and was a student of the Civil Law University of Paris, 1899-1900.

'96. J. Henry Scattergood was married to Miss Anne Theodore Morris on the 13th of last June, at the bride's home, in Villa Nova.

'98. Fred. A. Swan was married on August 29th to Miss Helen Wood, of Boston. About a week before the wedding he met with a serious accident on a trolley car which was run into by an automobile, resulting in several broken bones. The wedding ceremony took place in the hospital in New York City. Dr. Wm. W. Cadbury, '98, and W. Battey were ushers.

Ex-'98. C. A. Varney is engaged in the mining business in the State of Washington.

'00. Frederic C. Sharpless is now practicing medicine with Dr. Branson, at Bryn Mawr.

'01. E. C. Rossmassler is receiving congratulations on the birth of a son.

'01. W. W. Woodward graduated from the University of Pennsylvania Medical School last June and is now at the Episcopal Hospital.

'01. J. K. De Armond was married to Miss Emily Janney, at the Friends' Meeting House, 15th and Race Streets, on October twenty-seventh.

'01. W. H. Kirkbride is in the employ of the Lewiston Clarkston Company at Clarkston, Ill.

'02. Norris A. Scott was married to

Miss Frances Lillian Taylor, at Lansdown, Pa., on October 17th, 1906.

Ex-'02. Guerney Newlin is engaged in the practice of law in Los Angeles, Cal.

'02. W. P. Phillips was elected one of the editors of the *Law Review* of Harvard University. Phillips has made a fine record in the Harvard Law School.

'03. S. N. Wilson is teaching at the West Chester State Normal School, West Chester, Pa.

'04. W. P. Bonbright is with the Yale & Towne Manufacturing Company, 242 Fifth Avenue, New York, where he is at home to all Haverfordians.

Ex-'05. The engagement of John L. Scull to Miss Mary Elizabeth Bettie, of Haverford, has been announced.

Ex-'06. C. J. Malone is in the Pennsylvania Law School.

'06. J. Monroe is in the Engineering Department of Cornell University.

'06. F. R. Taylor and J. Tunney have entered the Pennsylvania Law School.

'06. "Brigham" Young (W. A.) is teaching at the Oak Grove Seminary, Vassalboro, Me.

'06. R. W. Sands is teaching in the Friends' Academy at Locust Valley, Long Island.

Ex-'07. H. P. Fritz is living in Philadelphia. He is fully recovered from a severe illness.

Ex-'07. C. J. Claassen is cashier of the State bank, Jansen, Neb.

COLLEGE DEPARTMENT

FOOT BALL SCHEDULE

Nov. 10.—Johns Hopkins, at Haverford.

Nov. 17.—Trinity, at Hartford, Conn.

Nov. 24.—New York University, at Haverford.

SOCCER SCHEDULE (Not Complete)

Nov. 6.—Belmont C. C., at Elmwood.

Nov. 28.—Cornell, at Haverford ?

Nov. 30.—Boys' Club of New York, at Haverford.

Dec. 1.—Germantown C. C., at Haverford.

Dec. 8.—Philadelphia C. C., at Haverford.

Dec. 12.—Pennsylvania, at Franklin Field.

Dec. 14.—Columbia, at Haverford.

Dec. 15.—Merion, at Haverford.

Dec. 22.—P. & R. Y. M. C. A., at Haverford.

Jan. 5.—Philadelphia C. C., at St. Martin's.

Jan. 12.—Belmont, at Haverford.

Jan. 19.—Princeton, at Princeton.

Jan. 26.—Germantown C. C., at Germantown ?

Feb. 2.—P. & R. Y. M. C. A., at Tabor.

Rev. H. Roswell Bates addressed the Y. M. C. A. on Wednesday evening, October 10. Mr. Bates is the pastor of the Spring Street Presbyterian Church in the lower west side of New York, and in connection with his church maintains a settlement house. This "Neighborhood House," as it is called, has the reputation of doing as much lasting good among the tenement dwellers as any settlement in

the city, mainly, because it combines Christian teaching with practical charity, which the college and university settlements do not do.

Mr. Bates' talk was in part a practical talk on social conditions as they are found in New York City, and for the rest an appeal for enough Christian influence to regenerate the dwarfed lives of the class of society to which he has given up his life.

FOOT BALL

HAVERFORD, 4; MEDICO CHI, 0.

Played at Haverford, October 6, 1906.

The line-up:

Haverford.

Medico-Chi.

Edwardsl. e..... Bradlier
(Ayer)

Greenl. t..... Lowrie
(Frost)

Woodl. g..... Bucker
Killenc..... Sautee
(Thompson)

Birdsallr. g..... Haggert
(Wright)

Ramseyr. t..... O'Toole
(Jones)

Jonesr. e..... Meyer
(Leonard)

Hainesq. b..... Christ
(Magill)

Bardr. h. b..... Cooper
(Miller)

A. Brownl. h. b.....Blocker

C. Brownf. b..... Redan

Time of Halves—15 minutes. Referee—Curtis, University of Pennsylvania. Umpire—Hitchener, Rutgers. Head Linesman—Brown, Haverford. Goal from Field—Haines.

HAVERFORD, 5; LEHIGH, 0.

Played at South Bethlehem, October 13, 1906.

About seventy-five students accompanied the team to Bethlehem and were repaid by seeing it win from Lehigh 5 to 0. The game was an exciting one to watch. Lehigh fumbled often, and a red and black jersey generally covered the ball. On one of these fumbles Tatnall secured the ball on Lehigh's 20-yard line. The next few plays yielded substantial gains and Jones took the ball over for a touchdown. C. Brown would have scored another touchdown in this half if Referee Smith had not penalized Haverford fifteen yards for a questionable decision of hurdling. A field goal after this penalty failed.

In the second half Haverford completely outplayed Lehigh and had the ball in their territory practically all the time. Haverford used the kicking game largely, C. Brown well outkicking Sheridan. But the 10-yard rule, with a little aid from Lehigh's defense, kept Haverford from scoring. An attempt at a field goal was unsuccessful.

The line-up:

Haverford.

Lehigh.

Ayer	l. e.	Troutman (Magill)
Tatnall	l. t.	Burlingame
Wood	l. g.	Sheridan
Spaeth	c.	Westerbeck
Birdsall	r. g.	Shaikley
Ramsey	r. t.	Street (Wallover)
Jones	r. e.	Bakewell (Haug)
Haines	q. b.	Hoppin (Wigton)
A. Brown	l. h. b.	Lawyer (Miller)
Bard	r. h. b.	Spiers (Hutton)
C. Brown	f. b.	Mercur

Referee—Smith, Bucknell. Umpire—Lamson, University of Pennsylvania. Linesman—

Trevorton, Lehigh. Touchdowns—Jones, Haverford.

HAVERFORD, 0; RUTGERS, 0.

Played at Haverford, October 20, 1906.

The heavy Rutgers team, aided by a very slippery field, kept Haverford from scoring. Rutgers had a good heavy line, which Haverford was not able to pierce consistently. The strength of the Haverford team lies in its fast end runs. The condition of the field and poor interference kept them from being effective. Several attempts at field goals failed.

When two teams are nearly equal this year's 10-yard rule makes it much more difficult for either to score.

The line-up:

Haverford.

Rutgers.

Leonard	l. e.	MacNeil
Tatnall	l. t.	Cox
Wood	l. g.	Leslie
Spaeth	c.	Good
Birdsall	r. g.	Black
Ramsey	r. t.	Thomas
Magill	r. e.	Nutt (Wallace)
Haines	q. b.	Thorpe
Bard	l. h. b.	Booze (A. Brown)
Jones	r. h. b.	Fisher (Nutt)
C. Brown	f. b.	Corbin

Referee—Gillender, University of Pennsylvania. Umpire—Wallace. Linesman—Brown, Haverford. Time of Halves—20 minutes.

HAVERFORD, 23; URSINUS, 16.

Played at Haverford, October 27, 1906.

Haverford won a very interesting game from the Ursinus team, which had held Dickinson to a 4 to 0 score the Saturday before. Haverford's team work, that had been lacking in former games, was more in evidence. The Haverford Varsity found Ursinus weaker than was expected and outplayed them at every point. Ursinus scored a touchdown in

the first half on a trick play. Haverford used mainly straight foot ball. Bard, however, scored a touchdown on a cleverly executed forward pass.

Ursinus' other two touchdowns were made against Haverford's second eleven. Jones and Haines were the only regulars who played through the whole game.

The last touchdown by Ursinus was after time was up, the timekeepers being tardy in communicating the fact to the referee. Captain Jones and C. Brown were excellent ground gainers for Haverford, and Ramsey and Spaeth played well on the defense.

The line-up:

<i>Haverford.</i>	<i>Ursinus.</i>
Bardl. e..... Alspach (Leonard)	
Tatnalll. t..... Quay (Frost)	
Woodl. g..... Ellis (Green)	
Spaethc..... Cook (Killen)	
Birdsallr. g..... Heller (Emlen)	
Ramseyr. t..... Hoover (Jones)	
Magillr. e..... Abel (Ayer)	
Hainesq. b..... Paist	
A. Brownl. h. b..... Roth (Hutton)	
Jonesr. h. b..... Hain (Miller)	
C. Brownf. b..... Kerschner (Clement)	

Referee—Gillender, U. of P. Umpire—Teas, U. of P. Touchdowns—Jones, 2; C. Brown, Bard, Roth, Hain. Goals from touchdowns—Haines, 3; Paist.

1909, 0; 1910, 0.

The Sophomores deserved to win the foot ball game with the Freshmen, but after rushing the ball consistently to the Freshmen's 2-yard line, the Sophs fumbled and a Freshman got the ball. The game was very interesting, being

filled with many good individual plays. Ramsey, Bard and Spaeth played well for the Sophs, as did Frost, Hutton and Langsdorf for the Freshmen.

The line-up:

Sophomores.

Freshmen.

Lewisl. e.....	Ayer
Greenl. t.....	Wilson
Marshl. g.....	Morris
Killenc.....	Schultz
Thompsonr. g.....	Sholan
Wattr. t.....	Frost
Sharplessr. e.....	Shoemaker
Myersq. b.....	Judkins
Ramseyl. h. b.....	Hutton
Bardr. h. b.....	Langsdorf
Spaethf. b.....	Martin

Time of Halves—15 minutes. Referee—Lowry. Umpire—Jones.

SOPHOMORE-FRESHMAN TRACK AND FIELD MEET

The annual Sophomore-Freshman Athletic Meet, held on Walton Field, October 15, was won by 1910, 44 points to 27.

One Hundred Yard Dash—First, Frost, '10; second, Roberts, '10; third, Palmer, '10. Time, 11 1-5 seconds.

Half Mile Run—First, Langsdorf, '10; second, Baker, '10; third, Thompson, '09. Time, 2 minutes 10 3-5 seconds.

Two Hundred and Twenty Yard Dash—First, Roberts, '10; second, Palmer, '10; third, Warnock, '09. Time, 26 seconds.

Shot Put—First, Ramsey, '09; second, Green, '09; third, Schultz, '10. Distance—32 feet 3 inches.

One Hundred and Twenty Yard High Hurdles—First, Bard, '09; second, Cary, '10. Time, 19 4-5 seconds.

High Jump—First, Judkins, '10; second, Spiers, '09; third, Bard, '09. Height, 4 ft. 11 inches.

Four Hundred and Forty Yard Dash—First, Langsdorf, '10; second, Warnock, '09; third, Mott, '09. Time, 54 1-5 seconds.

Broad Jump—First, Langsdorf, '10; second, Bard, '09; third, Spiers, '09. Distance, 18 feet 5½ inches.

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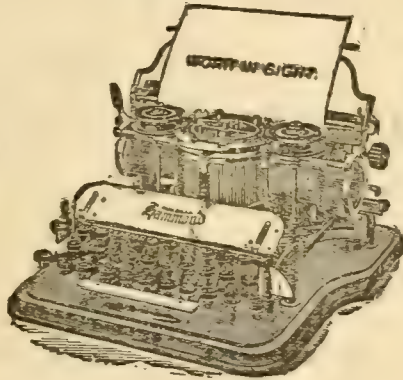
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December, 1906

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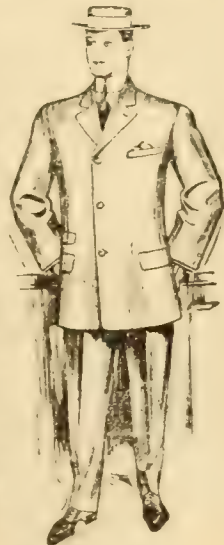
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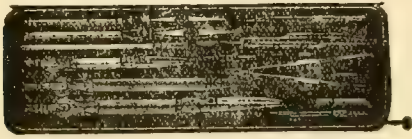
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THE HAVERFORDIAN

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HAVERFORD, PA., DECEMBER, 1906

No. 7

WITH very just pride may Haverford look back upon the foot ball season of 1906. Taking all circumstances into consideration, the college has just completed one of the most satisfactory seasons it has ever had, and yet so many elements have entered into its success that it is hard to analyze them.

The Foot Ball Season of 1906

Naturally we look to the coaching system first as responsible for a winning foot ball team. This year, Coach Thorn was unable to be present on the field more than once a week, but he has taught the men the theory of the game by occasional lectures in the evening, and has worked out the new plays. Hopkins has ably assisted Thorn and has developed into a very successful field coach. He, in turn, has been assisted by Lowry and Hayes.

Captain Jones has been a quiet, but masterful leader for the team, and has maintained a team spirit on the field that has gone far in securing our victories.

Then there is great credit due to Manager March for the smooth and well-planned progress of the season. He has displayed foresight and marked executive ability in arranging minor details of the trips, which have contributed much to the comfort and condition of the men on the team.

We began the season with prospects of a very light team, and the aim of the coaches was to develop fast, quick play. That they succeeded was apparent to those who saw the speedy, systematic work of the team in the last few games. We were fortunate, since our team had many light players on it, that the men were all very near the average in weight. As a result, there was a balance and uniformity to the team that enhanced speed which could not have been attained with a less uniform distribution of weight.

There is no doubt the new rules have given great advantages to lightness and speed in comparison with the past, and so they have distinctly benefited the

game here at Haverford. The rules have had a thorough trying out, and it is the popular decision that they have greatly improved the game. It is encouraging to know that not a serious accident has occurred to a Haverford player this season.

The team will lose four or five men, but the prospect for next year seems better than it was for this year at the beginning of the season. The squad had many promising men on it, who ought to develop into good players next year, and it seems a reasonable statement that the season of 1907 need not fall below that of 1906.

IT is just as necessary occasionally to revivify and re-establish good resolutions in our lives and conduct as it is to make such resolutions. We are so constructed individually that our resolves must become habits before we can be certain we shall always fulfill them.

When a man realizes a course of action is the proper course to follow; and throws himself into it with much enthusiasm, but gradually loses his grasp upon it through lack of interest or "stick-to-it-iveness," we generally credit him with lack of stamina and staying powers.

A group of men thinks and acts very much like an individual, and in our college body, good resolutions must become habitual customs—without exceptions—before this permanence can be assured.

While no decided breach of the rules has occurred that has not been reported, there has of late been a decided falling off from the spirit of student-government in the dining hall. If this institution is to stand, and the college body has decided that it is to stand, public senti-

ment must take a decided position against the prevalent spirit of carelessness, and must raise the present standard of conduct, which is below that agreed upon when the college body adopted the system.

It would be well for classes and tables to talk this question over and let us renew the spirit of a sensible discipline in the dining hall, instead of weakly allowing such a beneficial institution to lapse into a fatal stage of degeneracy and decline.

THE soccer foot ball season definitely began with the victory over Cornell, which occurred on Walton field the Wednesday after the Rugby foot ball season closed. We were particularly fortunate in winning that, our first inter-collegiate game, as soccer had been held in abeyance during foot ball season and the regular training had hardly commenced.

**The Soccer
Season
Now Open**

Since the game with Cornell, Haverford has defeated Harvard, at Cambridge, and University, on Franklin Field. Columbia, the only remaining member of the League, forfeited her game to Haverford and thus gave us the intercollegiate championship.

While with the close of the Inter-collegiate League games the real season ends, association foot ball will continue all winter by games with neighboring teams.

Soccer no doubt furnishes one of the most rugged and enjoyable forms of exercise possible for the late fall and winter months; that it is appreciated is attested to by the fact that Captain Rossmaessler usually has four full teams on the field for practice—two on Walton field and two on Merion.

ONLY within recent years has gymnastic exercise been a required part of the first two years training in the first-class colleges. Still more recent is the plan, now adopted by the best colleges and universities throughout this country, of making gymnastic work not only required during the Freshmen and Sophomore years, but of grading men in it as in any scholastic course. This procedure, which was advocated by the Society of College Gymnasium Directors, was so unprecedented that at first it was received as too radical a step. Now public opinion has swung around, and it is generally conceded that colleges have the obligation primarily to

Gymnastics
a part
of the
Curriculum

the man himself but ultimately to society at large—of developing him in physical health and strength as well as of training him mentally. In order that this theory may be better and more widely understood, Dr. Babbitt has consented to write the article appearing in this issue under the caption, "The College Gymnasium."

The Editorial Board takes pleasure in announcing that Howard Burt, '08, T. M. Longstreth, '08, and Winthrop Sargent, Jr., '08, have been elected members of the Haverfordian Board. The next elections will be held about the first of February, 1907, when new members will be elected to replace the retiring Senior editors.

THE CONQUEROR

If thou wouldst be profoundly wise
Seek not the truths that volumes hold,
But read within a maiden's eyes
The love of ages manifold.

At all the sages long I scoffed,
Nor deemed it truth they strove to show,
Till spake my love, serenely soft,
I know it is, because—I know.

"All men are fools," the sages cried,
"Deny you may, but cannot prove,"
And so, although I know they lied,
I took it baffled to my love.

"Who loves," quoth she, "is not a fool,
Who does not love is not a man,
And hence by well established rule
There are no fools,"—dispute who can.

So they who came my love to meet,
With weighty words and logic grave,
Sank with a smile before her feet
To hear the teaching that she gave.

J. F. W., '10.

THE COLLEGE GYMNASIUM

The College curriculum offers no course more variously estimated in the student mind than that of prescribed gymnasium work. Now a center of enthusiasm, now an object of slander, always occupying an intermediary "after hours" position in the student course, holding a position of importance only relative in both faculty and student mind, its status should be reassured, and for that purpose it is here reviewed.

Primarily, gymnastic or calisthenic work was adopted as a relief from mental strain, a safety valve for pent up physical energy—it must be admitted in large degree a disciplinary measure. However, with the rapidly increasing American respect and popularity of physical development, and an awakened recognition of the importance of physical work and the influence upon mental progress—scientific principles were gradually introduced, and gymnastic systems developed, based upon physiological and psychological laws; in other words, gymnastic work became a science, and as such, deserves its proper place and demonstration.

Its national significance, as a factor in Army preparation and qualification, (this in large degree here, but of vast import in certain foreign countries) is but another evidence of growing esteem.

In most American colleges at the present time, gymnastic work has been given a regular place upon the curriculum with proper credit in grading; its period of work has been blended with the regular college recitation period, and

its director given full and active participation in college government as a member of the faculty. This but evidences an increasing tendency from a pedagogical standpoint, to place physical on a par with mental training.

As it is always more practical to consider by concrete topic than abstract principle, the following are suggested:

(a) The purpose and function of gymnasium work.

(b) The scope and place of physical training.

(c) Gymnasium grading and examination.

(d) The vital importance of physical work in the college life.

(a) Each year nearly fifty new students are launched upon Haverford life, from varying school conditions and equally diverse degrees of preliminary physical training. Inasmuch as the gymnastic team has been a necessary and perhaps evil outgrowth of the gymnastic course (a mute evidence again of the varying degrees of muscular control and impossibility of planning similar work for large groups), it seems wise, at the beginning of each year, to hold preliminary tests as a basis of selection for advanced classes.

Repeatedly has this proven the occasion of a most interested audience, one amused and entertained by the feeble or futile efforts of beginners in gymnastic work, to perform some of the most simple feats of bodily co-ordination, set as gymnastic tests.

Many an entering Freshman is unable to raise his toes to the bar from underhanging position; to chest dip between the parallel bars, to turn a simple somersault or even support the body weight from one hand. Beginning sophomores evidence an almost amazing change in relative ability, and at the end of two years' prescribed work, such an exhibition would be almost an impossibility.

To be sure, the audience above alluded to, now and then, contains some recalcitrant Junior triumphing over his escape from physical thralldom, but his presence is inconsequential.

These tests more than answer the question of the topic. Bodily co-ordination and the ability to handle one's self readily and easily, body elasticity and grace, an erect figure, broad shoulders, and chest; power to fall with natural body position, or stand unusual strain minus injury to bone and tendon; uniform conditions of digestion, skin circulation, lung capacity, and general vitality; all these evidence the purpose and importance of this work. The retrograde changes we observe in many individual cases at senior graduation, and after two years of idleness, but strengthen this argument.

(b) No uniform course of two years grading could meet the physical demands of all students. For one group body building and "setting up" exercises are absolutely needed, for another, corrective gymnastics, for a third group, team work, involving mass muscular movements and sufficient exercise for previously trained gymnastic mind and extremities. In the Swedish National Educational system as adopted for American colleges, we find an adequate course to meet the demands of the first group, and for the second, lighter work of the American system and individual and private direction are arranged.

After careful physical examination, proper assignment may be made, and no student, without grave organic defect, need fail to find some course of gymnastic prescription, both safe and valuable. We do not desire acrobats, we do not desire Sandows, we do not want overdevelopment of fibrous tissue with stiff arterial coats and thickened cardiac walls beyond a student's years—a hastened old age—we want rather firmly knit, resilient bodies, capable of resistance alike to exposure and strain, a clear eye and athletic skin, a gymnastic mental training for quick response and muscular reaction; and at Haverford such opportunities are provided and deserve due respect and credit.

(c) In the same pioneer spirit with which physical educators have evolved a scientific system, combining both mental and physical development, have they endeavored to establish adequate standards upon which to examine and grade proficiency in gymnastic work—a task by no means light. If this department be given its appropriate place in class grading, its mark must be commensurate with those in any other department, be it language or science.

A group of most earnest teachers in this branch, department heads in their respective colleges, known as the Society of College Gymnasium Directors has recently made this a subject of special study, namely, the acquiring of an adequate basis upon which to determine gymnastic grading. In other branches, such marking depends upon actual acquirement of knowledge, improvement and progress as noted in daily recitation work, possibly in minor degree to class deportment, and finally upon a student's practical ability to handle the subject in hand. It therefore has seemed rational to make the gymnastic grading an examination depend upon a four fold test. First

upon natural elements of gymnastic ability possessed by the candidate at the examination time—these being evidenced by the general factors, which make and reveal physical health and strength and are proven by the physical examination and routine strength tests; secondly, upon a concrete knowledge of gymnastic science and principles involved in the system—this being by written or oral test on the floor; thirdly, by a series of tests representative of gymnasium improvement, tests involving co-ordination of arms, limbs, and both combined, and finally by some form of vitality test, an exercise involving mass effort and continued to exhaustion point. This endurance test is, of course, a difficult one to obtain with any precision. The entire system is necessarily cumbersome, consequently, at Haverford its elaborate series will be, and is already, modified, and abbreviated system is gradually substituted, which will eventually add respect to the department.

In many colleges physical work is still embryonic and has not reached faculty co-operation and esteem, and we consider this to be largely due to inadequate means by which to gauge proficiency.

(d) As a concluding tribute to the collegiate importance of gymnastic work, consider for a moment its probable and possible influence upon college life and tone. For two years of his college life, a student attends regular periods of work prescribed for developing those elements in his being which constitute his ideal of a college man.

The "college athlete" is a term signifi-

cant in itself, and represents a type distinct from any other athletic individual. The physically erect, broad-shouldered, deep-chested, sound and strong college man is the man of influence in college, and where athletic jurisdiction and influence from faculty quarters is sufficiently strong, his mental and intellectual influence may be equally potent.

The systematic gymnasium work for one-half the college year constantly pushes this influence to the front, and, as in the trite statement "a man learns to skate in summer and swim in winter," constantly directs brain cell and nerve activity toward calisthenic bodily improvement.

Again the necessary discipline of class drill, the military response to command and quickening of nerve and muscle reaction, are a mental as well as physical stimulant. Finally, it must not be forgotten that, in the period of relaxation from foot ball, athletics and cricket, when inclement weather menaces outdoor exercise, the gymnasium affords an outlet for pent-up physical and mental energy, and directly elevates moral tendencies in student life.

At Haverford the gymnasium does, and must represent an integral part of the college life. As its work receives due curriculum credit, its standard of proficiency, largely based upon improvement, must be consistent with other courses of work, and finally, must prove to loyal alumni, who so generously contributed the handsomely equipped building, that its work is absolutely essential to Haverford. *Dr. James A. Babbitt.*

GRANDFATHER HIGGINS'S ESCAPE

Grandfather Higgins was dead; there was no doubt about that. Yes, he was dead, and the anxiety about his health, and the conjectures about his wealth were over. Grandsons and granddaughters found from the will that the suspected miser had nothing to leave, except a paltry thousand dollars. His house, of course, had gone to his brother; everybody had expected that. But what had become of his money? He did once have money; surely the reports of his gold were not without some foundation! And what could an old man like him have done with it? Possibly his brother Ezekiel knew more than he was willing to tell. After all, Ezekiel was a queer stick, too, and would soon be another "Grandfather Higgins."

"Grandfather's money would have been such a help," complained cousin John. "I can't imagine what he did with it. I know that he had at least—" then another conjecture!

And the new Grandfather Higgins—what did he do? Well, when the funeral was over, and they had all gone home, he sat there in his inherited house, and chuckled. "Ye fooled 'em, Davie, lad. Ye fooled 'em. He, he! Waiting' for ye to dee, were they? Wishin' for your money, hey? Well' 'everything comes to them as waits,' Davie. He, he!" And he winked slyly at the old painting of his brother over the fireplace.

"But, Davie, lad, ye might 'a' left your brother some' at along with this old house." He broke off, muttering. "I wonder what 'e's done with 's money? Could he 'a'—"

Struck by a sudden thought, the old man rose and hobbled across the room to the closet. After much fumbling with some old keys, he got the door open,

and dragged out a large chest. He pulled it over to the fireplace, and sat down and rested a bit. "Davie said I was to have the chest," he muttered, and went to work with the keys again.

At last the lid was opened. A row of curious-shaped bottles with long, twisted necks met his eyes. Each contained a liquid of some vivid hue; brilliant green, sparkling red, flashing yellow, bright pink. Fastened to the lid by a red wafer was an envelope, addressed to "Ezekiel Jonathan Higgins, Esq.," and Ezekiel tore it open, swearing softly.

"To My Brother Ezekiel:

"By this time you and all the rest will know that you need not have wished for my death, because I have nothing to leave you. You alone, Ezekiel, will have a legacy that is worth anything. You did not know, Zekie, did you, that Davie was a scientific experimenter? Well, he was, and the money he used to have has gone for knowledge. The results of it all is in this chest. I leave it to you with my blessing."

This quaint letter, with its mingling of the first and third persons, caused gran'ther Ezekiel to drive a kick at the poor, unoffending, helpless box, and then something of the humor of it must have caught him, for he broke into a crackling laugh. His long, skinny hand picked up the bottle with the yellow liquid. "For reducing flesh—one spoonful after meals," he read, and replaced the bottle with an oath. The pink stuff, so the label announced, was to be taken by all who wanted to "grow fat." There were labels "for chills," "for baldness," "for indigestion;" and then some odd ones, "for hunger," "for dreams," "for religion," and one label, more nonsensical than all the others, "for transpar-

ency." The label to this bottle bore the additional message: "This preparation renders one transparent for—" and then unfortunately, a great blot covered up the rest.

"What a chance!" grinned Ezekiel. If the stuff really worked, he could go where he pleased without spending a cent. He could ride on cars, he could go "dead-head" wherever fares were charged; he could—heavens! He could enter any house and walk off with whatever he pleased. For transparency was only another word for invisibility.

"I must try it and see if it works. If it does, Davie's left me a pretty good inheritance, after ail. What a dunce he was to die poor with a bottle of this!"

He stood the bottles in a row on the lid of the chest. In a row there he placed them; the yellow bottle "for reducing flesh," the red one "for dreams," the green one "for transparency," the blue one "to cure gout," and all the others. "For dreams" caught Gran'ther Higgins's eye. "I wonder if that means to get dreams or to get shut of them? But I must try this transparency."

He walked away, picked up a tin cup, and, by the faint light of the fire, pored a draught.

"Yeh, what a dose. Am I getting transparent?"

He sank back into his chair and waited. The logs kept blazing, and the dancing flames quivered and flashed in the rows of bottles.

A knocking at the door startled Grandfather Higgins. "What a time for visectors," he grumbled, and hobbled out. He opened the door, and met the bewildered gaze of his eldest grandson. "Come in, Harry," he said.

"Now how i' the dev'l did that door get open?" muttered Harry. "Must 'a' been the wind." He stepped in. "Ho, granddad!" he called.

"I'm not ez deaf ez Davie uster be, Harry. I hear ye, boy. What is it?"

"Guess he's asleep or out. Ho, granddad!! what did you leave the door open for?"

"I tell ye not t' yell so; you hurt my head. Are ye blind, ye fool? I tell ye, here I am."

"He must 'a' stepped out a bit," Harry grumbled. "Well, I'll go in and wait."

"The drunken mole," grunted grand'ther Higgins; following his guest. But gran'ther was much slower, and before he reached the fireplace again, his grandson was already examining the precious bottles. Gran'ther grew nervous.

"Here, put that down," he said; and receiving no answer, "Put it down, I say," he repeated, and snatching the bottle away placed it on the mantel.

Harry looked startled. "What all-fired contrivance—," he began; then, "I must be dreaming. Still, it's a rum place." He rose nervously from the chair, and walking towards the door, crashed right into Gran'ther Higgins! He stopped, catching his breath suddenly. "What on earth's the matter with me?"

"Ye're drunk—that's what's the matter with you, ye clumsy ijit," began gran'ther, and then stood still with his mouth open. Harry's collision with him had pushed gran'ther before a great oaken sideboard, and left him staring into its mirror. He saw the started expression of his grandson, he saw the whole dimly lighted room—but he could not see himself! For a moment he could do nothing but gasp and gasp. Then he remembered and laughed softly. This was fine. But the image of Harry in the glass caught his attention. At those bottles again! He turned around with a savage snarl on his lips, and rushed over—but paused and watched. Harry was reading a label. Gran'ther listened:

"For transparency. This preparation renders one transparent forever."

"Forever!" screamed Gran'ther Higgins. "No, no, not forever. Let me see." He snatched the bottle. Harry jumped back, and stood for a moment with his eyes on the bottle, fascinated. Then he turned and bolted from the room.

"Wait, wait, Oh, Harry, wait!" screamed Gran'ther Higgins. The front door banged. "Don't leave me now," gran'ther wailed piteously. "Don't leave me now! Not 'forever,' boy, tell me, not 'forever.'"

He peered tremulously at the label. "This preparation renders one transparent for—" and then that blot. But Harry's eyes were better than his; was it "forever?" What would he do? He was dead—worse than dead. A mere ghost. He tried to think calmly. No one could see him, nor (remembering Harry's actions) hear him. They would divide his bag of gold; they would sell his home and his possessions—his pipe, his favorite chair, everything! What good would the power to steal do him now? He could keep nothing after he got it. They would think he was dead. Where could he live? Nobody would make room for him. He would starve, too. He shrieked aloud; his knees gave away, and he fell against the chest. The rotten wood smashed in, and the glass bottles shattered.

"I have broken myself," screamed gran'ther. "I am made of glass, and I've broken myself," he wailed. He limped painfully to his chair, and sat down, groaning.

It was odd, sitting there in the easy chair, and looking right through his knees to the green-plush seat. But the oddity of it did not appeal to Grandfather Higgins; neither did the uncanni-

ness. All that he could think was—"forever, forever."

"It will last forever!" he wailed, and rocked his invisible body back and forth. "Forever!" he groaned, and clenched the hard arms of the chair till he fancied he could see the nail prints, yet he could not see his fingers. "Forever!" he sighed—almost a sigh of resignation; and, becoming more calm, he leaned back in his chair and tried to think what he could do. But the situation was too complex for his simple ideas. He could see no salvation. Suddenly the unnaturalness of his invisibility struck him, and the room seemed to be whirling around. Confused, and feeling unutterably alone, grandfather closed his eyes to keep off the dizziness. Still his head would keep swimming, and he sat there, groaning softly.

At length he felt calmer, and ventured to open his eyes again. Was it a delusion, or could he really see himself faintly—a sort of mist? He caught his breath and watched. Yes, yes—his knees—they were appearing! He could still see through them, as one sees through a fog—but they were certainly growing more solid. His hands, too. He hobbled breathlessly to the mirror—ah! he was restored. He was opaque again! Pure delight took hold of him as he saw his bent form. Not much to be proud of, surely, those curved shoulders and that wrinkled face, yet Grandfather Higgins rejoiced. He was never happier in his life.

That label, then, could not have said "forever," for he was as solid as before. He reached for the bottle on the mantel,—the only unbroken one. The green liquid blinked slyly at him. The blot on the label was as black as ever. Then he noticed that the bottle was tightly corked, and that the seal over the stopper was unbroken! He peered into

the tin cup, and a drop or two of *red* liquid met his excited gaze. Great Scott! He had taken the wrong stuff! He had taken a dose from the bottle "For Dreams." Yes, the red bottle, smashed on the floor, was uncorked.

Laughing confusedly, grandfather Higgins stared at the wicked green fluid. He remembered his plans, and started to uncork the bottle; then he saw himself

reflected in the brilliant green liquid. The face was wrinkled and yellow; the shoulders were bent—but, still, was his body not better than no body at all? Suppose the transparency were to last forever. Then all of the dream flashed across his memory, and he seized the queer-shaped bottle savagely, and dashed it to the floor with the others.

W. S. E., '07.

A HIGHLAND TRAGEDY

At last we were going to the Natural Bridge. The younger children had been clamoring for the trip all the previous week,—for Little Piney picnics were events, indeed—and those of us who were older were nothing loath either. 'To be sure, despite the autumnal splendor of this glorious mountain day, we were not going to have as good a time as if we had gone last week, when there would have been with us a certain maiden, now absent, but dear to more than one member of the party—but then that is not in the story.

So we put our books aside for the day—legitimate holidays being always allowed—and bundled into the market wagon, three on a seat, with our lunch in, too, and trotted off eagerly, behind the brown mules. The trip, some three hours long, was uneventful and uninteresting, therefore, to record, but at the time jolly enough for us who were participating. I, for one, had never been over these roads, so that the children vied with each other in pointing out to me the features of the country and since the monotony of the deep, dusty sand roads was continually being relieved by patches

of thick woodland and views of clear mountain lakes, the trip would have been pleasant even if there had not been the children's endless tattle to enliven it. In due course then we reached the Natural Bridge, a geologic formation of sufficient splendor and uniqueness to justify even that name printed in capitals on the U. S. survey maps. There is a farm at the end of the lane through which you must pass to get to the caves, and here we left our mules, for a small consideration, and accepted the services of James, the son and heir-presumptive, as personal conductor.

But it is not of that chasm, or those caves, or the whirlpool where the endless falling water is beaten into tangible foam, that looks like meringue on a lemon pie—no, it is of none of these that I shall tell you to-day. Nor is it of the picnic itself, the excellent sandwiches, the toothsome sardines, the peach jam and the village ginger-ale, fit substitute for lukewarm spring water. No, nor is it of the up-and-down-stream rambles that, followed, when we skipped nimbly, some of us gracefully, from rock to rock over the boiling current, with scant mishap, for

we had come prepared and wore sneakers or spiked shoes. No, the one thing which left the greatest impression on us was that farm house and its barn, where we housed our mules, and its inhabitants, who looked curiously out at us from under their sunken, listless eyelids.

Go forward with me, then, gentle reader, to the fall. Perhaps the scene I am about to describe is taking place today, for did not the old grandmother, who had come from Virginia "before the war," say her granddaughter was to come back in the fall?

It is a chill afternoon in late October. The dry cornstalks rattle in the stiff wind and the poor worn-out dog shivers uneasily by the porch. The barnyard looks just as shiftless as ever, with its patched fence and rude gate hung on ropes. The barn itself is so full of holes that the wind whistles through it and makes its timbers rattle like dry bones, while the solitary red cow looks on listless, bleary-eyed, and the three white pigs, long since grown a dirty brown with a summer's accumulation of mud, huddle against each other, squealing joylessly. A buggy and a Dearborn in the middle stages of decay seem vieing with one another as to which shall look the most dilapidated, and a rusty harrow leans disconsolately against the fence, mute protester against the common farmer's extravagance. Scrawny, shivering chickens wander aimlessly to and fro. The farm house itself—one room downstairs and one up, and a lean-to kitchen—is another indicator of what passes among the Adirondack farmers, for thrift, though it seems much more like waste. For the slabs that serve for shingle and clapboard have never been painted save by wind and weather. A can of fresh paint is a luxury. It is cheaper to go to the mill and pick up the slabs, abandoned by the scornful jaws of the hungry saw, lying in the road, and

to be had for the asking. Rags and pieces of paper fill the spaces in the windows where glass once was, but which are left open in summer for better ventilation, something sadly needed even in the more substantial farm houses of the country. The vines which once strove hard to hide the bleak rain-worn grayness of the boards have long since withered, and those poor nasturtiums we saw in September are gone the way of many happier flowers. Inside, the room is warm, but still not cheerful, for the stale air of decades is there and the heat cannot only be felt, you can taste it and smell it as well. Ornaments are few, though there is, of course, the inevitable photograph—enlarged to life-size, through some college-boy agent working his way by summer toil—always to be found in a great gilt frame, commemorating some otherwise long-forgotten relative. Rag carpets or frayed oil-cloth cover the uneven floor and the stains of tobacco juice are everywhere. But the people among the poor are always more interesting than their houses, just as among the rich the mansions more often hold your attention than the gilded butterflies within. Therefore, look for a few moments at the family collected in their heat-burdened room. James, the boy with matted hair and the inevitable suspenders—for you can always tell the farm boy from the gentleman's son by the ever ubiquitous suspenders of the former—who showed us around the caves last September, is no where in sight. Indeed, I believe he has gone to the station to meet his returning sister. His mother, whom we remember seeing at the door as we drove by on that never-to-be-forgotten picnic, stolid, dull, masculine, the sort of woman who has dropped long ago all signs of age and who may be thirty or sixty, as the fancy strikes you—indeed, probably she herself is not quite sure—she, strange as it may

appear, sits quietly by the Franklin stove, for the work in a farm house never seems to get done; but this time the chores are all through; for is not the occasion of the home-coming a great one? Her youngest daughter, brown hair uncut, untrimmed and unbrushed, eyes listless, expressionless; face dull and ignorant, lies curled up at her feet. The old man, who was pointed out to us as being a hundred years old, rocks quietly in his chair and seemingly receives as little attention from the family as the chair itself. The only lively person is the old grandmother, who is bustling about and putting things to rights. The same old black bonnet which greeted our approach that bright September day, still conceals the wisps of gray hair, and the same grimy corn-cob pipe rests lovingly in the corner of her mouth. She is as garrulous as she was that day, when, in the kindness of her heart—I believe she has one still left—she charged us only thirty cents stable-rent for our mules! Perhaps she is even now reminiscing about the “ledy” from “’Ginia,” who paid her that little sum and who came from the same part of the State whence she herself had migrated

“befo’ the war,” or maybe she recalls the present writer, a tall, red-haired, hatless young man, with strange yellow “pants” and a flannel shirt and very old shoes. But if so, it is only for a moment, for is not that the sound of wheels outside? James, afore-mentioned, has gone to Riverside, a station on the D. H., fifteen miles from the farm, to meet his older sister, who went away to school eight years ago—“to a young ladies’ school in Troy,” as the old grandmother told us with pride—and she is coming home now. Even if that school has not been a young ladies’ school, still the girl has seen too much of the bright and the good side of life to be any longer content with the farm of her childhood or the “folks at home,” who have starved and pinched themselves to keep her at school with the fond hope of her returning to relieve their last years. That meeting—after eight years separation—of slattern mother and well-dressed daughter, of ignorance and education—it is too touching, too full of pathos, for the rude pen of the present author. Allow him, therefore, gentle reader, to draw the curtain.

R. S., '06.

THE QUEST

My Lady of the Changeful Moods doth say
That I, who of her winsomeness have sung,
Have sung in praise of others, and among
The maidens I have met along life's way,
She is but one of many. Tell me, pray,
Could I have known how fair she was, had I
Not looked upon the maids who passed me by,
And looking, found her fairer far than they?
Why can she not perceive that while I wove
A wreath of song which vagrant fancy brought
To many a chance-met maid, before I knew
Of her existence, it was her I sought,
Building dream-temples to her, far above
My shrines to others, long since lost to view.

M. O. F., '10.

HEROES AND MARTYRS

It was late in the afternoon. In front of one of the thatched hovels, which in times past lined the Military Road along the suburb of Santurce, there was a family group which would have drawn the attention of any passerby. Two naked tots, long-headed and big-bellied, with all the restlessness of their years, were making life miserable for a ragged, care-worn woman, apparently their mother. She, shielding her eyes with her hand, gazed intently down the dusty road, as if her salvation were coming from that direction. A picture of object poverty and the hunger that drives the most resolute soul into madness! The last rays of the setting sun fell on this group, and their rich background, as if to emphasize mockingly the truth that there may be "death in life."

"*Dios mio*," sighed the mother. "Will he come?"

And the tots tugged and pulled and begged bread until the patience of the woman was exhausted.

"*Mamense el deo, chiquillos!*" "Suck your thumbs, brats," she said harshly, but did not mean a word of it.

Ramona, such was her name, was growing nervous. She paced up and down in front of the "hovel, fingered the kerchief around her head, scratched, murmured and tried to shorten the distance which separated her from the object of her restlessness by sheer straining of the eyes. While running her fingers over the kerchief around her head, she found a cigar stump which she had put in one of the folds. She knocked off the ashes and stuck it in her mouth, to soothe her nerves. And she waited.

Just before sunset, a dirty, ragged little boy of ten crossed San Antonio's bridge and made his way along the road

towards Santurce-Arriba. In his right hand he carried a tin pail, and in his left a roll of black bread. A serious look was upon his youthful face. One might have thought that the youngster had a grave mission to perform in this world. As he walked along, he seemed conscious of his importance and responsibilities.

This youngster was Pimpo, Ramona's eldest boy. Pimpo was the man of the house, the hope of the home to which no father had ever brought bread. Every afternoon he walked five miles to the district jail to beg food for his mother and brothers who were too poor to buy any. The Spanish soldiers who kept guard over the prisoners liked him because he was such a manly little fellow. He brought cigarettes and did all their errands without a murmur. So every afternoon one of the soldiers would take Pimpo's tin-pail into the prison's courtyard to have it filled. There, placed in a corner, it was often filled to its brim by the leavings of the prisoners who ate in the yard. What mattered if it was only leavings off the plates of criminals, some of them with diseases? What mattered if the stuff he got every afternoon was only rice boiled with salt and bacon into a vile paste? Mother and brothers were at home hungry and did not care? Pimpo received his pail and thanked God that there was a prison where he could go for food.

"*Por Dios*, Pimpo, what kept you so late?" was the mother's exclamation of relief when, at last, the boy entered the hut with the pail.

"Mother, I had many errands to do for the soldiers. That kept me. I have brought enough food for you and the brothers."

They all gathered in the middle of the hut and sat on the damp ground. Ramona filled two shell-dishes and gave them to the younger children who devoured the stuff voraciously. She removed the tobacco from her mouth and ate a spoonful. Then she gave the rest to Pimpito, and replaced the tobacco.

"Mother, why don't you eat?" protested Pimpito. Here, if you don't eat, I don't —"

"*Hijo*, answered the mother." I had enough with a spoonful. It fills me to see you eat. If my children are satisfied, I am satisfied. Be a good boy, Pimpito; eat that and run down the store to get me some rum. My tobacco and my rum are enough."

That night she put the tots to bed early. I should not say "to bed," for they slept on the ground on a heap of rags with bugs of all descriptions—ugly, creeping creatures. Pimpito himself, brave little Pimpito, dropped asleep at the feet of his mother, as Ramona bent over the ironing table.

It was close to twelve o'clock. By the uncertain light of a tallow candle, Ramona kept on ironing. She was behind her work and must finish it. As long as the candle lasted she had to work. There was a look of dogged determination on her haggard face. Nature rebelled against the task of hard work and no food, but that mother was stronger than nature. She was giving the lie to the often made assertion that her race is indolent and incapable of self-sacrifice. Her peculiar nervous organization upheld her in her fight. Tobacco and rum kept her alive.

The candle burned itself to nothing. Groping in the darkness, Ramona closed the windows of her hut, and in the stifling atmosphere, dropped by the side of her children.

She was soon asleep from sheer exhaustion.

"Mama, do you hear a noise out in the kitchen?" Pimpito's scared voice sounded in the darkness.

"No, dear, I do not hear anything. Go to sleep."

Twice he protested, but twice his mother gave him the same answer.

"I'll bet," he said to himself, "that she left those shirts of Dona Urraca out there in the kitchen and they will be stolen."

"Mother, did you bring the shirts in last night?"

But he got no answer.

Something came to his throat and choked him. He felt impending disaster.

At noon the next day the hut presented a sad picture. The mother had left some expensive linen in the kitchen, and it had been stolen. Twenty shirts at five dollars a piece—Ramona had not stopped to figure it out. Last year a similar theft had ruined her. She had been washing her hands off to pay the debt. And now there came this second calamity. Wild, her hair in disorder, she bolted out of the hut and ran down the road to find—what? The police, the thief, the shirts,—what?

But let us go back to the hut. The two tots are crying their eyes dry and their throats sore. Poor Pimpito sits in a corner, his fists clenched in impatient rage.

"God, when I grow to be big and strong I'll—I'll shoot, I'll kill, I'll—"

And he drove his fists into his mouth from sheer rage.

That afternoon, Dona Urraca, the owner of the linen came to the hut. She was a rich, fearful Spanish lady, and Pimpito always trembled in her presence.

"Here, brat, where is your thieving mother! The shirts were stolen, eh? I know the little game of your thief of a mother. Not home, eh? She will produce the linen if it takes the rack and the thumb screws to do it, by all the Saints!"

She went away, and Pimpó sighed with relief.

When Ramona came home that night, she presented a heart-rending sight. The rags that had covered her were tatters now. By the odor of eggs and the filth on her head, Pimpó became painfully aware that his mother had been abused—probably by street boys in the city. He almost suffocated at the sight. If only he were big! He noticed a

strange light in her eyes, and then the whole truth dawned on him.

Ramona mumbled some unintelligible words and threw herself on the rags.

Suddenly she turned around.

"Pimpó, go to the store and get me rum." It was a sharp command. Pimpó left the hut with the bottle mechanically.

That was the last he saw of her. Two weeks later, at the orphan asylum, where he and his brother had been taken, he was informed by a priest that the body of his mother had been recovered in the waters under San Antonio's bridge; that he should forget her, because she had died a suicide, and her soul had gone to hell!

J. P., '07.

A TOAST

Success to the smart set that studies and
crams

Beforehand in diligence thrifty,
But a health to the knight of the make-up
exams,
Who howls with delight at a fifty.

They have given the college their labor—and
we,
Who were never intended for scholars,
Have as cheerfully given the second flunk fee
Of five of our much needed dollars.

We furnish the sinews—they furnish the
brain,
So let the professors all damn us;
Their motto is, "Labor with infinite pain,"
And ours, "dum vivimus vivamus."

J. F. W., '10.

THE PITY OF IT ALL

The earth was being decorated for Christmas. The first real snow of winter was whirling along the sidewalks and the wind was rattling the shutters of all the houses along Pembroke Street.

The snow was damp and covered all the lamp-post and housefronts with its moist whiteness. Even a black crape, hanging upon the door of one of the houses, was not proof against it, and its solemn color was fast disappearing under a coating of snow as though nature were trying to stifle its message and wished to hide all traces of grief at this glad Christmas time.

Only a few people were passing on the street, for it was nearly midnight. Did any of them notice that the wind seemed to be striking the shutters of this crape-draped house with unusual vigor? Surely not that young man and girl who were just passing; their minds were too full of the future to notice that. Nor did the elderly couple, who passed soon after, returning from seeing their grandchildren celebrate Christmas eve; they were too reminiscent of the past, and in the youth of years ago scarcely felt the cold, sharp wind, let alone noticed a house whose shutters seem exceptionally loose. A cab driver drove by on his hansom, and, although he did notice the crape, he felt no special interest or pity. And yet, why ramble on and describe all who passed? Are people usually so ready to lend interest to passing sorrow that these belated pleasure-seekers should be held up and scanned. No, nobody wondered that night why the wind seemed to pick out this spot as a playground for its boisterous sport. And what was more natural than that they should not, for the gales of

life had been beating with cruel vigor against this house for years and nobody had ever noticed that before.

Inside the house one would pass, with only a quick glance over one's shoulder, the door which opened into that dimly-lighted front room where drafts of air stirred the white draperies of a couch. One would hasten on and enter the other room, which, despite its tense, unhome-like appearance, had been the center of the dwarfed life of the house for years.

A woman sat before an open fireplace in this room, gazing into a mass of dying embers, across which rested a half-charred log. A bright fire would have been incongruous here—it would have savored too much of hope and joy—of passion, where now all was cold; but the red glow of the ashes lent its dim illumination only to enhance the tragedy of it all. Occasionally a feeble, blue flame would start and try to kindle the log, but it would soon die out defeated, like a life vainly striving to expand when bound down by shackles of circumstance, or a bit of falling ashes would make the light fitful as it fell upon her face and deceived one into thinking that her expression changed now and then; but she was not living in her body then—her soul was in the past.

A brooch lay in her lap and it gleamed against the black folds of her gown. Her hands had been nervously fingering it, but now they had dropped down at her sides as she gazed—gazed—gazed—into the fire.

She thought of the years of thankless service she had given to her father, who was now lying in the other room—wondering how she had ever endured her life as it had been. Oh, if only she had

been appreciated! If he had only realized that her devotion to him had been a sacrifice, and had not taken it as a matter of course that a daughter's life and soul belonged to the father. Things might have been different had her mother lived, but when she died the responsibility of the invalid father had been shifted upon the daughter's shoulders, and, despite the hopes she had had then for the fuller fruition of her own life, she had assumed the burden and gradually adding the weight of each year, was now bent and faded beneath it all. Only that one time had she wanted to change. If only her father could have realized one hundredth of her suffering then, when she finally yielded her whole life to the care of him, instead of devoting it to the love and desires of her own heart. Oh, she was bitter, bitter!

She picked up the brooch unconsciously and held it with quivering fingers. Again she saw him who had been the love of her life as he had sat there beside her at this fireplace those long years ago. She remembered how he had asked her to keep the trinket he had given her, despite the fact that she had just told him her decision. And then she remembered and lived over again the agony of his going. Oh, had it been the right course? How the fire had mocked her that night! She had seen consumed there in the flames all the hopes of her womanly heart; and then she had plunged into the engulfing years with their endless strifes between love

and duty. And now they were over. Her duty had been fulfilled—only her love remained; but now that was different. With the passage of the years, it had changed and ripened. No longer was it a thing of warmth and color; now it was a cold, ethereal, abstract devotion that was to the love of the years gone by as the moon is to the sun.

And he? Other interests had engulfed him, for men are more fortunate than women, and if the truth be known this lonely woman was to him now but one memory of a crowded life.

Yes, she had made a mistake. Her decision had been false to nature and to herself. How different would life have been if—. The log that had been all but burning for sometime, suddenly crackled into flame. The light filled the room and brought out the pictures, the furniture, the well-worn books that she had been used to for the past years. As she gazed about the room she instinctively looked toward her father's chair. Empty! Then she caught her breath. She bitter? She had made a false decision? Never! Quietly she moved out of the room, and, passing through the chilly hall, where the rattling of the shutters beat an accompaniment to her steps, she went to where he was lying. Only a moment did she stand there gazing on the peaceful face—softened now by lines which it had not known for years—then she bent over and kissed one of the folded hands.

I. J. D., '07.

WHY THE LIPS ARE RED

(From "The Vintage.")

Love, at the living wine-press of the lips,
 Stands master-vintner, while the purpling grapes
 Of mutual desire, without delay,
 The tender pressure of His feet obey.
 And lo, love's wine's divinely soft caress
 Has left a crimson stain upon the press!

J. T. T., ex-'08.

FACULTY DEPARTMENT

EDITED BY DEAN BARRETT.

Several members of the faculty expect to attend sessions of learned societies during the Christmas vacation. Professors Gummere and Comfort will go to New Haven for the annual meeting of the Modern Language Association. Professors Mustard and Baker will attend the meeting of the American Philological Association, to be held in Washington, D. C. Prof. Mustard has been requested to present a paper on some classical subject at this meeting and will also attend the meeting of the Archæological Institute of America, in Washington. Prof. Pratt is Secretary and Treasurer of the American Society of Zoologists and will go to Columbia University for its sessions. Prof. Barrett will go to Providence for the annual meeting of the American Economic Association.

On November 23rd, Prof. Hancock delivered the Alumni address before the Central High School, and is, during the present winter, giving a course of five lectures on Shakespeare before the Wilmington Century Club. Prof. Comfort had an article in the publications of the Modern Language Association for June, 1906, entitled "The Character-types in the old French *chansons de geste*." The publications of the American Economic Association, containing the papers and discussions of the last annual meeting has a paper on "Railway Rates," by Prof. Barrett.

On November 30th, Prof. Babbitt presided at a meeting of the Central Board of Officials of the American Inter-collegiate Foot Ball Rules Committee, held at the Bellevue-Stratford, under the au-

spices of the Middle-Atlantic Committee. Present difficulties in officiating, suggested changes in the new rules and methods for securing uniformity in interpretation were among the details discussed.

President Sharpless has made a number of speeches during the autumn, principally on political subjects. He addressed Tea-meetings at Haverford and at Germantown on the subject of "Adult School in England," and on December 11th he addressed the Civics Club of the college on "Political Conditions in Pennsylvania."

In the annual report of the President to the Board of Managers, several interesting points are discussed. Among them is the policy of the college relating to special students. Haverford endeavors to keep this class of students at the lowest point possible. Of the fifteen special students of last year, six found it advisable not to return, five became regular and the four remaining are good students with serious purposes. The need of a science hall to be built for about \$150,000, and the removal of the unsightly temporary wing of Founders' Hall, now used for the Chemical and Physical laboratories, are urged. Attention is drawn to the fact that an increasing proportion of Haverford students is taking technical engineering courses and it is suggested that, unless this tendency is counteracted, the character of the college as an institution primarily for training in and by means of the liberal arts, will be changed in a marked degree. Perhaps the most interesting point, in many respects, enunci-

ated in the President's policy, is that relating to a pension system for the faculty. The Board in charge of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching has issued its plan for pensioning professors in colleges and universities. The provisions of this plan are liberal, but they do not apply to Haverford. Denominational institutions requiring a majority of their trustees to hold membership in a particular denomination are exempt from the benefits of

this foundation. The prospect of a comfortable and secure old age, which is offered to professors in those institutions receiving the advantages of the Carnegie fund, will cause the best men to accept positions in such colleges and universities. As a result of this situation, Haverford must either provide a pension scheme equivalent in value to that of the Carnegie Foundation, or find itself gradually bereft of its most efficient and most promising men.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

The first of the Alumni reunions for the current year came off on the evening of November 23. About seventy-five old Haverfordians were present and voted the evening a grand success. As it was the evening before the final foot ball game with New York University, a huge mass-meeting of Alumni and undergraduates was held in Robert Hall. Eshelman, '05, presided, and speeches were given by Dr. Hancock, Drinker, '00,

Chambers, '02, Morris, '04, and Henry Cope, '69. Great enthusiasm was evident, and the new foot ball songs went off with a dash and vigor that boded well for the spirit in college. The meeting closed with a "long and fast" for the team, and all adjourned to the gymnasium where an informal smoker was held. The freshman cake walk came next on the program, in which there were eleven couples entered.

NOTES

'88. Dean William Draper Lewis spoke for the University of Pennsylvania at the recent Memorial services held in Christ Church, Philadelphia, in honor of James Wilson.

'01. W. H. Kirkbride is in the employ of the Lewiston Clarkston Company at Clarkston, Ill.

'02. A. G. H. Spiers was elected Treasurer of the Harvard Graduates Club.

'02. C. W. Stork has returned from a year's study abroad and is now an instructor in English at the University of Pennsylvania.

'02. R. M. Gummere was elected Secretary of the Harvard Graduates Club.

Ex-02. Guernsey Newlin is engaged in the practice of law in Los Angeles, Cal.

'03. J. B. Drinker is in the Girard Trust Company.

COLLEGE DEPARTMENT

COLLEGE CALENDAR

Glee and Mandolin Concert in Robert's Hall, Thursday evening, December 20th.

FOOT BALL

Scores of Foot Ball Team

	<i>H.</i>	<i>O.</i>
Oct. 6—Medicho-Chi.	4	0
Oct. 13—Lehigh	5	0
Oct. 20—Rutgers	0	0
Oct. 27—Ursinus	23	16
Nov. 3—Franklin & Marshall.....	4	0
Nov. 10—Johns Hopkins	23	0
Nov. 17—Trinity	0	0
Nov. 24—New York University....	68	0
Total	127	16

HAVERFORD, 23; JOHNS HOPKINS, 0.

Played at Haverford, November 10, 1906.

Haverford, though outweighed, defeated the slower Johns Hopkins team in a more interesting game than the score would indicate.

Captain Jones and C. Brown were especially good ground-gainers for Haverford. Haverford worked the forward pass many times successfully. Michael, Stewart and Abel played well for Hopkins.

The line-up:

<i>Haverford</i>	<i>Johns Hopkins.</i>
Sharpless l. e.	Stewart
Tatnall l. t.	Michael
Wood l. g.	Haas
Spaeth c.	Jarvis
Birdsall r. g.	Sawyer
Frost r. t.	Moss
Leonard r. e.	Ridgely
P. Brown q. b.	Chesney
Hutton l. h. b.	Costello
(Clement)	(Abel)
Jones r. h. b.	Hart
C. Brown f. b.	Webb

Touchdowns—Hutton, Jones, C. Brown.
Goals from Touchdowns—C. Brown, 2. Goal from Field—C. Brown. Safety—Cheyney.
Referee—Gillender, U. of P. Umpire—Myers.
Linesman—Mendelhall, U. of P. Time of

Halves—25 minutes each. Final Score—Haverford, 23; Johns Hopkins, 0.

HAVERFORD, 0; TRINITY, 0.

Played at Hartford, Connecticut, November 17, 1906.

On a gridiron covered with mud, Haverford and Trinity fought out their annual game on the Trinity field, neither side being able to score.

The game was cleanly played, devoid of slugging, and filled with punting and open play. Haverford's goal was threatened twice in the first half, but on each occasion the line held in splendid manner, and the ball was taken away from Trinity on downs. Haverford attempted one field goal, but on account of the mud, C. Brown was unable to get off his drop-kick with accuracy, and missed the goal by a narrow margin. The game showed that the teams were very evenly matched, as Trinity was rarely able to make her distance through the Haverford's line, while the muddy condition of the field precluded getting off the swift end runs which Haverford has used so effectually in other games.

The game commenced at 2.35 by Donnelly, the Trinity fullback, kicking off to Haverford, who defended the south goal. Frost caught the ball on Haverford's 30-yard line. Line rushes gained 5 yards; and Haverford kicked. Maxson, of Trinity, ran the punt back for 15 yards. Trinity failed to gain through the line and Pond kicked, Haverford losing the ball on a fumble on her 10-yard line. Line plunges by Trinity brought the ball to Haverford's 3-yard line, but the line held like a stone wall, and Trinity lost the ball on downs, C. Brown punting out of danger.

Trinity again tried line-bucking, but gave it up and Pond punted. Jones made ten yards on an end run. A forward pass by Haverford was caught by Trinity, who made 10 yards before the ball was called down. Trinity made 7 yards around the end, but again lost the ball on downs, and Haverford punted.

Trinity netted 4 yards by line plunges, and then a forward pass gave her the ball on Haverford's 10-yard line. A touch-down seemed imminent, but again the Haverford line was equal to the occasion, and Trinity lost the ball on downs. C. Brown immediately sent the ball far up the field, and the Trinity man was downed in his tracks by the Haverford ends. The half ended with the ball in Trinity's possession on her own 35-yard line.

In the second half neither side could make steady gains by line-bucking or end runs, and the game resolved itself into a kicking contest, in which C. Brown, of Haverford, slightly out-punted Pond, of Trinity. Each side made an occasional first down, but soon kicked. With but 2½ minutes to play, the ball was in the center of the gridiron, in Haverford's possession, and the team made its distance in three line plunges. Two end runs were blocked, and C. Brown punted. After failing to make ten yards, Trinity punted, and Jones, catching the ball, started on a beautiful run through a broken field when the whistle blew. The ball was in Haverford's possession on her 40-yard line.

The team work of both elevens was excellent, and so evenly were the lines matched that punting was the feature of play. Pond's work for Trinity was of a brilliant order, while for Haverford, the punting by C. Brown, and the line plunging and end runs of Capt. Jones were conspicuous.

The line-up:

<i>Haverford.</i>	<i>Trinity.</i>
Sharplessl. e.	Budd
(Ayer)	(Henshaw)
Frostl. t.	Off
Woodl. g.	Dougherty
Spaethc.	Carpenter
Birdsallr. t.	George Buck
Ramseyr. g.	Grove Buck
Leonardr. e.	Collins
P. Brownq. b.	Pond
Bardl. h. b.	Maxson
Jonesr. h. b.	Mason
C. Brownf. b.	Donnelly

Referee—Wrightington, Harvard. Umpire—Minds, Pennsylvania. Head Linesman and Timer—MacJohnson, Trinity. Linesmen—Cunningham, Trinity, and Hutton, Haverford. Time of Halves—30 minutes. Attendance—1,000.

HAVERFORD, 68; NEW YORK UNIV., 0.

Played at Haverford, November 24, 1906.

Haverford's unbeaten team put a fitting end to their successful season's work by swamping New York, 68 to 0.

The team was developed slowly but surely, and did not reveal their full strength until the final game. The New York team, individually, was good, but they lacked team work. Although beaten badly, New York played a good losing game and fought gamely to the finish.

Haverford played fast, new style foot ball. Wide end runs, forward passes and quarterback kicks were reeled off with rapidity. Behind magnificent interference, Captain Jones, C. Brown or Bard would tear around the ends with thirty or forty-yard runs. Rarely has the team shown such "helping" spirit. Often the runner would be carried by his team mates for yards with one or two New York men hanging to him. Haverford was fast, sure, and irresistible.

The game started shortly after 2.30, with C. Brown kicking off to Van Horne, who was downed on his 20-yard line. Here New York lost the ball on downs, showing poor judgment for not kicking.

On the first play, Haverford was penalized 15 yards for holding. C. Brown missed a try at a goal from the field, and New York kicked from behind the 25-yard line. Wood caught the ball and ran it back to the 35-yard line. Magill carried the ball 25 yards on a forward pass, and in two more plays Jones was pushed over for a touchdown.

This started the scoring, and from now on until the end of the game, it was all Haverford. If New York got the ball they would soon have to kick and Haverford would score another touchdown. New York did not have a chance to score, never having the ball past their own 50-yard line.

Seven Seniors played their last game for Haverford. Wood signalized his departure by blocking a kick, picking up the ball and sprinting for Haverford's last touchdown.

Captain Jones ended his four most valuable years of Haverford foot ball by a brilliant playing, both offensively and defensively. The work of C. Brown, Bard, Ramsey and Haines was also of the highest order.

The line-up:

<i>Haverford.</i>	<i>New York.</i>
Magilll. e.	Smith (Ayer)
Frostl. t.	Friedberg (Wilson)
Woodl. g.	Koar
Spaethc.	Decker
Birdsallr. g.	Keefer
Ramseyr. t.	Auffault (Jones)
Leonardr. e.	Arnold (Sharpless)
Hainesq. b.	Carey (P. Brown)
Bardl. h. b.	Dougherty (Hutton)
Jones (Capt.)r. h. b.	Mouen (Clement)
C. Brownf. b.	Van Horn (A. Brown)

Referee—Smith, Bucknell. Umpire—Gillender, U. of P. Linesman—Myers. Time of Halves—30 minutes. Touchdowns—Jones, 4; C. Brown, 5; Bard, Hutton, Wood. Goals from Touchdowns—C. Brown, 6; Haines, Hutton.

SOCCER

On November 3rd, Merion Cricket Club defeated the Haverford soccer team, 2 to 1, in a very interesting game.

Belmont Cricket Club won from Haverford on November 6th, 4 goals to 0.

HAVERFORD, 2; CORNELL, 1.

Played at Haverford, November 28th, 1906.

In an inter-collegiate match, Haverford beat Cornell at soccer by 2 goals to 1. Baker scored the two goals for Haverford in rapid succession toward the end of the first half. Baker's work at center forward, and the defensive playing of Captain Rossmassler and C. Brown were the features.

Haverford.

Cornell.

Shodeo. l.	Chryssidy
Furnessi. l.	Sarmiento
Bakerc. f.	McDonald
Shoemakeri. r.	Delcassee
Bushnello. r.	Bylevett
Windlel. h.	Wilson
Rossmasslerc. h.	Dragoshinoff
Drinkerr. h.	Molevsky
Godleyl. f. b.	Sampaio
C. Brownr. f. b.	De Bye
Warnerg.	Wood

Referee — Bishop. Linesman — Gummere. Smith. Goals—Baker, 2; McDonald. Time of Halves—35 minutes.

On Saturday, December 8th, the soccer team defeated Harvard, 2-1, at Cambridge.

The Ardmore Boys' Club has again started for the winter months. It is held in the old Grammar School gymnasium, next to Merion Cottage. About twenty-five boys are enrolled. The work is carried on by the College Y. M. C. A., under the leadership of H. Evans, '07.

Rufus M. Jones addressed the Wednesday evening Y. M. C. A. meeting during the "Week of Prayer," and by his address on "Prayer" made it one of the most successful meetings that there has been this year.

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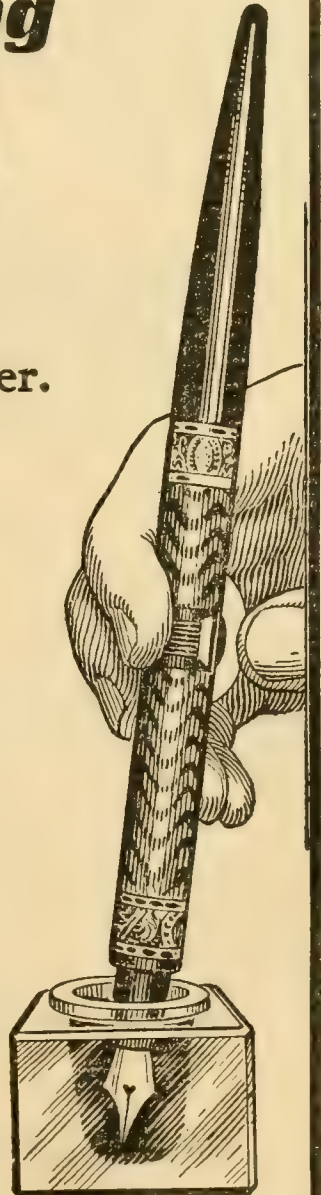
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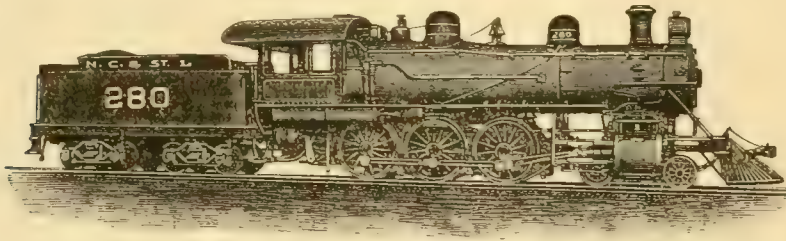
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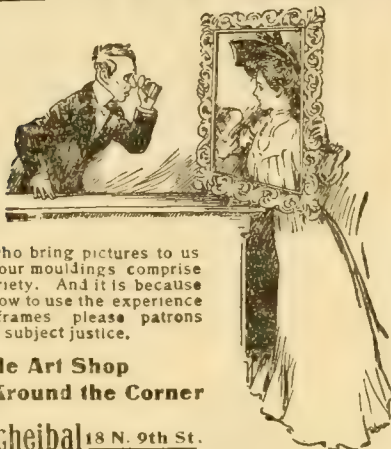
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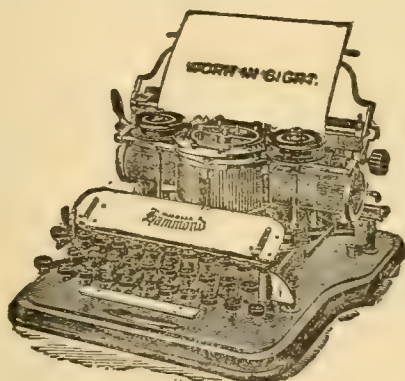
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January, 1907

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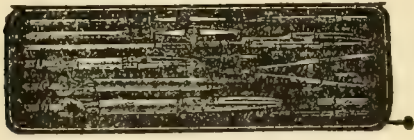


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No. 8

THE world sometimes appears with exaggerated faults, if not with pessimistic hopelessness, to the young man in or just out of College. In the light of his visions and his ideals present institutions and conditions may seem hopelessly sordid and irremediable. Too real may seem the distorted pictures painted by political orators or by contemporary magazine writers who write only to sell their copy, heedless how they blacken with their sensational ink, the characters of men and of institutions. It may not be a fault, yet it is a truth that young men take these things rather seriously. And yet after the elections, even though they were adverse, the impending calamities did not fall, and after investigating the magazine story it was found that after the few trivialities that inspired the article were set aside, the man was a respectable citizen and a patriot. It is often wise to remember when the political outlook seems to be in jeopardy from the conduct of some

**A Practical
Belief in a
Manifest
Destiny**

men, or an uprising of the poor seems imminent because of the amassing of large fortunes, that those responsible for the conditions are after all citizens, and patriotism is a strong motive. When conditions are generally realized to be bad, such men are among the first to help to solve the problems. After all, the individual is generally to be relied upon. As young men in the world we must learn to meet present conditions as they are,—not necessarily to bring our ideals any lower to meet them,—but to be able to span the distance and to place ourselves in any niche that circumstances may demand us to fill.

The late Senator Hoar was first of all an optimist and along these lines set forth these doctrines in his "Autobiography." "The lesson which I have learned in life which has impressed upon me daily and more deeply as I grow old, is the lesson of Good Will and Good Hope. I believe that to-day is better than yesterday, and that to-morrow will be better than to-day. I believe that in

spite of many errors and wrongs, and even crimes, my countrymen of all classes desire what is good and not what is evil. The fate of the nation depends in the last resort on individual character."

AS editor and enforced literary critic we have come to take an interest in the question as to what constitutes a "good" short story. A leading magazine recently offered a five thousand dollar prize for the "best short story" and intrusted the decision to three very competent judges. The story they judged the best out of all those contributed, was a very plain narrative of a man's life, well and simply constructed, but with none of the conventional "literary" adornment. It was so told as to move naturally and inevitably to a climax. The story dealt with fundamental human passions and was written with the self-restraint and the directness that make up the characteristic strength of the world's best short stories.

All the judges agreed that the short story must be directly told and must deal with a universal theme.

The magazines to-day demand one or more of these qualifications in their short stories; they must have plot, adventure, romantic setting, a good character, or a touch of human nature,—“anything but mere style.” But the literary value of a story does not depend upon mere plot interest, any more than upon mere style. In spite of the emphasis laid upon plot by the magazine writers and the stress laid upon style by novices, the happy medium is where the best short stories will be found.

Although many of the stories appearing in the magazines are written by college students, the usual college fiction is rather stilted and hybrid. It is gener-

ally marked by the labors of the rhetorician—though excusably so—and an easy style and clever plot manipulation have not been reached.

Comparatively few men continue their writing after leaving College, but to the few who intend to do so and to those who are writing while in College, we would say that while the editor welcomes the pronounced plot interest of a story, he must admit with the literary critic that the best stories are written by the authors who possess directness, simplicity, and an appreciation for dramatic climaxes and conclusions, and who write on subjects of strong human interest. These are far more necessary than either an ornate literary style or exceptional plot construction. Only occasionally, if ever, can either one of these raise a story into literary merit.

EXCEPT for the Civic Department of the Loganian Society, which has given an occasional lecture, the various departments until recently, seemed to have lapsed into an inactive existence and their survival indicated only by their names.

It was with pleasure that we learned a short time ago that the Debating Department has arranged for a debate with our old rivals, the Philomathean Society, of Pennsylvania. Last year the contest with them was omitted and it seemed as though the custom might disappear.

It may seem to casual observers that we have already too many interests in College that engage the time and attention of the men, and when we consider the number of men at Haverford the proportion of available activities is indeed large. But on the other hand, they are so varied that every man in College may find one or more interests outside of

the curriculum to which he may turn, and that is just as it should be. Every college man should have some interest beside mere study—some interest that will bring him out of himself and compel him to contribute something.

As arguments for these special Departments of the Loganian Society, which include the Civics, Scientific, and Debating Clubs, it is only necessary to point out that the first two furnish means by which men may keep abreast of the times in sociology, politics, and science which are not offered in any courses. They should serve as clearing-houses of the thought along their respective lines and if their programs were carefully planned and made interesting they would tend greatly to broaden men and to bring into practical use much that is purely academic as absorbed in a lecture room.

Debating, of course, is limited more to a few men, yet it is something that the College body would with regret see given up entirely, and so we are pleased at the prospect of a debate this year.

THE Musical Club's Concert given in Roberts Hall the Thursday before Christmas was a very successful affair. The Glee and Mandolin Clubs, as well as the special numbers, seemed to deserve equal commendation and combined to give a very typical and unconventional college program which was very pleasing even if it lacked unity from a musical standpoint. The trio, including piano, violin, and cello, rendered several numbers that offered a variation from the customary program.

Unfortunately a limited trip, such as the Clubs took last spring, is not being considered this year, and yet all who went on that concert trip last year look back upon it with great pleasure. The

concert in Baltimore was especially enjoyable and it would be worth while if the management could arrange for a concert there this year.

A LONG with skating and mid-year examinations, gymnastics receive a large share of the attention of the College during these winter months. An interesting program is arranged for the gymnasium team, which promises to be very good this season, and they will meet Princeton, Columbia, Pennsylvania, Lehigh and Rutgers, either in exhibition or contest, besides entering some candidates in the inter-collegiate contest held in University of Pennsylvania Gymnasium on March 22.

The inter-scholastic meet arranged by Haverford will be held in the gymnasium the evening of February 15. This is always an interesting event, and for the recognition it brings the college, has well deserved to become an annual event at Haverford.

THE article, "Social Reforms, True and False," which follows, was written by Mr. Chester Jacob Teller, A. M., '06, the holder of one of the Teaching Fellowships at Haverford last year. Instead of pursuing his studies in philosophy at Harvard, as he intended, Mr. Teller has given up his life to social work in New York City.

ERRATUM.—The serious misstatement that Haverford had defeated University of Pennsylvania in soccer on Franklin Field, occurred in the review of the soccer season in the December issue.

We would say, in correction of this, that the game was a tie, 0-0, and hope that this correction may rectify an error which we regret exceedingly.

The Musical Clubs

SOCIAL REFORMS—TRUE AND FALSE

A NEW YEAR'S THOUGHT

Probably never before in the history of the world have the words "social reform" been so pregnant with meaning as to-day. At least never before has reform been so much the common concern of all classes,—statesmen and philosophers, money-makers, even workingmen—as is these days when the air is so filled with issues and problems and prayers, and the complexity of society grows daily more complex. Social interest obtains in every corner of the modern world; giant tendencies are struggling with one another for the mastery. Underneath the unstable crust of worn-out conservatism may be heard the muffled din of the struggle, a struggle which though now but begun, is destined to bring about great changes, and to usher in a period of finer social adjustment, of loftier thinking and of better living.

These reform forces that to-day hurl themselves one against the other in the prevailing turmoil, rise and expand, weaken and persist according to fixed law. No false reform can hold out long against a truer one, for as soon as it is advocated it is tested; once tested, its shortcomings reveal themselves. The still unsatisfied need leads men onward in the search until some other remedy is found, which, when studied in its turn, is in its turn found faulty. Thus does the unending discovery of error, now here and now there, lead us gently nearer to the goal of truth.

Here in America, where the triumph of a lofty conception of our national mission over individual selfishness has

saddled us with the additional problem of assimilating the immigrant millions, and especially in the large seaboard cities, the gateways through which those unfortunates must pass, all evils are aggravated; "conditions," as we say, are at their worst. Naturally, it is there that one can best feel the pulse of the American body social, and sound the depths of the disturbances that quiver over two continents. There, moreover, can be heard the murmur of conflicting opinions; and the work of earnest men, misguided at times, but always earnest, may be seen there. We take a momentary glance at a few of their theories.

Time was, not so long ago, when since the prime social evil was thought to be the poverty of the poor, of whom it was said that they "shall not cease out of the land," the obvious remedy lay in the distribution of doles to the needy by those upon whom "Fortune" has smiled more benignly. Where luxury existed side by side with want, and beauty with sordidness, the question was merely one of re-apportionment. The argument was simple and the conclusion irresistible: The plain duty of every man was to share his worldly goods with others. Relief societies, therefore, were the typical institutions of social betterment; the friendly visitor was the typical social servant. "Charity" was the password, nor was it long in sounding "down the line." Yet, strange to say, for some reason, the giving of alms never brought about the golden age, except in the minds of a few givers, who after graciously receiving the

blessings of the poor, complacently blessed themselves for their "godliness."

While relief agencies still exist as parts of a general relief policy, they are viewed by many as relatively unimportant. Today, the dominant note in social service is "prevention" rather than "cure." While formerly we asked, "How can we remedy this case or that?" we now inquire, "How can we prevent dependence in the first place?" In a country where wealth and prosperity abound, and God lavishes his manifold blessings, surely there must be some way of shifting the resources of the nation to meet its needs! Surely, there must be enough for all! Can we not discover some better method? Can we not be charitable to the needy before they become needy? Can we not make prevention take the place of palliation?

Though the doctrine seems axiomatic enough, the application of it has been somewhat difficult. For the most part, the principle has taken the form of an agitation for better laws, for the election of more representative legislative bodies, more responsible executives, and more untrammelled judiciaries, and for political and civic reform generally throughout the land. Thus we have recently seen increased activity on the part of such bodies as the Civil Service Reform Association, the National Child Labor Committee, and the Consumers' League, and such political reform movements as have lately occurred in many of our larger cities. In place of charity, the keynote of latter-day reform is legislation. It is argued that since our ills are, in the final analysis, economic ones, the logical method of attack is through the enactment and enforcement of better social regulations.

While the movement for legislation grows apace by the steady addition of new converts to its creed, it loses, on the

other hand, by the numbers who daily desert the ranks for the cause of socialism. Not new laws grafted on to old institutions are wanted, but a radical change in the institutions themselves. An industrial system which permits coal barons to turn fortunes into their own pockets, while the poor miner toils on eternally in the darkness for bare subsistence is fundamentally too rotten to be patched by any legislative makeshifts. An industrial system that depends on the life-blood of millions of ill-fed, overworked children for its successes, is not one to be repaired here and there by meddlesome politicians. No! the entire structure must be pulled down. True democracy with its basic virtues, liberty, equality and fraternity, demands a new system for the production and distribution of wealth. The governmentalizing of industry is our single hope. Socialism must win in its struggle against the present regime. Such is the reasoning of a host of weary, discontented soldiers in the battle for reform, of thousands of courageous leaders who see social salvation only in a new economic system which they claim will be as great an improvement over capitalism as capitalism was over feudalism. That their philosophy is faulty is the belief of many. That they represent a militant world-movement backed by elements of truth and justice, few who have scanned their literature will deny.

But have they found the solution to our perplexing problems? Can Socialism bring us the relief we seek? True, its claims are preached by thousands; true, it has forced its way into the institutions of learning and converted the learned scholars there; true, it has traced the causes of our social wrongs in many instances to the economic conditions; yet, like the other gospels of reform which preceded and accompany it, it can

not be stamped approved, nor can its principles be granted their claims to truth.

The fact is that those who believe that the economic composition of society should be impugned for the sore distresses of the masses have looked deeply, but not deep enough. Far back of the external conditions is the internal principle; far back of the physical arrangement of society is the spiritual order of morality. Deeper, far deeper, than all the institutions is man, who in association with his fellow man, makes up the institutions. It behooves us to trace the evil to its source, not to a source, but its very first source. Let not the profundity of the reformer who goes further than we have hitherto gone, deceive us. Let us assure ourselves that he has gone further, otherwise his thinking is not thought through to the end, is not, nor can be, indeed, the truth. No social theory that makes man the result of conditions and blessedness the product of institutions can be accepted without involving us in the throes of contradiction. The motor power of civilization is born not of dead environment, but of the living Will within, and no teaching can be entirely true which pins its faith in better times to the formal organization of a people *alone*.

After all, a society can never be better than the individuals who comprise it strive to make it. Its true solidarity consists in the harmonious adjustment

of each individual to all his fellows, and this adjustment can only be secured by the education of each new generation in the new exigencies peculiar to the age, and in the social duties of each person which spring from those new and changed conditions. Unless each child learns not only all the moral lessons of all time, but the new duties peculiar to his own time also, a few years of increasing complexity in life will make the path of duty so obscure that some injustice must necessarily result. But if these lessons are instilled into the minds of all future citizens, if social duties are inculcated, and social responsibility emphasized, then the harmonious adjustment must be brought about, and in this adjustment of man to man, lies the hope of better things.

True social reform, therefore, concerns itself less and less with the institutions of men, more and more with men themselves; less and less with worldly wealth, more and more with human worth. Only from within can the flower of civilization unfold itself; only in the slow and tedious education of a yet nobler and abler race of men can we really find amelioration. Let us lend our efforts, therefore, more persistently to the task of cultivating the vital principle in humanity, and with a firm reliance in a spiritual progressive order of things, let us sincerely resolve each to do our part toward the attainment of that general social harmony which all so much desire.

C. J. Teller, '05.



THE MINISTER

It was a beautiful Sunday in June, and the congregation had turned out in full force to hear the new "supply," for the old rector had died, and the vestrymen were trying out a succession of candidates supplied by the bishop, with a view to getting a man to occupy the pulpit permanently.

The chancel was packed with flowers, and the choir gloriously garbed in white, while the summer dresses and light suits of the people made one feel the true freshness and joyousness of spring.

A stir of curiosity rustled through the church as the "supply" left the vestry door and stepped before the reading desk. They had never heard of him and were, consequently, all the more anxious to see him. He was tall and thin and angular and serious, and he had red hair and a smooth face; but there was that about him that made you look at him again, and yet again. He read the lessons well, for he had a deep voice and one which carried to the farthest corners of the church. And as the service progressed, the people, in general, listened, and the ladies, who always run the parish, who decorate the chancel and clean the brasses and wash the linens, whispered one another that he would do pretty well.

At last came the sermon. The hymn was over, and the young man climbed the steps to the pulpit and announced his text. Well-termed phrases, careful parallelisms, massed paragraphs, followed in stately succession. And then suddenly his voice broke. He stopped, stuttered, and tried to go on. He fum-

bled for his watch, glanced up, then down, blushed, and started to descend the pulpit steps.

The congregation sat silent in amazement, and those same women who had already elected him or repudiated him in their own minds, with the intention of convincing their husbands, were dismayed or triumphant as went their preferences. But the startling events were not yet over, and the matrons turned once more to look; and well might they look; for, see! the minister has left his pulpit, and that, too, right in the middle of his sermon. His carefully arranged notes have been brushed carelessly from the desk to the floor below, and the young man, face flushed, but eye kindling, is standing in the aisle near the first pew. And listen, he is speaking, slowly, sadly:

"My friends, I have long known that I was to be asked to be your 'supply.'"—He winced slightly at the word.—"I know that a number of men more worthy than I have filled this pulpit for a similar purpose, but to be appointed to a parish like this one has been the ambition of my life. And therefore I have spent weeks of preparation on a sermon whose outward essence remains in those few sheets you see fluttering there on the tiles, but whose inward essence has been, if I may say so, a part of me, till this moment. Every sentence has been polished to painstaking exactness. Every paragraph has been weighed, every figure, every period, tested. I have read it over and over. I have delivered it aloud and in thought, until it has grown into me, but for all that

I cannot give it to you. It has come over me that it is formal, mechanical, lifeless, it proceeds from my head, not from my heart or my life. I must ask your forgiveness and your sufferance, but I cannot do otherwise."

And then he took a Testament from his pocket and opened it and read:

"'Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love.'" and again: "'Ye will not come to me that ye may have life.'"

Sloughed off like an old skin was the stiff, mechanical formality of the oration—instead, a man stood revealed, speaking out of his own heart. The chancel guild forgot their speculations and listened, because they felt their hearts moved. Their husbands, who had so far turned an indulgent ear to the youth's address, now knew he had a message for them, too; the summer boarders ceased admiring their neighbor's hats, the children turned away from the windows, with their views of luxuriant June foliage—young and old, rich and poor, wise and foolish, attentive and indifferent, spiritual and sceptical—all listened as one man, while that thin, tall form stood before them proclaiming his message of despair and hope, of condemnation and salvation, a message which came with all the convincing authority of a living experience. Transfigured by the power of his own words, he seemed no longer stilted or elocutional, but a singular grace possessed him, and his eyes shone forth with the light of one who has himself seen.

But the young man, for his part, was oblivious to the sea of eager faces there before him, hanging on his every word,—faces of men and women who might have told him much about the great outside world, faces of scholars who knew all that modern exegesis has revealed, concerning the Bible and its teachings, faces of quiet, home-living people whose spiritual life has been purified and deep-

ened by suffering, faces of eager children, faces of beautiful young women, faces of strong young men. . . . Nay, in all that concourse, the minister saw only one face, a face he had not seen for ten long, lonely years, a face, the first sight of which, over all that interval of time, had caused him to drop his notes and to falter in his carefully prepared oration of ten minutes ago, was it? No, a lifetime, so long did he seem to have been speaking, and yet he must still go on. Only a few people in the rear of the gallery had noticed, just before the sermon, a tall, graceful girl glide in, dressed in white, with a black hat and black at waist and throat, but those who had noticed her, remarked that she was singularly beautiful, with the beauty of sadness and disappointment. But they had not seen the swift, upward glance of the young speaker, and they, as well as the rest of the congregation, were ignorant of the source of his marvelous inspiration, for in that glance "she had sent the deathless passion in her eyes through him and made him hers," as he had never been before.

Twelve years ago he had met her and loved her with all the fervor and adoration of a maiden love. He had kept his passion to himself, for he was poor and had few prospects, and she was rich and accustomed to luxury. Yet he had not given up hope, but had come to look upon her as the guiding star of his life, and under the inspiration of her influence had consecrated himself to paths of duty and service, which were destined to develop all that was good and noble in him. But because their lives had followed different lines, he had not seen her now for ten years. He never ceased to love her, and when he heard of her betrothal and marriage to a man whom he considered even more unworthy of her than himself, he realised that he had

been burning his heart out in hopeless flame, and he resolved on what seemed the only course left by which to get away from himself and his despair. Studying hard, he entered the ministry and sought to give the highest expression to his passion in service to men.

Ten years it had been, and yet that single upward glance of his to the crowded gallery had swept him back to his early youth, but this time it seemed to him he loved with even a higher and a holier love. The same inspiration for him was still hers; the influence of that "maiden passion" still gripped him, but now more powerfully than ever, and drawing an inference from his own love for the heart he had hoped to win, he painted, with his eyes on her face, in soul-compelling word-pictures, the love of the Master for the hearts of a people who did not or would not come to Him for life.

It was over. In one last passionate plea for the living, henceforward, of a real, dynamic life, he spent his fire and ceased. And then, forgetting the rigid order of the Episcopal ritual, and recall-

ing, unconsciously, the simple services of the meetings of his college days, he brought the people to their knees with one impressive gesture, and standing there, like a shepherd amidst his silent flock, he offered up a prayer of such living power that some of his now over-wrought hearers broke down and sobbed aloud.

The prayer over, he lifted his hands in blessing, and bowing his head, turned and tottered weakly to the vestry door. The offering had been forgotten, the service interrupted, but the choir, with rare presence of mind, took up the recessional and the people filed out in silence, too deeply moved to speak, so that it was not until the June sunshine met them that the tension broke, and eager groups began discussing the marvelous sermon, and the startling event of the morning.

The vestrymen, rushing in to congratulate the young minister, found him lying on the couch in the robing room, in a dead faint. And a girl in white, with black ribbons at waist and throat wept unrestrainedly in the farther corner of the gallery.

R. S., '06.

FEMINA

She trembles at a mouse; she faints at blood;
She ponders in the glass, what style of
dress
May best display her grace and comeli-
ness;
As summer winds, so shifts her fickle mood;

She waxes petulant and sheds a flood
Of trivial tears she cares not to repress
She drops from ecstasy to dire distress;
She loves o'er petty slights and wrongs to
brood.

All this she does; yet lo when ruin lowers
She steels the fragile nerve and plays the
stoic,
Laughs in the face of terror; dares the
grave
And like a rock impregnable she towers,
Braving all dangers with a soul heroic
For man, who is at once her lord and slave.

J. F. W., '10.

IN UNION, STRENGTH

My story had been returned for the sixth time. My wife, with an almost jaunty air, which I thought ill matched the occasion, handed me the pretty typewritten sheets with:

"Just two months more, dear,"

"Two months and a half."

"Two months and a half then, and after that no more of these editor's notes! Stupid things," she added, consolingly.

"Let's hear what he wrote this time."

"Oh, there's nothing new. He says your tale lacks realism, that it doesn't ring true, that it's too ideal."

"Stop it. I'm sick of that. Let's go out on the porch."

It was too true. This was the last week of June, and I had promised to stop writing in September, if unsuccessful, and accept my father-in-law's business offer. As yet, I was unsuccessful. The editors demanded realism, and I had furnished only dreams.

Long after Evelyn had retired, I stayed out in the balmy night, brooding over my coming eight-hour-a-day fate; and when I did crawl into bed, it was a useless proceeding, for I could not sleep. "Two months and a half," "two months and a half" or "get realism," "get realism," rang in my head with wearying monotony, until I jumped out of the covers and sat down by the window.

The view was an epitome of my plague. It was celestially unreal. The

lawn and farther on the fields stretching down to the winding creek were drenched with a misty moonshine, and the serpentine vapor rising from the stream, radiantly blended with the luminous flood from above. Again the editorial adjurations to realism occurred to me, and I imagined how they would have me introduce a cutthroat catastrophe with the fairy scene. The thought was abominable. "Nonsense," I said, aloud. And, instinctively listening for an answer, I became aware that there was somebody beside myself awake and up in the house. A door creaked, and a pan fell in the kitchen. "Burglars," I thought, "and novices," I added under my breath, as another pan rattled.

Then my first great inspiration came. "Here," it flashed on my mind, "here is my chance for realism." Hastily tearing the unfinished ode, "Ad Hominem Lunæ" from my tablet, I slipped on a bathrobe and quietly crept to interview my burglar.

He was seated in the middle of the kitchen, masked and cool. I had expected he would try to run at my appearance. He did not even get up. The silence was almost embarrassing.

"It's a very pleasant evening," he began.

"Very pleasant," I managed to echo.

"I hope I haven't disturbed anything."

I was too amazed at his impudence to measure up to his cool politeness.

"The question isn't whether you leave things in their places," I blurted out, "but whether you leave them at all."

To complete my amazement, instead of replying, he jotted down some things on a tablet that I had not noticed.

"Ha," I thought. "Smarter than supposed; probably data for a future haul."

Looking up, he said, "I imagine, Mr. Boyce, that you are considerably surprised at my little call this evening."

I nodded, wondering how he knew my name, and jotting down on my tablet sundry memoranda concerning the omniscience of thieves.

"But this letter will, I believe, satisfactorily explain my peculiar situation."

"The explanation will be most welcome and interesting, but a few minor details first. I presume, that as you know my name you could favor me with my age and occupation, and, say, my wife's maiden cognomen."

"Wasn't Mrs. Boyce called Daisy Mathers?"

No common thief this, and my realistic hopes were shattering.

"Won't you take off your hat," I said, desperately. "It must be warm, and I'd really like a few personal anecdotes from your point of view."

"May I smoke?"

"Certainly."

"And won't you?"

I guiltily chose a cigarette, wondering what Eveline would say, as she cannot stand smoking in the house. I became positively alarmed, as the clouds from my visitor's pipe gathered in volume. But so far he had outdone me in courtesy and I was silent on that point.

"Before we begin," I suggested, "may I not have the honor of your name?"

A convulsion seized the burglar. His tablet slid from his lap and dynamic chucklings emanated from the rolling figure. Finally he burst out with:

"Law, Sam, couldn't you guess?"

"Dick," was all I could gasp. For Dick was our next neighbor but one, and an honest man, and this was Dick.

"Well," he said, gradually getting hold of himself. "I don't mind telling you, but it's a queer tale."

"Wait," I said, "and we'll get comfortable."

"You may not know," he went on after I had come back from the cellar and we were comfortably seated in the dining room, "that I used to write short stories. But all the editors sent 'em back with 'not enough imagination' or 'too matter-of-fact' scribbled across the back. I got my last yesterday morning, and it drove me wild. So I rushed down to Mr. Stryper, the head of police and explained things to him and he thought awhile, and then he said, 'Mr. Dick, you're an honest man, and I know you're an honest man, and I'll let you do it.' And so he wrote that letter which gives me permission to break into your house."

"But I don't see yet."

"Wait! I knew you wouldn't care, and I did it to have the chance and material to write up an ideal account of an ideal robbery in which nothing was stolen and nobody arrested, and if the editors don't like it I'll give up and apply to your father-in-law for a job."

I could contain myself no longer.

"Dick," I cried, "our fortunes are made. We'll collaborate. Our mutually complemental predicament will enable—" But before I could finish he had me waltzing around the room, his mask, my robe and the glasses keeping time. In the noise there was a weird, shrill shriek on the stairs. My wife had fainted on the landing. In my excitement, I hastily threw a glass of water in her face. Reviving, her first dazed question was:

"Have they come?"

"Calm yourself, my dear. It was nothing—"

"But haven't they come yet?"

"Who?"

"The firemen?"

I was getting alarmed at my wife's daze.

"Eveline, try to explain what you mean."

"Why, I smelled smoke, and as I had supposed you had gone moon-walking, as you often do, I 'phoned to the fire company, and when I'd dressed and started down to see where it was, I saw you

and another man rolling around in the dining room, and I thought he was a murderer." Here Dick went off again. "And—and that's all till the water was poured on and I thought they were soaking me instead of the fire."

I took in the situation. Hurry up, Dick, take off your togs and cut some bread and you, Eveline, cut the tongue. We've got to get up a good lunch for these fooled firemen. And while we worked I told Eveline the plans for our henceforth happy and prosperous careers.

T. M. L. '08.

THROUGH THE YEARS

He was sobbing as if his heart would break. The very idea of it! A whole pound of ginger snaps and not one had been saved for him; "All right, Charley, just you wait till I get as big as you, and then I'll pay you back!" He clinched his fists and swore eternal hatred toward his older brother.

Suddenly he stopped crying. A well-known voice came from the terrace across the street—

"Ho Willie! Ho-o Weelie!"

He jumped up and waved his hand frantically, singing out in reply—

"H'lo Stella! Come on over."

"I don't dare," says Stella, accompanying her negation with a slow shaking of the curly head.

"All right; I'll come over to your house then," and after a hasty glance backward he trots across the street. Five

minutes later the two are digging caves side by side in a sandy bank. Presently Stella remarks:

"But you don't know where I was yesterday."

"Where?"

"I won't tell you."

"Don't have to; I don't care."

Stella pauses for a while before she ventures again.

"Bet you never been down the river on a boat."

"Huh, that's nothing. I've been to Washington."

Then there is a silence, punctuated by the scraping of the oyster shells upon the sides of the caves. Stella decides not to antagonize Willie further, and says with sudden inspiration:

"Oh, say, let's play this is Panama Canal and you be Teddy Roosevelt!"

"Ah, no, let's play these are salt mines like my Auntie Nan tells about, and we are the miners. We'll have to be blind though, and oh, say, let's have a great big, large explosion!"

"All right; you be Mr. Jones and I'll be Mr. Jacobs."

"No, you can't be Mr. Jacobs, 'cause you're a girl; you must be Mrs. Jacobs."

"Well I won't play then; I can be a man as much as you can; I can whistle lots better than you!"

"Can not!"

"Can so!" And to prove her assertion Stella began to whistle vigorously.

Willie's face fell.

"Well I don't care anyway," he said at last, "Be Mr. Jacobs if you want."

And so they spent an hour or so together, playing this and pretending that, until their quarrels became so violent that they "got mad and called each other by their right names."

Then it was time for Stella to prepare for dinner and Willie's guilty conscience sent him hurrying back home before his mother should discover his absence. Thus these two had played together day in and day out ever since Willie's father had gone across to call on the new neighbors and had taken him along. Every day they ended up by quarreling, every morning they greeted each other with delight.

But when Willie looked and called for Stella next day, she was nowhere to be found. Then he remembered that she had had a cold yesterday, and decided that her mother was keeping her indoors.

Later in the day the doctor's carriage stopped at Stella's home—"not our doctor, 'cause our doctor's a allopath and their doctor's a homopath." At dinner his mother remarked that Stella was dangerously ill. So all he could do was to watch the doctor come and go, and wonder when Stella would come to play with

him again, and what she would look like when she did.

Next week the doctor came twice every day and then suddenly stopped coming altogether; but no Stella appeared.

One day Willie ran hastily in to ask his mother why the "Gloverses had hung a white dress on their front door?"

"Poor child," she thought, "he wouldn't understand if I did tell him; but if he is kept ignorant until the whole affair is over it will be easier for him to bear." So she put him off.

Three days later a white hearse drew up in front of Stella's home. Willie knew what that meant. He knew that when a long train of carriages halted near a house, that someone there had died. He hoped it was not Stella. Well, here was Peter; he would ask him, for Peter knew everything that went on.

"What? Didn't you know that Stella Glover was dead? She died last Monday; my sister's going to the funeral."

Willie went straight to the garret. There, crawling over piles of old furniture and winter carpets, he sought a dark corner and lay down—to cry. There are those who say that children don't understand, don't appreciate the significance of death. Well, do grown-ups understand and appreciate? And even if they did, would that prove that their grief is profounder or more sincere? Emerson says, "The only thing that grief has taught me is to know how shallow it is!" Ah, but Emerson was not thinking of childhood's sorrows when he said that. They are real, they are sincere, they are profound while they last. The child does not restrain his emotions at the crisis, and reserve them to be expended in a sigh or shake of the head whenever the name of the deceased is mentioned.

Years afterward when Willie had actually "become a man" he attended another

funeral; and as he was riding along behind the remains of the man who had been his constant chum through school and college; as he was gazing out of the window at the hot, dusty road and listening to the exchange of platitudes among the other pall-bearers; as he was wishing the whole uncomfortable ceremony over, and longing to be away, away from scenes of grief; suddenly there rose up before him the vision of a pretty, childish face and he heard a childish voice saying: "Come on over; mamma says we can put up the tent and play house." Ah, the memory of days that never, never can return!

It may have been that this was the

last thing necessary to arouse his emotional activity—the last straw as it were—or it may have been the contrast between the bustle and worry of the conventional rites which forced him thus to display publicly an emotion too sacred even for words, and the unrestrained flood of childish sorrow whose simplicity he had left behind him forever; whatever the explanation, his eyes filled with tears at the recollection of their petty disputes and their unceremonious make-ups. . . ."

"My but he takes it hard, don't he?"

"Bill? Oh, well, it's natural. They were great friends, you know."

H. B. '08.

THE AWAKENING

(A SONNET)

Let cowards clamor for the Sleep of
Sleeps,
With pleading moans assail unheeding
ears—
And shrieking, cringe, their bellies
full of fears,
Forgetting that the Silent Reaper reaps
But to resow such spirits in the deeps
Of everlasting anguish. Myriad years,
As many as the memories all the tears
Of Hell but show, shall putrify their
sleeps!

I, too, might well cry truce with life—but
No!
Grant me, O God, my full three score
and ten,
That, hearing in my heart the moans
of men,
I may take all mine hours and mold
them, so
That each a step in that high stair shall
be—
Whereon pain-burdened man may
mount to thee.

J. T. T., Ex-'08.

THE INSPIRATION OF CRANE MOUNTIAN

Oh! thou sordid, cramped being, atom of humanity, tied to thy desk in dingy office or spacious city apartment, for once break the bonds of trade and take a blanket on thy shoulders and climb with me majestic Crane, the highest peak in the Southern Adirondacks. Confined within tall prison walls of skyscraper and palace, thou knowest nothing of the freedom of the woods, or of the beauty of nature in her vastness. Therefore think not of the cold as thou liest on thy soft, fragrant, balsam couch, but raise thyself on thy elbow; listen to the weird call of the hoot owl, solemn, mysterious, foreboding, or the shorter, sharper querulous shriek of the screech owl, or the startling whirring, ripping, whip-cry of the night hawk. Strain thine ears to catch the evening breeze playing in the aeolian harps of the maples on the mountain side below thee; smell, and thou canst, the deep, searching odors of the pine-woods, the balsam, the hemlock, or the faint scent of decaying trees ris-

ing from that barren pond nestled in the hollows of the ridge, on whose banks dead trunks stand like naked ghosts day in and day out, night in and night out, grim relics of a former epoch of luxurious growth, of which the present seeming splendor is only a deformed and stunted offspring. . . . Gaze out over the moonlit valley spread before thee two thousand feet below. No man's habitation is there to disturb the grandeur—all is pine tree, rough, jagged rock and bare cliff washed by the pale caressing light. Beyond the hill, there on the edge of the world is the infinite sky and its myriad stars rolling on in scorn of thee and thy pettiness, powerful, majestic, wonderful, but not so wonderful as majestic, as powerful as thou canst be, thou little man when thou risest to the heights of thy nature, when thou doest here the work thy Creator has given thee, when in humble imitation of the silent world around thee, thou abidest under the shadow of the Almighty.

R. S., '06.

IN THE DARK NIGHT

I would walk alone in the sunshine,
In the sunshine alone and free;
But in the dark night and the silence,
Ah! then I would be with thee.

I can work all day in the city
With never a friend to see;
But when the hard day is over
Then let me come close to thee.

I can toil all day in the battle,
Fight hard and yet happy be
But dear, after the struggle
Oh, let me hold fast to thee!

G. H. G., '06.

FACULTY DEPARTMENT

EDITED BY DEAN BARRETT

At morning collection on December tenth, President Sharpless addressed the students as follows on the requirement of Freshman evening report:

"We shall drop the matter of reporting in the evening for Freshmen after the the Christmas holidays.

"I have long since ceased to consider this of any particular service in the matter of restraining Freshmen from going to places where they should not go, and that, I suppose, was the origin of the custom. A good many years ago the regular religious exercises of the day which correspond to this collection were held in the evening, mainly, I suppose, for the reason that it required the presence of all the students from 8.30 to 9 o'clock, and kept them from being somewhere else. When this collection was changed to the morning exercises, the evening reporting was substituted for the whole college during the whole year, and that has gradually been reduced from the whole college to the two lower classes, and then to the Freshman Class for a comparatively small portion of the college year. What can be said in favor of it is not that there is a certain amount of restraint that keeps Freshmen from going to places where they should not go, but that there is a tendency to keep them together as a class in the college through the earlier part of their course; possibly also it sets the custom of remaining in the college and preserving a unity in the class which would not result if they were scattered about the country.

"This is the main advantage to be gained by it, and I do not know that it accomplishes this. But the result is a very desirable one, not only for the Freshmen, but for all other classes. If the students of the college are to seek their recreation, or their business, or anything else outside of the college walls in affairs not connected with the college, it is going to break down the Haverford feeling. It has broken it down in the past. It is an important matter, not for moral protection, but for the preservation of the right spirit in the college that we have the students in the college every night of the week. If they were here seven nights in the week it would be better.

"This is the object that has been sought in the reporting of the Freshmen. I appreciate that it has somewhat disturbing effect on the students who wish to sit down and work and have to keep this matter of reporting on their minds. Whether the good and the bad sides of it counterbalance, I do not know. I should be glad if the Senior and Junior classes at one of their class meetings would take this matter into consideration, and give me their advice whether it is advisable to keep up the custom or not.

"Again, it does satisfy some parents that the College is keeping an eye upon their boys. I appreciate also that against this you can put the general objection to restrictions that are not necessary. It has been our policy here at Haverford to abandon restrictions. If

a restriction does not justify itself as a positive good, it is an evil. Many of you know by hearsay the conditions that existed here twenty years ago, and that the amount of liberty afforded now is vastly in excess of that of the former period. It is a matter, therefore, about which there is a fair chance for discussion, and as I apprehend that the upper classes are better able to judge the

matter than I am, I should be glad if they would give me their opinions in the matter. I think that if they agree, their decision will be the regulation in the future."

President Sharpless then spoke of the opening of the College Library in the evening. In the future it will be open from seven to ten, provided it is used enough to warrant this change.

THE TOKEN

Here is a piece of linen, scarcely more than six inches square. I doubt if you will find anything unique in it, and you would probably have trouble in singling it out from among a number of its kind, even after you have read the following delineation. It is a square, white kerchief, with a very narrow hem. I cannot tell how many threads to the inch it contains, nor do I know aught else about the fineness of its texture; it does not appear to be more than ordinary serviceable linen. The hem is attached by means of open work, of the openest kind, I should say; and each corner is a separate little square by itself. Here you see a scar, which commemorates a tear about half an inch long; but, of course, the first thing that you noticed when I unfolded it was the embroidered monogram over in this corner. There is nothing, I repeat, in this piece of cloth which is so peculiar that you could not duplicate it over and over again, even to this fancy letter "L." But—

Why do I keep you, a mere bit of cloth, under lock and key as if you were pure gold? Because of your fineness of texture? Because you are pretty to look

at? Because the embroidery is skilfully done? Because her hand has touched you? Because you nestled close to her slender waist, or rested once on her bosom? Why then should you be so precious? She did not give you to me; she does not know that I possess you. No, it is not because you once belonged to her, because you were often with her, or because perchanced you have touched her lips. It is because you were there at our last meeting; because you saw her speak to me; because you saw her smile, full of love and gentleness; because you heard her laugh in almost childish glee; because you saw her grow sad again and full of sympathy; because you saw her press my hand and say, "Auf Wiedersehen;" because you saw me watching her departure with a stupid amazement and oblivion of all else that went on around me. This is the reason I keep you a prisoner and I want you to talk to me about her and describe the gracefulness of her manner, the color of her eyes, the depth of the soul which speaks from them; speak of her! Of her always; And when you think you have finished, begin again.

H. B., '08.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

1906 REUNION

The Class of 1906 held its first informal reunion in Barclay Hall, Friday evening, December 21, 1906. A business meeting opened the proceedings, and matters, past, present and future, were brought up, discussed and settled. Of special interest, of course, was the report of the Committee on the Construction of the Gate to the Driveway on the north side of the campus, which the Class of 1906 and its friends presented as a gift to the College, at its graduation in June.

Those present at the reunion were: E. F. Bainbridge, T. K. Brown, Jr., W. Carson, R. L. Cary, A. C. Dickson, H. W. Doughten, Jr., J. M. S. Ewing, W. H. Haines, Jr., H. B. Hopper, W. Kennard, Jr., J. Maloney, W. H. Haines, Jr., J. Maloney, W. K. Miller, J. Monroe, F. B. Morris, J. D. Philips, H. Pleasant, Jr., D. J. Reid, E. B. Richards, D. H. Schweyer, R. Scott, R. J. Shortlidge, J. A. Stratton, F. R. Taylor.

Roderick Scott, Sec'y.

NOTES

'44. Jesse Tyson died at his home near Baltimore, Md., November 28, 1906, in his 81st year.

'84. George Vaux, Jr., has been appointed a member of the Board of Indian Commissioners by President Roosevelt. This appointment fills the vacancy created by the death of Philip C. Garrett a year ago. Mr. Vaux recently announced his engagement to Miss Mary James, of Cambridge, a niece of Professor William James, the famous psychologist.

'92. William H. Nicholson, Jr., was married to Miss Katharine Leonard Lea in Philadelphia, on November the sixth.

'97. Edward Thomas is now a Fourth Assistant Patent Examiner in the United States Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

Ex. '99. Louis Round Wilson, A. M., Librarian of the University of North Carolina, has published as the first volume of "Studies in Philosophy," a dissertation entitled, "Chaucer's Relative Constructions," Chapel Hill, N. C. 1906.

'00. C. H. Carter, Ph. D., writing from Syracuse University, has an article in the "Modern Language Notes" for November, entitled "Nymphidio," "The Rape of the Lock," and "The Culprit Fay."

Ex '01 Evan Randolph was married to Miss Hope Carson, daughter of Hampton Carson, on November the seventh, 1906.

'04. W. M. Wills has announced his engagement to Miss Julia Ireland.

'05. Joseph H. Morris has announced his engagement.

'92. Walker Morris Hart, Ph. D., has an article entitled "Professor Child and

the Ballad," in the publication of the Modern Language Association for December.

A. M. '96. Professor Arthur M. Charles, of Earlham College, read a paper on "The Virtuous Octavia," at the annual meeting of the Central Division of the Modern Language Association, in December, at Chicago.

'01. George John Walenta was married to Miss Madeline Jones, at Haverford on December 20. Mr. and Mrs. Walenta will live at 2232 North Broad Street, Philadelphia.

Ex' '05. John L. Scull was married to Miss Mary Rachel Bettie, at Haverford, on January 1st, 1907.

COLLEGE DEPARTMENT

COLLEGE CALENDAR

Quadrangular Gymnastic Meet, January 20. Princeton, Columbia, Pennsylvania, Haverford.

President Sharpless addressed the Civics Department of the Lonian Society, December 11, on the topic "Political Conditions in Pennsylvania."

"Through Persia into Central Asia" was the title of an illustrated lecture given by A. V. Williams Jackson, Ph. D., LL. D., Professor of Indo-Iranian Languages at Columbia University, before the Phi Beta Kappa, on December 7.

FOOT BALL DINNER

Some of Haverford's loyal Alumni gave a dinner at the Merion Cricket Club, on Wednesday, December 19th, in honor of the season's successful foot ball team. The seventeen men who ended a successful season by whipping New York University 68 to 0, together with about the same number of old Haverford foot ball captains and players formed the typical merry Haverfordian crowd. President Drinker, of Lehigh University, the father of three Haverfordians, and President Sharpless, the "father of us all" were the special guests of the evening.

Coach Thorn, '04, was presented with a loving cup, the gift of the undergraduates as a token of their sincere appreciation of his work in turning out such a good team. President Sharpless, President Drinker, Coach Thorn, Dr. Babbitt, Captain Jones and Captain-elect Brown were all called on for speeches by Toastmaster Hay.

The hosts were as follows: J. W. Sharp, Jr., '88; Dr. T. F. Branson, '89; William G. Audenreid, '90; C. J. Rhoades, '93; P. S. Williams, '93; W. J. Strawbridge, '94; E. B. Hay, '95; W. C. Webster, '95; C. R. Hinchman, '96; J. H. Scattergood, '96; L. H. Wood, '96; A. C. Collins, '97; W. J. Janney, '98; A. G. Scattergood, '98; A. Haines, '98; A. C. Maule, '99; H. S. Drinker, Jr., '00; F. C. Sharpless, '00; F. M. Eshleman, '00; J. C. Lloyd, '00; C. C. Morris, '04; B. Eshleman, '05.

and Cary are back in College doing post-graduate work. All of the other men have improved. The team will be strengthened in tumbling by the addition of Leonard, who was on Princeton's team last year. There are several other men who will make a strong bid for places on the team, among whom are two or three Freshmen.

Manager Rossmassler announces the following schedule:

Jan. 20—Quadrangular meet, Princeton, Columbia, Pennsylvania, Haverford.

Feb. 9—Haverford vs. Rutgers, at New Brunswick, N. J.

March 2—Haverford vs. Lehigh, at Haverford.

March 16—Haverford vs. Penn. at Penn.

March 22—Intercollegiate contest at Pennsylvania.

Feb. 15—Inter-scholastic meet at Haverford.

RUGBY FOOTBALL

Carrol T. Brown, '08, has been elected captain, Cecil K. Drinker, '08, manager, and Mark A. Spiers, '09, assistant manager of the foot ball team for next year.

The following fourteen men received their "H.": Captain Jones, '07; Wood, '07; Haines, '07; Birdsall, '07; A. Brown, '07; P. Brown, '07; Magill, '07; C. Brown, '08; Leonard, '08; Bard, '09; Ramsey, '09; Spaeth, '09; Sharpless, '09, and Frost, '10.

Edwards, '08, and Wilson, '10, were awarded cups for conscientious work on the scrub.

GYMNASTICS

The gymnasium team this year should be an excellent one. The only men lost from last year's successful team are Carson and Shortlidge; T. K. Brown, Jr.,

INTER-CLASS CONTEST

The first inter-class gym. contest for ten years was held on December 12th, under the auspices of the class of '97, who want to see the old custom started again to develop and discover modest ability. The banner presented by '97 was won by '08.

There were several amusing exhibitions, but the best performance was done by Edwards, '08, who won first place on the horizontal, parallels, and rings. The judges were F. B. Jacobs, '97, H. H. Jenks, '00, and E. C. Rossmassler, '01. Results:

Flying Rings—Edwards, '08, first; Mott, '09, second; Baily, '08, third.

Side Horse—Burt, '08, first; Lewis, '09, second; Philips, '10, third.

Horizontal Bar—Edwards, '08, first; Bushnell, '08, second; Spaeth, '09, third.

Parallel Bars—Edwards, '08, first; Brown, '08, second; Mason, '08, third.
 Tumbling—Leonard, '08, first; Bushnell, '08, second; Mason, '09, third.
 Rope Climb—Mason, '10, first; Bard, '09, second; Roberts, '10, third.
 Fence Vault—Burt, '08, first; Edwards, '08, second; Warnock, '09, third.
 Side Horse (Novice)—David, '10, first; Drinker, '08, second; Judkins, '10, third.
 Flying Rings (Novice)—Fay, '09, first; Kenderdine, '10, second; Martin, '10, third.
 Club Swinging—Myers, '09, first; Scott, '08, second; Shoemaker, '09, third.

MUSICAL

The annual concert of the Haverford Musical Clubs was given in Roberts Hall on December 20th. Credit is due Nicholson, '07, leader of both clubs, for the success of the concert.

PROGRAM

PART I.

- I. IolaJohnson
Mandolin Club.
- II. I'd Like to Go Down South Once Mo'Parks
Glee Club.
- III. Piano Soli
 (a) Valse "O la bien Aimée".....Schütt
 (b) Gavotte, B Flat.....Handel
 T. M. Longstreth, '08.
- IV. Trio—StändchenSchubert
 T. M. Longstreth, '08.
 J. W. Crowell, '09.
 W. C. Greene, '10.
- V. QuartetArranged
 P. W. Brown, '07.
 T. K. Lewis, '09.
 D. L. Philips, '09.
 R. A. Spaeth, '09.

PART II.

- I. Dainty DamesBlake
Mandolin Club.
- II. "Po' Little Lamb".....Parks
Glee Club.
- III. Trio—AufenthaltSchubert
- IV. Pale in the Amber West.....Parks
Glee Club.
- V. For HaverfordSeiler
Combined Clubs.

MANDOLIN CLUB.

First Mandolins—J. W. Nicholson, Jr., '07; W. B. Windle, '07; F. C. Baily, '08; W. W. Kurtz, 2d, '08; F. Myers, Jr., '09; N. D. Ayer, '10; C. F. Clark, '10; G. A. Kerbaugh, '10; S. T. Martin, '10.
Second Mandolins—F. O. Musser, '08; D. B. Cary, '10; J. D. Kenderdine, '10; E. R. Spaulding, '10.

Guitars—A. N. Warner, '07; W. Sargent, Jr., '08; E. Shoemaker, '09.
Violins—J. W. Crowell, '09; H. E. C. Bryant, '10.
Cello—W. C. Greene, '10.
Clarinet—C. W. Mayers, '10.
Leader—J. W. Nicholson, Jr.

GLEE CLUB.

First Tenor—J. W. Crowell, '09; J. W. Pennypacker, '09; R. A. Spaeth, '09; H. E. C. Bryant, '10; W. D. Schultz, '10.
Second Tenor—T. K. Brown, Jr., P. G.; J. C. Birdsall, '07; J. B. Clement, '08; F. C. Hamilton, '09; P. V. R. Miller, '09; E. Shoemaker, '09.
First Bass—G. H. Deacon, '09; C. C. Killen, '09; D. L. Philips, '09; M. H. C. Spiers, '09; C. M. Froelicher, '10; W. C. Greene, '10; C. W. Mayers, '10.
Second Bass—P. W. Brown, '07; I. J. Dodge, '07; J. W. Nicholson, Jr., '07; T. K. Lewis, '09; S. T. Martin, '10; C. D. Morley, '10.
Leader—J. W. Nicholson, Jr.

SOCCER

The following were awarded the Soccer "H.": Captain Rossmassler, '07; Windle, '07; C. Brown, '08; Drinker, '08; Bushnell, '08, and Baker, '10.

The seal was awarded to Warner, '07; Godley, '07; Kurtz, '08; Strode, '08; Shoemaker, '08, and Furness, '10.

Haverford again won the intercollegiate championship. It is only fair to state that they were aided by Columbia's default to Haverford and Penn's forfeit to Harvard.

HAVERFORD, 2; HARVARD, 1.

Played at Cambridge, December 8, 1906.

On December 8, at Cambridge, Mass., on the historical Soldiers' Field. Harvard went down to defeat before the Haverford soccer team. The day was fine, but cold, and hard wind was blowing down the field, which made accurate passing and shooting very difficult. Captain Rossmassler won the toss and chose to kick with the wind. Osborne started

the game. Harvard soon got together and for a while it was only the defensive work of Brown and Godley that saved the Crimson forwards from breaking through. Baker, at this point, received the ball. He dodged the waiting full-back and sent a neat shot into the net thus tallying the first score for Haverford. Near the close of the first half Baker again sent the ball into the net and the first half ended 2-0 in Haverford's favor.

In the second half Harvard seemed to wake up and rushed the ball into Haverford territory, but could not score a tally. A corner did them no good, Godley kicking the ball out of danger. For a while the ball remained in midfield, then Biddle, outside left on Crimson's forward line, suddenly broke away, and going down the side dodged Windle and passed to centre, when Reggio put the ball in the net by a low hard shot just out of Warner's reach. Score—Haverford, 2; Harvard, 1. There was no further scoring, and the half ended with the ball dangerously near the Harvard goal.

The Haverford team played with a dash and vigor that ran the Harvard men off their feet. The work of the forwards was excellent and they were well assisted by the defense. Line-up:—

*Haverford.**Harvard.*

A. N. Warner.....g.....F. V. Malim
C. T. Brown.....r. f. b.T. Thackeia
F. D. Godley.....l. f. b.W. H. Kidder
C. K. Drinker.....r. f.P. Brooks
W. R. Rossmassler...c. h.W. Reggio
W. B. Windle.....l. f.L. A. Bird
J. Bushnell.....r. o.W. A. Forbush
H. Furness.....r. i.A. N. Reggio
P. I. Baker.....c.P. Osborne
W. R. Shoemaker...l. i.L. B. Robinson
G. K. Strode.....l. o.G. Biddle
Referee—J. H. Fairfax-Lucy. Linesmen—
F. Leelan, Harvard; A. Leelan, Haverford.
Goals—Haverford, Baker 2. Harvard, A. N.
Reggio. Time of halves—25 minutes.

HAVERFORD, O.; UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA, O.

Played at Franklin Field, December , 1906.

In the final game of the Intercollegiate Soccer Series, Haverford played the U. of P. a no score game. The game was hotly contested from start to finish. The Haverford forwards nearly scored in the first half, but the University front rank rallied, and but for a mistake in front of goal, would have been one up at half time.

In the second half, however, the Haverford team completely outclassed their opponents, and time and again nearly scored, the University goal being saved on more than one occasion by its unusual narrowness alone. A penalty kick for Haverford struck the upright ten minutes before the final whistle. For Haverford, the forward line gave a good exhibition of team work; in the defense, Captain Rossmassler, Brown, and Warner were conspicuous. Line-up:—

*Haverford**Pennsylvania.*

Strodeo. l.Shoemaker
Furnessi. l.H. Morris
Bakerc. f.Widdows
Shoemakeri. r.Pepper
Bushnello. r.A. Montgomery
Windlel. h.R. Wood
Rossmasslerc. h.Shophach
Drinkerr. h.Ewing
Kurtzl. f. b.Keating
C. Brownr. f. b.Goodfellow
Warnerg.Bricker
Referee—Bishop. Linesmen—Pleasants, U. of P.; Godley, Haverford. Time of halves—30 minutes.

OTHER SOCCER GAMES

Nov. 30—Germantown C. C. 4; Haverford 2nd XI, 1.

Dec. 8—Haverford 2nd XI, 4; Radnor C. C., 1.

Dec. 22—Merion C. C., 4; Haverford 1st XI, 3.

Dec. 22—Haverford 2nd XI, 8; Penn 2nd XI, 2.

Dec. 22—Haverford 3rd XI, 2; Radnor C. C., 0.

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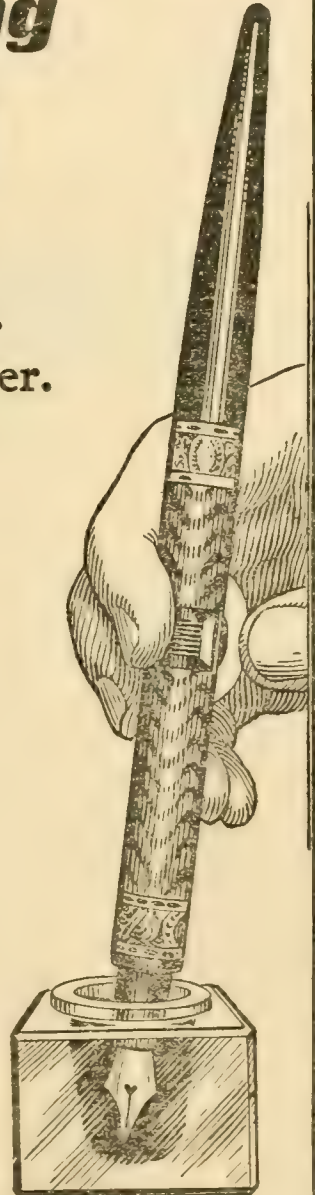
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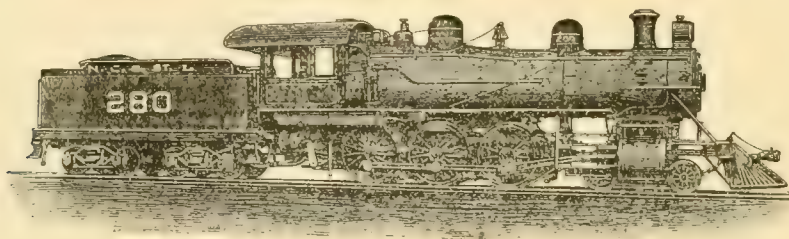
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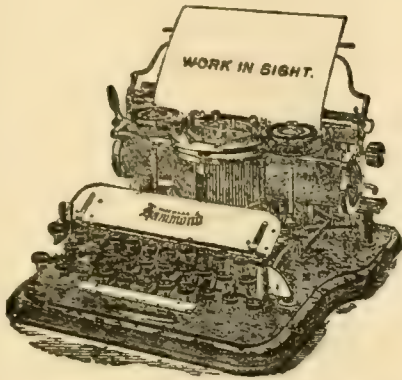
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HAVERFORD COLLEGE

VOLUME XXVIII, No. 9.

February, 1907

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VOL. XXVIII

HAVERFORD, PA., FEBRUARY, 1907

No. 9

IN accordance with the custom of THE HAVERFORDIAN, this issue completes the volume, and with it terminate the services of the Senior editors. A year ago we assumed our responsibilities with hesitation, and largely from a sense of duty. We relinquish them with regret, because of the actual pleasure and satisfaction the work has afforded us, which quite outweigh the anxiety and tedium connected with editorial work.

The End
of
Volume
XXVIII

We can assure the new administration that the discipline and training which they will receive from this work will be so valuable that it should command their best efforts; also that such training, as well as the standard of the magazine, are proportionate to the attention they give to it.

The greatest pleasure we have had has been the generous consideration of our readers, who have been lenient in their criticism and quick to express, by word or letter, their approbation of certain of

our efforts. The Alumni have, to a great extent, aided us by advice and criticism in the conduct of the magazine in general and the departments in particular. We would say as a word of farewell, that we are advising our successors to enlarge the Alumni Department and to put in the College Department more general information of the various college activities.

In concluding volume XXVIII we wish to express our thanks to all who have aided us in making this volume, and to convey our especial appreciation to President Isaac Sharpless, Mr. Hiram Hadley, '56; Mr. Thomas Wistar, '58; Prof. Allen C. Thomas, '65; Prof. F. B. Gummere, '72; Prof. Albert S. Bolles, Dr. A. E. Hancock, Dr. James A. Babbitt, Dean Barrett, Dr. W. W. Comfort, '94; Mr. Oscar M. Chase, '94; Dr. Arthur F. Coca, '96; Mr. Arthur Crowell, '04; Mr. Chester J. Teller, '05.

The Board of Editors for the coming year comprises Winthrop Sargent, Jr., '08, Editor-in-Chief; Howard Burtt, '08;

T. Morris Longstreth, '08; Alfred Lowry, 2d, '09, as Associate Editors; J. Passmore Elkinton, '08, and Walter W. Whitson, '08, continue as Business Editors.

EARLY in our administration we conceived the idea of formulating a constitution under which this paper should be managed. **THE HAVERFORDIAN** has not, in the past, had any definite rules concerning elections of the Board, etc.; these things proceeding along under unwritten customs. We have attempted to plan this constitution so as to embrace all the desirable features of the past and to include a few changes. It has been adopted by the joint boards and approved by President Sharpless on behalf of the faculty, and will henceforth govern the management of the paper and be subject to changes only by a majority vote and faculty consent.

The work of drawing up this constitution has been in progress all year so that every detail might be carefully tried out. As a result we feel sure that it is on a practical working basis, and that any radical changes from past custom have been for the better.

Under the new rules the paper is to be in the hands of a self-perpetuating Board of Editors,—to number eight as a maximum,—and a business manager who chooses an assistant from a class below his. On the tenth of February of each year a report is rendered to the Board of the exact financial status of the paper,—the earnings of the previous year, and the value of the paper to date. This will enable the new business management to take hold of the paper on a fair basis at the time its services commence.

One-tenth of the income of the paper is turned into a surplus fund which may,

under specified conditions, be applied to the improvement of the magazine, or to some college or athletic activity. The balance is divided into thirds: two-thirds of which go to the business managers, and one-third to the Editorial Board. This third is to be apportioned to the editors, the only stipulation being that they shall receive its value in books and not in cash. We have hesitated about this matter of giving books for editorial service, because it savored too much of remuneration; but, after considering the matter thoroughly, we have concluded that the standard of the magazine and the quality of undergraduate literature will be improved by this measure.

THE Civics Department of the Loganian Society has allied itself to the Inter-Collegiate Civic League, in response to an invitation received some time ago. This Inter-Collegiate League embraces about sixteen of the foremost universities and colleges of the country, namely: Yale, Princeton, Harvard, University of Pennsylvania, Columbia, Brown, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, New York University, Cornell, Williams, University of Michigan, University of Chicago, Amherst, Dartmouth, University of Tennessee. It is an association formed among these various colleges, non-partisan in membership and aim, "to serve as a bond of union to those members in American universities and colleges who believe in the intelligent study of public affairs as a means of increasing the interest of students in the duties of citizenship, and of raising the standards of public life in the United States."

Every month, or oftener, the League will, this winter, distribute short articles

upon various subjects pertinent to public questions, written by prominent men. They advise that these be printed in the college papers. The policy of THE HAVERFORDIAN has been only to use material submitted by those allied with the college, but because we so thoroughly sympathize with this work, we shall be glad to print these articles as they appear. They are all copyrighted articles, written for the Inter-Collegiate League and printed by us on behalf of that League and the Haverford College Civics Club.

THE especial attention of our alumni and friends is called to the announcement of the Library Lectures in the College Department of this number.

**The
Annual
Library
Lectures**

These lectures this year will be given by the Rev. John Watson, D. D., more commonly known as Ian Maclaren.

The subject announced is, "The History of Religion in Scotland in the Eighteenth Century." This will treat a very important period of Scottish history when certain curious revivals swept over the country resulting from the preaching of such energetic men as Whitefield and Wesley. It was about the middle of the eighteenth century that the two branches, the Secession Church, led by Erskine, and the Relief Church, led by Gillespie,

sprang off from the Scottish Established Church. Upon the union of these two branches was built the Presbyterian Church.

But this period is not interesting merely because of these revivals and theological dissensions. It is interesting because the deeper result of all this visible turmoil was the bettering of social conditions. Hospitals and relief societies were founded, and the long struggle for prison reforms was begun in Scotland, and it is from there that it has spread over the world.

IT is a very distinguished honor that Professor Ernest W. Brown has achieved in having awarded to him the gold medal of the Royal Astronomical Society.

**An Honor
for a
Haverford
Professor**

The announcement of this was made several weeks ago, and the official presentation will occur some time in February.

The medal is given annually by the Astronomical Society to the man who during the year has advanced farthest the world's knowledge about astronomy. Dr. Brown has been working for some years here, at Haverford, upon the planetary perturbations of the moon from its regular orbit, and it is for this work that he has been honored.

THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON

With reverent feet I trod thy tiled floors,
Worn by the footfalls of the mighty dead
With holy awe, upon thy brazen doors
The glorious annals of the past I read.

Hushed in mute wonder, silently I stood
Beneath the arches of thy soaring dome
And overwhelmed, watched the endless flood
Of mighty living, ever go and come.

In fancy rapt, methought I saw the sweep
Of countless generations yet unborn,
Who shall thy matchless glories guard and
keep

In all the splendor of their golden morn;
Until my soul, a moment breaking free
Was blended in eternity, with thee.

J. F. W., '10.

COLLEGE AND AFTER

With the closing term for some of our students, their thoughts are ranging beyond college studies and associations. But how differently they regard the future! These differentiations clearly typify classes into which a considerable portion of mankind is divided. By some, their future is not wholly unknown, for they have secured places into which they will fit and continue the familiar story of work as before. Their keen sense of prevision led them months ago to find a new place on leaving the old. And thus with them it will always be, thoughtfulness marking their career and yielding solid possession. Others may dislike this squirrel philosophy, but, after all, who will question the fact, that a strong, fat squirrel enjoys existence more than a weak, half-starved one?

Of another class are these who would be happy if they could follow some pursuit not open to them, and alas, can never be.

At all times and everywhere this class is large. Plunging into some pursuit from necessity or by command that could not be disregarded, they have lived darkened lives, seeing, if at all, only fitful gleams of sunshine. But what, had they followed their inclination? Would they have succeeded? Some contend that such a lot would have been happier, for they would have had the satisfaction of trying. Prevented, their life has been an unending, discontented refrain.

Besides, among so many, now and then one perhaps would have succeeded, and his worth to the world, judged from its side, might have compensated for all the other failures. Aldrich has expressed the idea in a felicitous verse:

"If it take
 Aeons to form a diamond, grain on grain,
 Aeons to crystallize its fire and dew—
By what slow process must Nature make
 Her Shakespeares and her Raffaels?
 Great the gain
If she spoils thousands making one or two."

Not all, however, look on diamond-making quite in this way. What about those that are spoiled? Would not all concerned, including the world, have been the gainers had some other enterprise been attempted?

Then there are others who bank on the fortunes of fickle opportunity. They are numerous in all ages; are not lessening in our own. They are possessed with the adventurous spirit,—the spirit of the speculator, the gambler. They float on the current of optimism, are of uneven temper, joyful and sorrowful by turns. Some of them win great prizes, the larger number are borne away on the mighty flood of failures. Some of the greatest victories in this world have been won by them, witness the American revolution. Thus in all ages while the great shore of life has been strewn with wrecks, thrown up by human miscalculation, many a ship has made a brilliant voyage by daring through ignorance to take risks known and averted by the wise.

So much for the different ways of looking at the problem. Let us look in another direction, and contrast the feeling of the college graduate to-day with that of the graduate in the olden time. Having then a different, we will not say

higher, regard for his mental apparatus, he felt that he must enter one of the three learned professions, because it would be unworthy of his long and costly training to do otherwise. But since that time a vast industrial world has arisen, wheels within wheels of ponderous form and mighty power; to command one of these wheels with the thousands of men employed to turn it is worthy the genius of any man. The college graduate of to-day has some perception of this, and behold! how the three professions are suffering from the movement. Perhaps more is said about the decline of ability in the Christian ministry than in any other, but we do not believe the more popular explanation is correct. Many who are so eager in the fever chase for millions are not, in truth, as much nerved by the hope of gaining them, as by the joy of conquest. The millions are only the incident of the victory achieved over nature, or man, or both. To discover aerial navigation, to utilize the nitrogen in the air, to build a railroad, or perfect some other great scheme,—may indeed yield a great fortune in dollars, but the joy of quest and achievement are more dearly prized.

So the sphere of the college graduate has broadened, and the world is the gainer. It is true that, in the beginning, unless commanding the scene, his first thought is that of existing; but this ought, and generally does wear away as soon as one's future in the way of

living is assured. The struggle is no longer for existence as soon as the critical period, if ever known, is passed. Unhappy the man who cannot pass it! Doubtless this is a very real thing with millions, but it ought not to be with the college graduate. With his superior general equipment for advance in almost every special direction, if he does not pass this point and enjoy his work, whatever it may be, of all failures, that of the college graduate is the worst. Work, indeed, he must, in most cases, but this to the educated man should yield pleasure, not pain. It is the thoughtless, demoralized workingman of the lower type who regards toil as a curse, and eagerly awaits the announcement of the hour when he can throw down his implements of labor. The college graduate goes forth with a different feeling, and his work through life should be an enduring joy, for, if not unmindful of his opportunity, he has gained a truer conception of life than the popular one—the acquisition of material goods, and the exercise of victorious brute force. The outside world only dimly knows that the college graduate, through the study of Latin and Greek and the deeper exploration into the mysteries of his being, sooner or later, gradually or suddenly, detaches himself far enough from the world to gain a truer conception of the problem of life, that does, under most conditions, yield unfailing enjoyment.

A. S. Bolles.



AN APPRECIATION OF HOLMES'S "AUTOCRAT"

Our mass of world literature is divided into many classes. Over against the tragical we set the comical; against the serious, the farcical; against the classical, the non-classical; against the historical, the fictional. The list of adjectives, positive and negative, is practically endless. One who attempts a catalogue will find them presenting themselves with startling rapidity: interesting—dry; instructive—amusing; religious—atheistical. But when a book is worth anything it has some particular adjective that applies to it almost to the exclusion of the others. One would scarcely call "Hamlet" *interesting*, though nobody would deny that it is; but *tragical* is the qualifying word that cannot be separated from "Hamlet." A neutral book, to which any number of adjectives may equally well be applied, is apt not to merit even a single one to a very high degree,—unless it be the adjective *weak*.

This series of common-place remarks has a purpose. This purpose is not to prove something that everybody will admit. They are simply set forth in preparation for the question—"What adjective qualifies Oliver Wendell Holmes's "Autocrat at the Breakfast Table?" Is it *interesting*? Well, yes. And so is Poe's "Murders of the Rue Morgue." Is it *humorous*? Undoubtedly. And so is Mark Twain's "Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court." It is *instructive*, perhaps? Of course it is; and so is Adam Smith's "The Wealth of Nations." All of these adjectives will apply to the "Autocrat," but none of them *fits* it. It seems to me that *wholesome* is the qualifying word we want. In the class of *wholesome* books we find "The Specta-

tor," "The Sketch Book," many (but not all) of Hawthorne's Tales, "Love's Labor's Lost," "Pickwick Papers," and a great many others, of which these few are haphazard examples.

A *wholesome* book is, of course, not only one that does no harm; it must also do good. Swift's "A modest Proposal" has probably done good, but I should not call it a *wholesome* theme. Another qualification is needed: a book to be *wholesome* must not only do no harm and do some good, but it must also do this good in a *pleasing way*. The satire must not be too pointed; a blazing hell must not be shown to frighten evil-doers; the reader must not put down his book with a shudder. There must be nothing that hurts, nothing that offends, nothing that is ugly, but the wholesome book must be *homeopathic* in its treatment. In "True Raillery" ("The Tatler,") this idea is expressed much better than I can express it. Here we learn that the satirist must be good-natured. His quarrel must be for society, not for himself. When he laughs at the follies of his day, he must laugh *with* men, not *at* them. "A Midsummer Night's Dream" is *wholesome*, with its "What Fools These Mortals Be!" Though here the tonic of a good laugh is prescribed rather than any specific reforms. "Don Quixote" is *wholesome*, and here, on the other hand, the specific reforms are plainly set forth, and the extravagances of chivalry are laughed at unmercifully,—but even here, mind you, there is no sting in the laughter.

And so it is with our gentle "Autocrat." He is a critic, undoubtedly; but he is an *optimistic* critic—or, of you will,

a critical optimist. Oh, he can be stern enough, I know. It is, for instance, somewhat of a jar to refuse to argue with a man on the plea that "controversy equalizes fools and wise men,—*and the fools know it.*" That makes the other man wince a little—unless he gets laughing. Yes, the autocrat can almost lose patience sometimes. But when he does grow impatient, he does not rail as Swift does. The difference is that Swift is a critical *pessimist* and the autocrat a critical *optimist*. Even his scoldings are pleasant, and though he may hammer at our pet vice, we bear no grudge. And what sort of teachings does he give? Well, the proper use of English, the wickedness of puns (which, by the way, he uses to good advantage himself), how to

love books, the benefits of mutual admiration, the unpleasantness of the retailer of facts, the good results when a man believes in himself, even if it involves a certain conceit, and the balefulness of hypocrisy.

The wholesomeness of the "Autocrat" is the wholesomeness of a spring zephyr. Coming from the woods laden with the breath of the April blossoms, it blows gently through the town, leaving everything clearer and brighter. It is not a threatening tornado that comes to carry away the whole town because it cannot make it pure. So, when I had closed the book and was sitting down to write a little about it, all of a sudden it came to me what an entirely *wholesome* book it is.

W. S. E., '07.

THE LAYING DOWN OF CONWELL MEETING

On a clear, hot day in midsummer, under the shadow of the Blue Mountains, a long stretch of dusty road was baking to a parched dryness. It was the season of excessive heat, preceding the dog days. Along the highway the blackberry bushes hung their leaves listlessly under a white coating of chalky dust. No breath of wind was stirring; there was no evidence of living activity anywhere. Even the birds were driven to shelter in the cool places of the woods, and the only cheerful sound, in the brazen glare of the tropical sun, was the rippling of the water under the old stone bridge of the White Horse River. Winter and summer were all the same to it. Flowing down from well-wooded mountain valleys, the White Horse knew neither flood nor drought, but purled along with constant flow, against its mossy stones, unmindful of the times and the seasons. The bridge was a curious structure. When our forefathers built their road-

ways, they used good materials, and the modern engineer who macadamized the road, had left the old bridge untouched,—stone from its base to the peculiarly notched coping. Its air of antiquity was unmistakable.

About half-past nine on this hot day, which being the First-day of the week, increased the natural stillness of the place, one could see the black figure of an old man moving along the chalky turnpike. From his high beaver hat and straight-collared coat and vest, it was evident that he was one of the sect of Quakers. He leaned heavily upon a stout cane as he slowly picked his way along the smooth parts of the road, stopping now and again to mop his brow with a large handkerchief or to lash it over his shoulder to brush off the white dust. When he removed his hat for this purpose he showed a head of snow-white hair flowing down well below the brim of the beaver. The heat seemed to float up all

around him in dizzy waves through the glaring sunshine, and he stopped under every tree to refresh himself for the next stretch of hot white road.

When he came to the old stone bridge he was evidently much relieved. He stiffly climbed through the fence and sat down upon a stone in the shadow of the bridge by a large poplar tree. He leaned back against the wall, and closing his eyes for a time, seemed to sleep. Starting from his short rest, he removed his hat and bathed his wrinkled face freely with the clear, cool water of the White Horse, and then rested his head upon his hands on the top of his cane. In a low whisper, and as if involuntarily came the words: "For the Lord, thy God, bringeth thee into a good land, a land of brooks of water, of fountains and depths that spring out of the valleys and hills," and then he was silent again. Finally he arose, took a last drink from the stream, and set out upon his way once more along the white and shining highway. With many stops he gradually drew near to a little stone building in a grove of oak trees by the roadside. A roof of mossy shingles topped off the grey walls. A little porch shaded the two doors and four windows that faced the road. The grove was surrounded with a stone wall on all sides, except where the carriage shed served as a boundary. Beyond the wall stretched a fine field of corn. Among the oak trees were regular green mounds with here and there a white head-stone to mark the grave of a Friend who had gone before. Everywhere in the shade the small August daises were blooming,—by the stone slabs at the doorsteps, over the grassy mounds, and as irony would have it, in the middle of the carriageway that led from the road to the horse block at the meeting house door. Few wheels

had passed over that sod to disturb the natural growth for several years, and even the appearance of a lane was hardly distinguishable.

The old man unfastened the hook of a small gate in the stone wall and walked toward the near door of the house. The soft sod felt grateful to his burning feet after the stones of the highway. "Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are as asleep: in the morning they are like the grass which groweth up. In the morning it flourisheth and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down, and withereth. We spend our years as a tale that is told, and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength, labor and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away." So the old man muttered as he walked feebly over the daisy-flecked greensward; his face speckled with the patches of sunshine that forced their way down through the oak leaves.

His watch told him that it was near the hour of ten; so after a short rest upon the horse block he drew a key from his pocket and unlocked the old door. The thumb latch rattled noisily as he lifted it and entered the room, lighted only by rays stealing through the cracks of the shutters. He opened the windows and let in a flood of sunshine that lit up the plain interior with a cheerful coziness. It was cool in the meeting-house and very pleasant after the hot walk. Only one-half of the building was thus opened. The partitions or shutters that had previously been used to separate men's and women's meetings during the business sessions were closed. A large, old fashioned wood-stove stood in the middle of the room between the six rows of benches. The penknives of past generations had been plied busily upon the soft wood of the backs of the benches,—silent memories of boys whose names were

now cut in stone over the green mounds under the oak trees. Such was the room into which our ancient Friend slowly and stiffly admitted the warm sunshine, flooding over the gallery rail and giving a new tint to the sombre brown cushions. He returned to the door and looked out over the corn fields once more and then walked up to the front bench facing the gallery and took his seat.

As he sat he became more and more drawn into himself. His eyes at first shut, were soon opened, but with a far-away, unfocussed, dreamy air, looking into the unruffled blue of the hot mid-summer sky. His head was raised and thrown slightly back, his hand crossed in his lap; he was removed from the world and the cares of the world in a deep and abiding spiritual worship. So he sat for perhaps an hour and a quarter, all alone in the coolness of the meeting house, with no human fellowship. Finally he rose, closed the windows, locked the door, and withdrew very much in the same way as he had come.

Another First-day, and again the dark figure of the old Friend is seen going along the road. People always looked for him. Every First and Fourth-day, in fine weather on foot, in bad, driving along in an old buggy, the old man never failed in his two weekly trips. This day is much like all autumn days, hot and sultry, with the peculiar haze of the Indian summer. A sort of coppery tinge seems to hang in the atmosphere, and there is the slightest suspicion of russet among the oak leaves in the yard. 'Twas early when he arrived, and after opening the house as usual, he came out and wandered around under the old trees for awhile. Old! yes, they were old, every thing was old, even he was getting old. Why, he could remember when the trees were but a foot through the thickest part,

and he had helped his brother repair the mossy stone wall when he was a young fellow. Yes, the place looked old, but then it was still substantial.

As he was standing quietly by one of the trees he heard a high childish voice from the far side of the yard. He turned and saw a little girl of nine or ten years, coming through the gate from the corn-field.

"Once there was a little kitty,
Black as a shoe,
In the barn we used to keep her
Long years ago."

So the child sang in a monotonous quaver as she stepped into the meeting house yard, swinging in her hand a little basket. She was a pretty little girl of the real country type. Fair, yellow hair and a brown, freckled face made her best Sunday hat look uncomfortable. A short blue frock and a little white apron to set it off,—such was the appearance as she skipped along, unaware of the old man's presence.

Suddenly she stopped, and her song died away on the breeze. The meeting house was open, and she might disturb those within. Besides, she was rather frightened, because she had never been inside and she didn't know just what they did there. Maybe she could see now. She walked slowly past and looked in at the rows of brown benches. Nobody was there, and she went nearer the door.

"Would thee like to come in for meeting, little girl?"

Ugh, the voice startled her, and she turned with a jump.

"I thought maybe thee 'd like to go inside and sit awhile with me," he repeated. Then she saw that it was the old man who had taken her up in his buggy three Sundays before and carried her nearly home.

"Oh! I didn't know you," she answered, shyly, "and then you scared me."

"Perhaps I did, I shouldn't have spoken so abruptly," he rejoined. "Does thee come past here often?"

"Yes, sir; every day to school, about a mile over there, on the other side of the cornfield," and then, with a burst of confidence, "I was just going to see if the red squirrel had found my acorns over there in the corner. Did you ever see the red squirrel?"

Hand in hand they crossed the yard, the old man with his slight limp, and the little girl, her hat thrown back and her golden hair gleaming in the sunshine, bobbing up and down beside him.

"Here's where he lives, you see; this knot-hole's his front door. He takes my acorns and hides them in there."

They sat down among the green mounds, and the old man became much interested in the larder of the red squirrel family.

"I play dolls here, too. You don't care, do you?" she said, with a half timorous glance, as if the privilege might be forbidden. "You see the roots make different rooms for my houses and the acorns make furniture, and I play go and see from one tree to another. The graves are hills, you see, in between the houses. Did you ever play dolls?" Thoughts of a sister now lying under one of the mounds, and visions of a grove of pine trees, and a soft floor of pine needles and coves with root houses and rag dolls, flitted across the old man's memory, but he said nothing.

Receiving no answer, the little girl babbled on. "These tomb-stones are mile-posts, you see. The numbers tell how far you are from the end."

"Aye, from the end!" repeated the old man, abstractedly, "from the end, yes 'tis near the end. Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings!" and his wandering eye fell upon the inscriptions: "Aged 76," and upon another stone, "in the 81st year of his age." And they were his brothers and sisters! Could it be!

"I am glad thee came this morning, my dear," he said, rising, "and I'll be glad to see thee often on First-day mornings."

"I think I'd better go home now," the little girl answered, "or mamma'll wonder what's become of me."

He hobbled back to the open house, and she tripped lightly to the gate, and with a cheery good-by, went scurrying down the road. The old man turned on the step and looked after her, shading his eyes and following her little blue figure until she disappeared over the brow of the hill. "Truly the lines are fallen upon me in pleasant places, yea, I have a goodly heritage," he muttered, as he crossed the sill.

The leaves on the squirrel oak in Conwell Meeting-House yard were again coming out, and among the roots on a warm day in the early spring sat the little fair-haired girl. By her side lay her dolls, and at her feet stretched a newly-made mound of earth. The winter's snows had passed away from it, leaving it bare and brown, but a few blades of grass were already straggling up upon its surface. At the end was a small marble stone, upon which were the words: "In the 80th year of his age."

F. R. T., '06.

THE CHILDREN OF THE SWAMP

Periquin was small and *cute* like a wardrobe mouse. His ideas were no bigger than his feet, and he aped his grandmother's uncle quite consistently. Whenever he commenced to twirl his mustache we took it as a sure sign that he had something in store for us. And that night, a year or so ago, when we sat in the little plaza of our house burning dry palm leaves to drive away the mosquitos, he fingered his upper lip so nervously that we really thought that the threatening yarn would be better than usual. We threw the last branch into the fire and offered him a cigar which he lighted ceremoniously. Then he began:

"No, you never heard this one. Pablo, El Cojo, never told you this story. I know he started to tell it once, but he had to stop because some of his "spirits" decided to perform a visitation upon him—a serious concern, as he calls it. And the last time I attempted to relate it, some strange animal was bellowing lugubriously in the swamp and I took the hint, naturally, like a good Christian. The fact is, *compadres*, that this story—which is no story at all, because it actually happened—cannot be fooled with. It is like the story of the Flying Dragon that landed on the tower of—. Say, *compadres*, this is a splendid cigar: fine *aroma*, *gusto*—ah, splendid! Yes, like the Flying Dragon. But, of course, you know this dragon affair by heart, so I need not repeat myself. The fact is, as I said before, that the story is a serious one. I told it to an atheist once and he laughed at me, and, then, that same night he was suddenly—You know what happened to him, Juan! And you too, Antonio! Sh—! No desecration, and listen:

"On the western edge of the swamp, when I was a little boy, which was some years ago, as you know, there lived an old widow with three children. They called her Sena Pepa. She took in washing, a great deal of it, and spent most of the day busy with it. But early in the mornings and, more often, late in the afternoons, she went to the city to sell tortillas, pone, fruit and live crabs. Nobody bothered her and she bothered nobody—a fact which I beg you to keep in mind. She was happy, seemed so, even if she had queer ways, and wore the same red bandanna handkerchief tied around her head day after day. And the children—Lili, Titi, Feli—they were little nude angels, although grandmother always shook her head when they were mentioned. Why? Ah, *compadres*, this is a fine cigar. *Qué aroma! Qué gusto!* Yes, they were pretty angels. One had black hair, the other brown and the third light—which makes me think that they came from one single mother and three distinct fathers, although the widow wore mourning for only one of them, and that one was too devilish homely to have helped any of the children into this valley of tears. Anyway, the deuce take me if anybody ever cared about the fathers. The mother was there and the children were there, and the people shook their heads and consigned the fathers to different regions of H—. *Jesus, Maria y José!* But that has nothing to do with the story, as you well know.

"As I said before, the old widow used to go to town, to the city, in the afternoons, and very often she would not return before night. Then she would put the children to bed and light a huge fire in the back yard. And that is why she

was queer, *compadres*. What did she want with that fire? Or with that huge cast-iron caldron? She did not have to boil socks every night, or cook crabs. *Diablo*, no; she could do those things by day, like all good Christians. That is what people could not understand. No wonder that something did happen to her. *Jesus, Maria y José!* Cross yourselves, *compadres*, it is awful!

"As I said before, she would come home late. If the palms howled and the swamp birds screamed and all creation was on the wrong side of Heaven, like the day when the devil hit the renegade Luther with an ink bottle, she would not care. Just hopeless queerness. I wonder that the children did not die of terror. But they were used to it. Well, one evening when she came back—oh, I forgot something. When she was away in town the children used to play around the swamp catching crabs and building dams and canals to collect water. Sometimes they would venture a mile or two away from the hut to gather wild fruit or to lasso young lizards with grass blades. Or perhaps they would throw stones into puddles to watch the ripples, or spit defiantly at some swamp bird. And when all these pastimes were exhausted they would smear their naked bodies with mud cakes, and laugh jubilantly and say they looked like alligators. I tell you this to show you that nothing had ever happened to the children until that evening—or afternoon, for nobody knows just when it happened—that evening when their mother returned and did not find them.

"Well, Sena Pepa had been to town and had returned later than usual. It had been a slow day in the market. People had found her *tortillas* stale; and then, half of her crabs had died of paralysis of the nippers, or of something worse—I don't quite recollect what it was. The fact is that she had not made enough

money to buy bread for her children and rum for herself. Also her last bag of sweet potatoes had been eaten three days before. She was destitute, *compadres*, for washing is a hell-sent occupation. *Jesus, Maria y José!* And then it was carnival week and she may have stayed later to see the fun. *Quién sabe!* But she was late and everybody who knows what happened to her is sorry that she was late. Because, if she had not been late she would have seen—it is only a conjecture—she would have seen, would have seen—seen—seen—. Say, *compadres*, this is the best cigar—. Ah, *qué gusto!* Anyhow, whether what she would have seen was real or imaginary, it is the same. The whole mystery of the tragedy hangs on it.

"Well, as I said before, she came home late that evening—which was not a wise thing to do, as I have told you already. And although it was carnival week it was a wild night. The swamp was infested with pale lights; dogs were barking; our tomcat was purring as he had never done since the days of the great hurricane; a cow had come down the road as if a devil—*Jesus, Maria y José!*—had punched her with a pitch-fork. As I said before, the night was wild, and wild was everything this side of the grave. El Cojo says that it was the night *before* that was wild, but I know better. Yes, I know better, and I can prove it. Well, when Sena Pepa reached the path that leads to her hut, all sorts of queer noises commenced to leak out from the sand banks. A lady dressed in white crossed her path and disappeared. Also a black goat stood on his hind legs irreverently and butted a bunch of prickly cactus. There was a snake, and an alligator, and a one-nippered crab with a blue shell to meet her before she finally reached her hut. And when she got there she was pulled from behind.

Now you know how high *tortilla* venders wear their skirts, so it is no use trying to prove that she stepped on them herself. She was *pulled*. Cross yourselves, *compadres*! Strange things are bound to happen in this world.

"As I said before, Sena Pepa was queer. She was frightened almost to death, but she never crossed herself. Mind you, she *never crossed herself*, not even when the goat attacked the cactus. Why not? I do not know.

"When she arrived at the hut she called her children in agony: 'Lili, Titi, Feli, where are you, my dears?' No answer. 'Lili, Titi, Feli, are you there?' No answer. She called them again, but the tots did not run from under the table to pull her skirts and ask her for bread and sweets. Do you think she fainted immediately like any other sensible woman would have done? I should say not! Sena Pepa was queer, and if you turned her inside out she would still have been queer. She rushed in like a beast whose cubs have been stolen, and ransacked the place; but no children were to be found. She looked under the hut, but they were not there. She rushed out and ran around the swamp wringing her hands and cursing heaven. Her heartbreaking calls for Lili, Titi and Feli were heard far up the road. *Bendito sea Dios!* She went out of her head—as crazy as a rudderless boat. What had become of the children? *Cristo de Piedad!* It is awful!

"On the next morning someone noted the disappearance of the mother and the children, and we all went down to the hut. Things were in great disorder; the caldron was cracked in two pieces, and the swamp seemed to have advanced

closer to the yard. We looked around, but could find no trace of the family. At last we discovered some tracks in the soft mud and followed them up until we reached a small island where the children used to play. Guess what we found, *compadres*. There was the mother sunk to her knees, smearing herself with mud cakes and talking wildly to herself: 'I am an alligator. I am an alligator.' And when she saw us, up she flew and commenced to yell: 'Come, Lili, Titi, Feli, they won't take you away this time. Come.' Oh, you ought to have seen her eyes! She raised her skirts as if she wanted to hide the children like hens do their chicks. *Bendito sea Dios!* She did not look like an alligator. To see her there thinking that she had the children when God only knows what had become of them. It was heart-rending, *compadres*. We looked around: she had built a few dams and canals and had apparently thought that she was spending the morning with her tots. A little pail, a small spade, and a children's cart were the objects that she had mistaken for her children. These things had been their only toys. Ah, she was crazy as a rudderless boat!

"And the children? We searched and searched. Perhaps they ventured too far into the swamp and a—

"Say, *compadres*, do you hear that lugubrious howl? The evil genius of the swamp is bellowing again. I knew this was a bad night. I must go home. *Buenas noches.*"

And the next minute Periquin had disappeared down the broad avenue of royal palms.

J. P., '07.

SKETCHES

PICTURES BY THE WAY

I am sitting on a log of driftwood, cast up by some spring freshet in seasons past; behind me the forest, before me the lake, the forests and the mountains. Beyond the mountains is a sunset—not one of your golden-roseate effulgences which unmarried ladies rave over and impressionists endeavor to depict, which fire the imagination of the poet and give the prophet his vision of heaven; but a sombre, purple-blue sky, shading into black, and only rendered the more ominous by the lurid rifts of silver streaking to left and right; a sunset which has no cheering message, but rather expresses an infinite and unutterable anguish, as if not only all the sorrow and woe of the thousands of years that have flown, but also the inevitable fact of sorrow were concentrated in this image of despair. The silver streaks are shortening, the dark outline of the mountain ridge becomes less sharply defined as its color blends with the darkness of the sky; one or two stars are already out. Ah me, if it must then be so, be it so! If nothing can prevent it, it must be borne; the stars, too, are silently enduring. Night is their nurse, let her be our solace; she is whispering peace to all nature. The placid surface of the lake is dimpled with bobbing fish; what! are you also dissatisfied with your own element and seek to breathe a purer one? Or do you but express exuberance of content in these, your capers? You katydids, who accentuate the stillness of this hour with your reiterated accusations, you cheerful crickets and disgruntled frogs, what, oh! what is the use of it all?—

Swiftly gliding down the mountain comes a long row of yellow squares of light, weaving its way rapidly among the trees and vanishing off to the left with a prolonged warning whistle. Some of the passengers were still dining, some were preparing to retire; all are on their way to the civilization, the comforts, the culture of the metropolis; none of them know that I am sitting on a log of driftwood beside this dark pool and watching the fishes jump.

H. B., '08.

ATATEKA LAKE

Atateka Lake has this in common with other Adirondack Mountain waters—whatsoever your mood, your longings, your desires—it will satisfy you and refresh you. Go down to its shores on a bright Sunday morning, in summer, when the air is peaceful and warm, when a light breeze stirs the liquid mirror at your feet, when the partridge springs suddenly from your path and the crested halcyon punctuates with one swift, clear-cut dash, the distant vista, when the sleek cattle browse on the tender leaves with pleasant tinkling of bells and the sheep can be heard on the hillside pastures, when the rail is roused from her reedy nest by the splashing of your paddle and the bold eagle circles in majestic spirals far overhead through the celestial azure—see and feel all this and you will never regret that it is weeks since you entered your church door. Once more look forth on Atateka—this time in early morning, as you rise from your camper's mattress and stumble out half awake into the sun-smitten mist—sometimes completely hidden beneath that soft white

garment; sometimes, as I have seen it once, with the mist rising from it in exquisite curling rolls like carded wool or delicate smoke wreaths, soft as the down on a baby's coat; or again looking like some glacier or weird ice formation in strange contrast to the summer luxuriance of foliage and bloom.

But, after all, the only time to really grasp and hold the beauty of Atateka Lake—aptly called "Friend's Lake" by the swarthy red men—is at night, be it moonlight or starlight. Then thrust me not within a house or a church's four walls, but give me canoe and paddle, and let me shove out into the black mirror and there under those pale stars, feel within me and without, the Spirit of the Lord rising up to quell all worldliness and selfishness. There let me repeat that sonnet of the laureate's, "The world is too much with us;" let me with Emerson "leave my peacock wit behind" and go back to "the primal mind that flows in streams, that breathes in wind;" let

me cease my struggles in the sordid haunts of the microcosm and go back to God in wood and air and stars and streams. And, as ever and anon, a meteor rips the heavenly dome with one great golden streak, let me feel in my soul the mighty silences of the midnight sky; let me hear with ears sharpened by faith, hope, love, those pure tones of star music which they say the angels hear; let me look up and not out; let me raise the ever-watchful echoes with my sighs of praise and thanksgiving.

Ah, friend, shouldst thou be disappointed, discouraged, doubting, misunderstood, get thee thy canoe and paddle forth upon those waters and finding thyself at last in harmony with heaven, restore thine own balance and thine own harmony, quell the raging conflict in thy breast, and take unto thyself the influence of the infinite holiness!

R. S., '06.

SONNET

Death, when thou comest, I would have thee
find

No mockery of human bolt or bar,
But windows open to the evening wind;
And empty halls, with careless doors ajar.

And there should be no sound of noisy woe,
But one sweet girlish voice, in pensive strain
Fraught with some echo of the long ago,
As if her mother lived, and sang again.

Then breathing deep of languorous perfume
I would grow weary, even as I am now,
And sink to slumber in the crimson gloom,
Nor feel the dews of Lethe damp my brow;
While from the chamber would she softly
creep

All fearful, lest she break her father's sleep.

J. F. W., '10.

CIVIC DEPARTMENT

ABOUT AMENDING THE CONSTITUTION

BY HON. DAVID A. DE ARMOND.

Member of Congress from Missouri.

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Is it desirable to amend the Federal Constitution? Is it desirable even to consider the subject of amending the Constitution?

I will assume, as it appears to me one may safely assume, that a majority of those who have thought about the matter at all unite in the conclusion that by amendment the Constitution could be improved.

A prerequisite to any amendment must be the opportunity to amend. There are two methods and only two for amending; the one through the initiative of the Congress, which may from time to time, with the concurrence of two-thirds of each House, propose amendments; the other, through the initiative of two-thirds of the States, upon the call of whose legislatures the Congress shall provide for a Convention to propose amendments. However proposed, no amendment can become a part of the Constitution unless ratified by three-fourths of the States, by action of Legislature or Convention in each, respectively. All this is provided in Article V of the Constitution.

No convention to propose amendments to the Constitution has ever assembled; all amendments heretofore ratified originated in the Congress. Most of them are almost as old as the Constitution itself, and were considered when the Constitution was under consideration for ratification or rejection, and were informally endorsed when it was ratified. One other amendment came as a result

of the Jefferson-Burr contest for the Presidency. Three amendments—the only ones made in the last hundred years—are the Constitutional product of the war of 1861-5.

How many amendments to the Constitution have been advocated and urged in the long period since the Colonies became States under it I do not know, and if we did know, the information would be curious rather than valuable. It is enough to know that many and great changes have occurred in this country, and in the world in that time—changes political, social, material. Mighty agencies unknown, not dreamed of, when the Constitution was framed are commonplace now. The most momentous problems of our day had no existence for the statesmen of that earlier day. Governmental machinery, almost indispensable to-day, would have been well nigh useless then. In many respects conditions are entirely changed. If the constitution-makers of the past and widely-different age provided for the exigencies of this period, of whose many new things and new conditions they did not and could not know, happy chance or the direct agency of omniscience must have interposed.

Veneration and admiration of and for the Constitution need not and should not cause us to forget that men—great men, many of them, but yet all mere men—framed it, in the light of their day; that everyone of them is dead; that *now* the

Constitution is for *us*, the living, and not for them or their generation of the dead. So, the vital question is what *we* believe *we* need rather than what they believed they and their contemporaries needed; and, if you please to speculate about that, what you think they thought we would or might need.

Why should we so completely lose ourselves in admiration of the Fathers, so glorify their wisdom and courage, by confessing that we are weak and foolish, and by demonstrating our timidity? If the Fathers had lacked the moral courage to consider even the question of the practicability and desirability of framing the Constitution, the Articles of Confederation would have been accepted as a frail bond of union. A tithe of the courage and independence required of them ought to suffice for us in the duty of considering whether there should be any amendment.

The Congress will not propose any amendment of importance—a glance at history and even a hurried view of present condition surely must banish every doubt about that. It is a generation since the Congress proposed any amendment, and yet there has been ceaseless agitation for amendment.

There is but one way to amend the Constitution, or even to real, sober, consideration of the subject of amendment, and that is through the action of State Legislatures, moving upon the Congress for a Constitutional Convention.

No amendment can be made so long as so many—I might say *few*—as twelve States withhold their endorsement. Should not this pregnant fact alone be sufficient to banish the fears of the timid, resolve the doubts of those who are undecided, and stimulate the courage and arouse the energy of those who would employ the living, instead of invoking ever and only the guidance of the dead?

Even if the Convention were to come and go without a single change in the Constitution, still it would not have been created in vain. A centering of thought upon the Constitution and upon propositions for amendment, and their serious consideration, sure to attend and follow the amendment movement, could hardly fail to be productive of great good. Perhaps but a few amendments would be proposed, and fewer still would be ratified. But the entire field would be explored; existing powers and limitations would be better understood; wholesome legislation, national and state, would be stimulated; abuses would be more clearly noted; remedies would be more zealously sought and easier found; groundless complaint would measurably subside; useless, impracticable agitation would diminish; reform movements would gain in practicability and promise; and the political atmosphere generally would be materially cleared.

I submit that it is wise and patriotic to agitate for a Convention to propose Amendments to the Constitution.



MEN OR MONEY—WHICH?

BY JACOB A. RIIS.

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Riding in a railroad car, the other day, with a Western man, a stranger, our talk strayed to the one absorbing topic: New York—its size, its wealth, its tunnels, its crowds.

"Um," said he, chewing meditatively on a toothpick, "*there's* a town! Think of the millions, the millions, made and spent there; the millions!" And in saying it he reproduced, without knowing it, the point in view of all of us.

The trouble with New York, the trouble with practically all of the cities of our land, of which it is the type, is that all, alas! we who live there have thought of them in terms of money, never of men. And as we sowed, so have we reaped. Great markets, great money centres, our cities have become little else. Even the amusements that are there are just a way of making money, or of spending it. Naturally, their politics have fallen under the same head. Graft is not a product but a corrupter of politics. And as to the source and fountainhead of civic virtue, or the lack of it—the people! Homes, which should make the real city—let the last Tenement House Commission speak:

"They live there," it said in its report to the legislature, speaking of the two millions of toilers in our tenements, "in an environment that makes all for unrighteousness," and so tends to corrupt the youth, the citizenship of the tomorrow.

We reaped as we sowed. Twenty-five years ago, Jules Simon, addressing his countrymen, described the crop with great exactness: "Where the home is smothered in a nation, there go with it family, manhood, citizenship, patriotism." New York was long ago, with

far too much truth, called "the homeless city."

There had been, half a century before, an earlier Tenement House Commission, appointed by the Senate of the State, to see what ailed New York. It came back to Albany and recommended, as a means of abolishing drunkenness, "furnishing to each man a clean and comfortable home." I supposed they laughed at that, called it paternal government, and put in that bald shape, it looked like it. There were fifteen thousand tenements in New York at that early day. To-day there are eighty thousand and their united influence goes toward the destruction of the home. The discovery, on this side of the Atlantic, that this is nothing less than treason, dates back to the last cholera epidemic, in 1866.

In dread of that New York organized a Board of Health that set about teaching the new world the *a, b, c* of sanitation. Pigs were banished from streets and cellars, and that first year 40,000 windows were cut to let light into 40,000 tenement bedrooms that were dark and unventilated. Forty years we have wrestled with the powers of darkness and at last the law forbids the building of a tenement with a dark and airless room in it. The day is coming when it will forbid a man to own one. Meanwhile the sanitarians are trying to make it unprofitable to the owner.

To get so far has taken forty years of unceasing fighting, of patient waiting, of striving to mould public opinion, without which we cannot get anywhere, or, if we do, find ourselves stuck, side-tracked and helpless before we know it. It is going to take us twenty years more to get where we cannot slide back.

Every winter the forces of selfish greed that care nothing for the neighbor, nothing for the state, and in their utter shortsightedness and folly cannot grasp the meaning of the President's constant warning that "we go up or down together," can see only their own immediate profit, marshal their forces at Albany to make a breach in the tenement house law, now here, now there, anything to let their avarice in. Every winter they have to be fought and public opinion held up to its responsibility. A single year of inattention, of over-confidence, and we should have ten years' work to do over again.

And there is enough that is yet undone. The last census of the tenements in New York showed that there were in them yet, 350,000 and over of the dark rooms the Board of Health deemed fatal in 1866. Since then we have found the bacillus of tuberculosis and the fight with the *White Plague* has been taken up all over the land. In New York City we have every year 8,000 deaths from tuberculosis and there are always 20,000 persons dying from the scourge. Is it any wonder, when laboratory experiments have shown that, whereas a ray of direct sunlight kills a germ at once, in a dark tenement room or hallway it may live two years, or three?

These are facts, as everyone knows who reads. New York City has, roughly speaking, half the voters in the Empire State. This is their home environment. Physically and morally, it "makes all for unrighteousness." Is it a square deal for the republic? One young man, just out of college, answered that question for himself, upon the evidence before him, along in the eighties, and straightway started an investigation of slavery in the tenement cigar-making industry. The action he brought about was labeled unconstitutional then—if I remember right—the fashion in labels has changed since

under compulsion of accumulated evidence—but he learned something he has never forgotten. He is the same man who sits to-day in the White House demanding a fair chance for all the people, rich or poor, that the Republic may have a fair chance. Without that, it cannot have it. For, as I said, New York is but the type of all the growing cities in the land. It sets the fashion. Whatever we do there, the others will do.

We hear much of the slum. The slum is just a question of the per cent. you will take. If 5 per cent., there is no slum problem; if 25, it looms large. It pays to build bad tenements that wreck the home. That is the reason of the fight. As I said, it is just a question of greed and of the cold indifference that asks "Am I my brother's keeper?" In that war the generation that is coming has to take sides. Which side are you on?

The young men of to-day have got to fight it to a finish. New York will be, every growing city in the land—and more and more ours is getting to be a land of cities—will be what the young men of to-day make up their minds they shall be. And those twenty years will tell the story whether we shall last as a people, or not. *Noblesse oblige!* To those who have had the advantage of a college education falls the duty of leadership. Which way?

All modern experience, all human instinct, goes to support the belief that the cure for other things than drunkenness lies in giving every man a chance of a decent and comfortable home, that at all events without that chance he will not be content and cannot be counted upon as a good citizen. What choice shall we make then? How shall we rate our fellow-citizens of to-morrow—in terms of money, or of men? If the former, perhaps you will make money. If the latter, without fail you will make men. Which?

A HAVERFORD MISSION IN CHINA

Robert Louis Simkin was born in Ossining, New York, in 1879. He was graduated from Haverford College in 1903, having been, during his college course, a representative Haverfordian. As President of the Young Men's Christian Association, as a member of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, and as a member of the foot ball team, he was distinguished among his fellows by his nobility of character and dignified presence.

In 1906 Simkin was graduated from the Union Theological Seminary in New York, and soon after was married to Miss Margaret Lowenhaupt. Having cherished for years the desire to become a foreign missionary, he at once entered into negotiations with New York Yearly Meeting, of which he is a member, looking to his appointment by that body as a missionary to China. His own Yearly Meeting being unable to assume more than partial financial responsibility, Mr. and Mrs. Simkin spent the summer of 1906 in England, making the acquaintance of many English Friends, and addressing numerous meetings. The result was that the Friends' Missionary Board undertook the support of Mr. and Mrs. Simkin in the educational department of the Friends' Mission at Chungking, West China, while expressing the hope that some American Friends would aid in this support. New York Yearly Meeting has agreed to furnish a certain quota.

Simkin's intimate connection with the spiritual life at Haverford naturally turned his thoughts to his old college and to his fellow-Haverfordians. A committee of graduates, after conferring with the Young Men's Christian Association, arranged a meeting at the college in

October, which was addressed by Mr. and Mrs. Simkin. Their future hopes and purposes were made clear to our audience consisting of practically the entire student-body. The committee, after consideration, agreed to raise five hundred dollars the first year. Mr. and Mrs. Simkin started for China, December, 1906.

It is intended that contributors shall receive, from time to time, exact information of Simkin's work in the remote but populous district of China, whither he has been called for his life-work. For the present, it is gratifying to know that Haverford, following the lead of many larger institutions, has now her own missionary carrying out among a strange people the high ideals for which Haverford stands.

The undergraduates have contributed \$150.00 and the committee appeals to old Haverfordians to complete the sum which has been pledged. It is believed that by accepting this responsibility Haverford will become alive to the modern importance of foreign missions and that the spiritual life of the college will be deepened.

Contributions should be sent to James B. Drinker, care of The Girard Trust Co., Philadelphia.

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J. P. Elkinton, '08.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

ALUMNI DINNER

The mid-winter dinner of the Alumni Association will be held at the Bellevue-Stratford on Friday evening, February 15, at 6.30 o'clock. It is expected that this dinner will be the largest ever held by the Association. The subscription price of \$3.50 may be sent in advance to Jonathan M. Steere, care of Girard Trust Co., Philadelphia, by any member of the Association or by any member of the present Senior Class.

The following guests are to respond to toasts: President Sharpless, President Drinker, of Lehigh University, Hon. James Beck, William A. Glasgow, Esq., John C. Winston, '81, and Rev. Watson, D. D.

NOTICE

For the double purpose of facilitating communication with the various class organizations and of correcting the catalogue of alumni addresses, it is earnestly requested that each alumnus who reads this notice may immediately address, to the Secretary of Haverford College, a post card indicating both his present address and the name of the Secretary of his Haverford class.

OSCAR M. CHASE,
College Secretary.

NOTES

1896 CLASS DINNER

The Class of 1896 held its tenth annual class reunion and dinner at the University Club, Philadelphia, December 29th, 1906. It was found that this time is more convenient than during the foot ball season. Letters were read from members who were unable to be present, and a pleasant evening was spent talking about '96 men and recalling old college days. The following men were present: W. K. Alsop, S. K. Brecht, T. Harvey Haines, C. R. Hinchman, J. Q. Hunsicker, Jr., Paul D. S. Maier, J. H. Scattergood, M. Warren Way and L. Hollingsworth Wood.

PAUL D. I. MAIER, *Secretary*.

Ex-'59. William H. S. Wood was married to Mrs. Cora (Underhill) Elliott in New York City on January 17th, 1907.

'80. Charles F. Brede was married to Miss Marie Paula Voll on Wednesday, December 19th, 1906, at Philadelphia, Pa.

'94. George A. Walker and S. W. Morris, Assistant Secretary of the Girard Trust Co., recently returned from Paris, where they delivered to bankers the \$50,000,000 loan effected by Pennsylvania Railroad.

'95. The engagement of Dr. Joseph S. Evans to Miss Lillian Eaxon, of Philadelphia, is announced.

'96. Lieutenant Mark Brooke, U. S. A., was married on December 11th, at Washington, D. C., to Miss Marie Fauntleroy Barnes.

'00. The last edition of the class report shows that out of forty-six members of the class twenty-one are married.

'01. William H. Kirkbride was married to Miss Georgianna Sheldon Filney on January 14, 1907, at Orange, N. J. Miss Filney had two brothers at Haverford, one in the Class of 1903 and one in 1905.

'02. Andrew D. Schrag received the degree of Ph. D. at Johns Hopkins last June, and is now Instructor at Western Reserve University, Cleveland, Ohio.

'02. R. M. Gummere gave the Rhoades Scholars' trial examinations, in Boston, during January.

'04. Robert P. Lowry sailed for Cuba, where he intends entering business.

'05. Henry G. Cox has left the United States for Porto Rico, where he will be engaged with many other Americans in teaching.

Ex-'07. C. J. Claassen has left the position as cashier of the State Bank, Jansen, Neb., and is now in an important position at Winnepeg, Can.

COLLEGE DEPARTMENT

COLLEGE CALENDAR

Interscholastic Meet, February 16th.

The Annual Literary Lectures will be given this year by Ian Maclaren, on the subject, "The History of Religion in Scotland in the Eighteenth Century," on the 14th, 19th and 26th of February.

SOCCER

Interclass games—Jan. 21—1907, 0; 1908, 1. Jan. 23—1905, 5; 1906, 0.

HAVERFORD, 10; PHILA. C. C., 0.

Played at Haverford January 19th, 1907.

Haverford defeated Phila. C. C. in a one-sided game by the score of 10 to 0. The visitors played with two men short, which handicapped them to a large extent. The score at the end of the first half was 1 to 0, Philadelphia holding very well, but in the second half the Haverford completely outplayed their opponents and scored at will.

QUADRANGULAR GYM MEET

The annual Quadrangular Exhibition with Columbia, Princeton and Pennsylvania was held on Saturday evening, January 19th. In spite of the inclement weather a large number of spectators were present, who expressed a gratifying opinion of the whole performance. In individual work, McCabe and Dowd, of Princeton; Krauss, of Pennsylvania, and Schoonmaker, of Columbia, came in

for an extra share of applause for the splendid work they performed on the various pieces of apparatus. Several changes in the program were made necessary, chief of which was the omission of the double trapeze and the substitution of special tumbling. The corrected list of events follows:

PART I

Horizontal Bar

Columbia—H. S. Schoonmaker, J. A. Voskamp.

U. of P.—F. Bradford, E. E. Krauss.

Princeton—McCabe, Dowd.

Haverford—J. Bushnell, 3d, E. A. Edwards, R. A. Spaeth.

Side Horse

Columbia—E. D. Bryde, H. S. Schoonmaker.

U. of P.—F. Lutton, E. Krauss.

Princeton—Krause.

Haverford—R. L. Cary, H. Burt, T. K. Lewis, J. R. Phillips.

Club Swinging

U. of P.—F. Bradford.

Princeton—Cooper.

Haverford—C. F. Scott, F. A. Myers, E. Shoemaker.

Special Tumbling

Haverford—Bushnell, Brown, Leonard, Bard.

PART II

Haverford College Mandolin Club.

Balancing Trapeze

Princeton—Vezin.

Parallel Bars

Columbia—Schoonmaker, M. Thomson.

U. of P.—G. Spaulding, E. Krauss.

Princeton—McCabe, Dowd.

Haverford—C. T. Brown, E. A. Edwards, S. Mason.

Flying Rings

Columbia—P. J. McCulloch, W. H. Runk, J. A. Voskamp.

U. of P.—Bradford, H. Levy.

Princeton—McCabe, Dowd.

Haverford—E. A. Edwards, F. C. Bailey, R. Mott.

Tumbling

U. of P.—G. Spaulding.

Princeton—McCabe, Dowd.

Haverford—J. Bushnell, A. C. Leonard.

Announcer—G. K. Strode.

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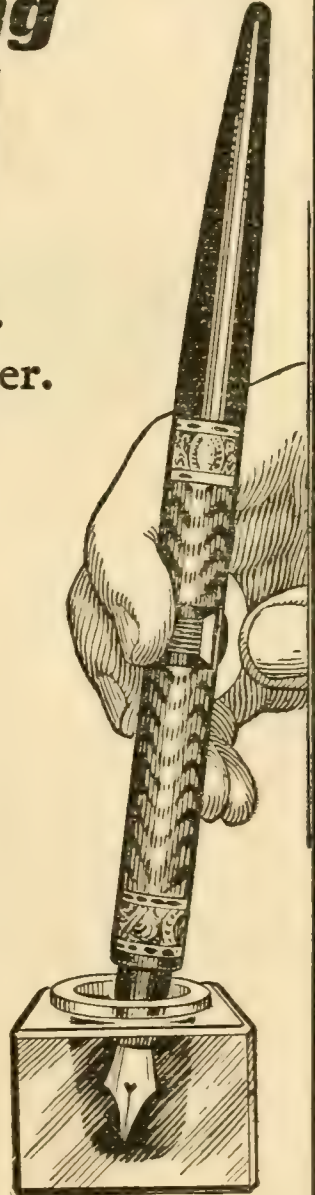
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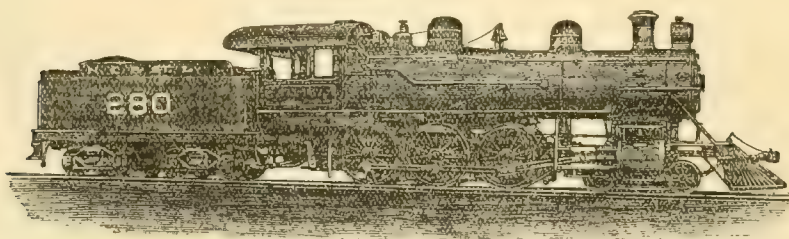
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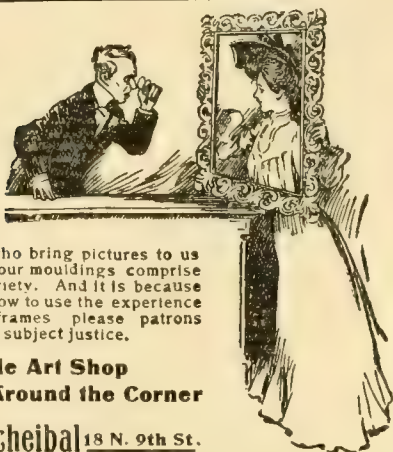
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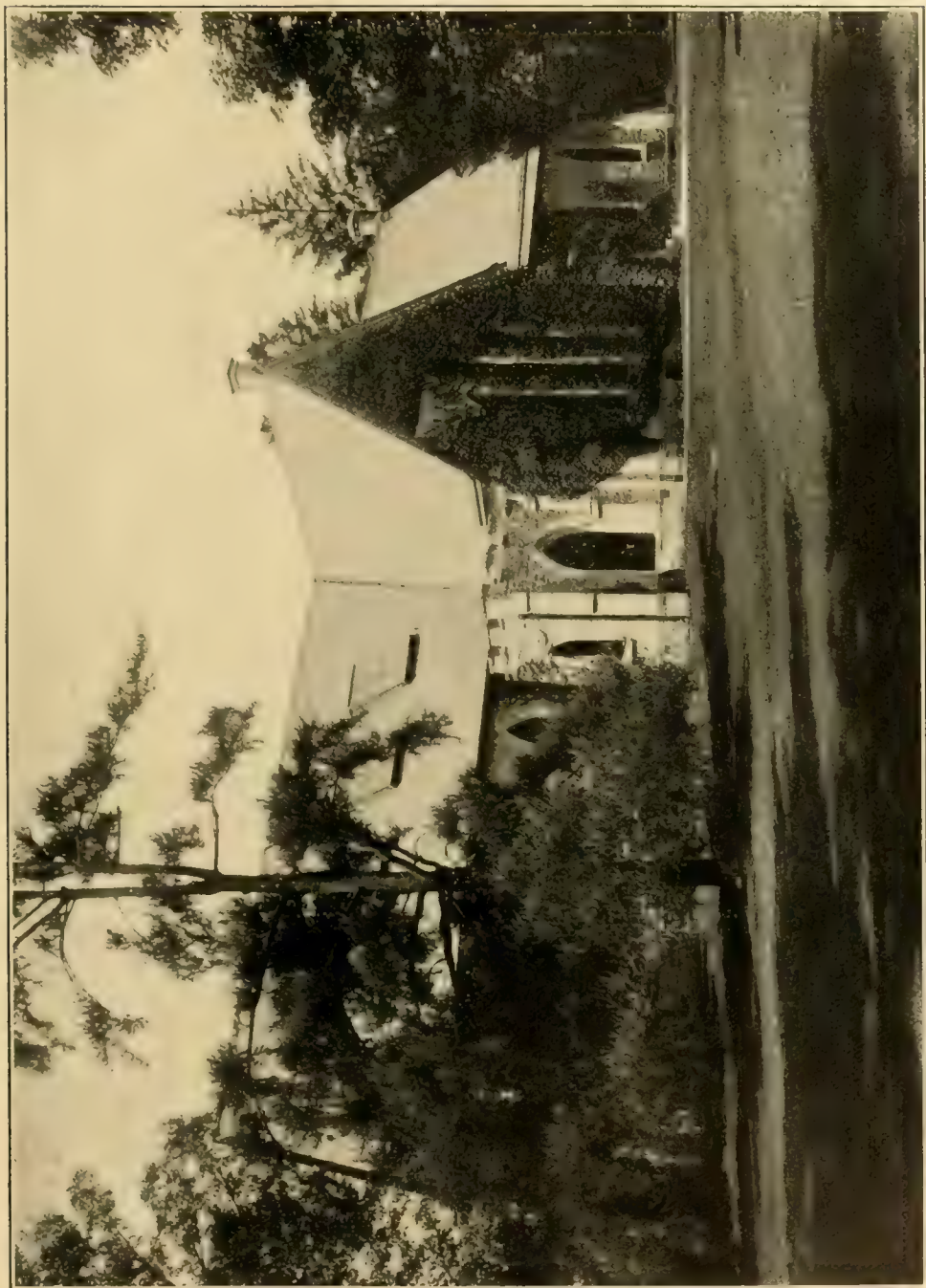
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1908

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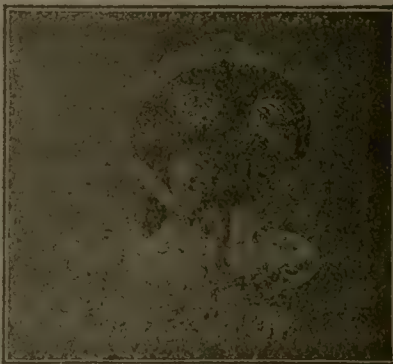
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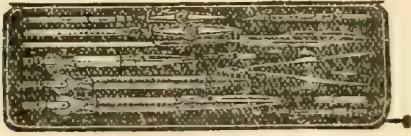
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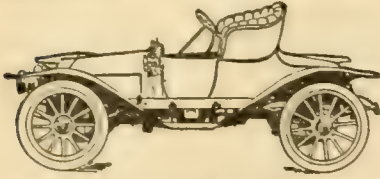
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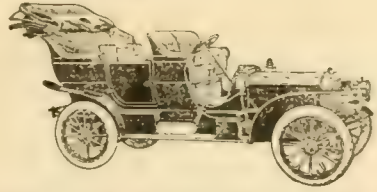
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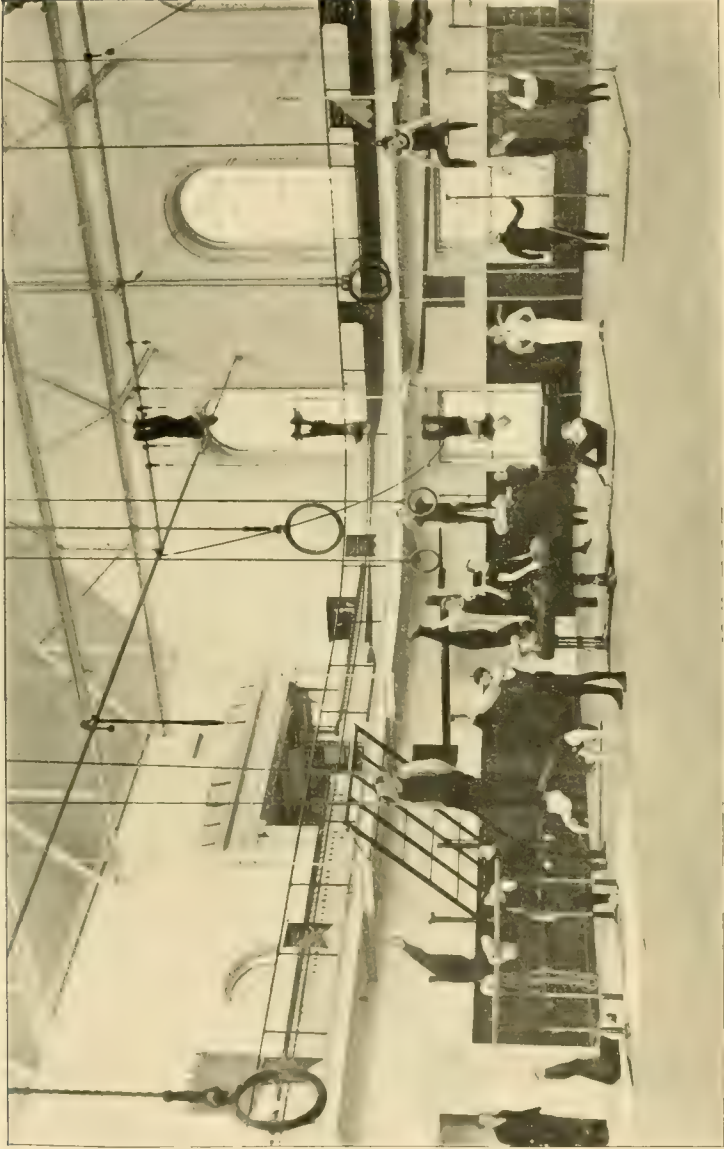
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VOL. XXIX

HAVERFORD, PA., MARCH, 1907

No. 1

WITH the present issue of THE HAVERFORDIAN the Board of Editors for 1907-1908 have entered into office. In addition to the editors who remain from the Board of last year we take great pleasure in announcing that Meigs O. Frost, '10, and John F. Wilson, '10, will occupy positions as associate editors. We will, at our discretion, increase the number of editors if the amount of work warrants it and the quality of the work submitted to the Board of Editors be such as to justify election.

The
Haverfordian
1907-1908

The main object of the policy of THE HAVERFORDIAN during the coming year will be to make the magazine the organ of the college body. In order to further this policy the Board of Editors have considered various means of stimulating literary activity within the college. We have also considered the influence of THE HAVERFORDIAN outside of the college, and will endeavor to increase it. As formerly, THE HAVERFORDIAN will exchange with the publications of numerous schools and colleges throughout the country, and, in addition, will be placed on file in the libraries of various cities. In extending its influence we ask and expect

the co-operation of the college body and Alumni. In return for our services we desire careful criticism and advice on any subject which THE HAVERFORDIAN takes up or leaves untouched.

We desire to express our appreciation to the Board of last year for many useful suggestions and advice regarding the publication. We shall endeavor to present to the college and the public, in THE HAVERFORDIAN, a paper that will reflect the tone of the college and that will be a potential factor for its good.

A MAN may hastily condemn his fellow for acts in every way justifiable. Therefore, let us always use time and care in the consideration of a custom

that has been honored by preceding generations of Haverfordians. A man may also condemn his fellow

low for acts in no way justifiable, acts whose perpetrators are seldom too strongly blamed. To eradicate an evil it is necessary that the doers be noticeably and severely frowned upon. No soft "pray desist" will accomplish anything; what is needed is a firm "cut that out."

If we have people here who are ex-

tremely careless of the preservation of property, as we undoubtedly do have, the only way to put a stop to their objectionable "customs" is to see that they are frowned upon and frowned upon severely. If anyone asks in defense of his beloved and time-honored "custom" what there is in windows, floors and walls that is so peculiarly precious, tell him that anything that has happened to the windows, floors and walls is the result of his "custom" and of that only. The word "custom" is by no means a synonym for the adjective "good." Of course it may be! "Custom" much more frequently has a bad connotation.

Let us consider these objections; let us take time and consider them; let us do nothing hastily. Possibly we may find that they are of comparatively little value and that "custom" has much to recommend it, But if not, let us condemn it, and condemn it strongly. To be sure, we shall find many who will cling to it—because it is a—"custom." We all must stand on one side of this line of "custom" or on the other. Here we have, as some say, a bad "custom;" as others say, a "sacred custom;" let us use wise judgment and discriminate.

WE feel that something should be said of Dr. Rufus M. Jones' trip to the Friends' colleges in the West, from which he has but recently returned. He left Haverford First-month 25th and was gone almost three weeks, during which time he delivered a course of four lectures, on the "History and Doctrines of the Society of Friends," at Wilmington College, Friends' University, Penn College and Earlham. He intends a little later to deliver the same course at Guilford College, North Carolina.

This trip marks the inauguration of

an annual lectureship established by the Five Years' Meeting, to which belong nearly all the yearly meetings of Friends in America, except Philadelphia. It has been strongly felt that no adequate presentation of the history and message of Quakerism has been given in any of the colleges controlled by Friends, and the need was evident, especially in the West.

The six American Quaker colleges—the five above-mentioned and Haverford—are to contribute to the fund for this lectureship. An appointment is to be made each year for the lectures of the following year. For the first series, Dr. Jones was appointed, and Haverford offered his services as her contribution. The lectures delivered were as follows:

1. "The Birth of Quakerism and Its Prophet."
2. "The Message of the Early Friends."
3. "The Contributions of Quakerism to the Progress of the World."
4. "The Message of Quakerism to the Modern World."

Eager attention was accorded him everywhere, and there was a good attendance at all of his lectures—five hundred at Wilmington, eight hundred or more at Earlham.

It is intended to publish the course in book form, so that it may reach and benefit a much wider circle of Friends.

We take great pleasure in printing the address of President Sharpless at the Haverford Alumni Banquet, Friday, February 15. We feel sure that this will be most welcome to the undergraduates and to the Alumni who were unable to be present at the gathering. The facts, as he presented them, show clearly the advance the Haverford of the present is making over the Haverford of the past, and the spirit of cheerful optimism animating the development of the college.

We wish to announce a slight change in the make-up of THE HAVERFORDIAN, which we consider the athletic interests of the college necessitate. The athletic and college departments of the paper will be henceforth conducted under separate heads. The athletic department will be under the direction of Meigs O. Frost, '10, and the college department under the direction of John F. Wilson, '10.

We also wish to make THE HAVERFORDIAN of more interest to its readers among the Alumni, and with this end in view we intend to enlarge the Alumni department of the paper. We desire that the secretary of each class should communicate with us, sending his name and

address together with any notes of his classmates. In this way we feel we shall be able to keep in close touch with our Alumni.

Through the kindness of an alumnus of the college, we have been enabled to establish "The Haverfordian Prize Competition," open to all undergraduates. Notices of this competition have been posted on the college bulletin boards. Prizes will be given for short stories, literary essays, poems, and editorials. Drs. Gummere, Comfort, and Pratt, have very kindly consented to act as judges. We desire that this should encourage literary work in the college, and if successful, we hope to make this competition annual.

Retrospection

We seek for too much knowledge—and the quest
Leaves us soul-weary and all passion-stained
Grasping the poor experience we have gained
At cost of all things noblest, purest, best.
Like cowards we obey the world's behest,
And probe into the depths that have contained
Fools like to us, since first the devil reigned
O'er those who put life to the sensuous test.
What use to mourn the sins of former days?
And yet, God knows that could we but return
To that fair-visionsed purity of youth,
That treasured faith for which we vainly yearn,
The painted lure of sin's entangling maze
No more would find us searching sordid truth.

M. O. F., '10.

ADDRESS AT ALUMNI DINNER



THESE annual meetings are something more than opportunities to inform ourselves as to the facts of interest of the preceding year. They enable us to gather and concentrate the elements of character which go to make a Haverfordian. The type was formed years ago, and the contact of the old with the young brings it down from the past and sets it upon the present. I sometimes like to compare the Haverfordian of a quarter century ago with the similar product of to-day. The resemblances are much more conspicuous than the contrasts. I could, if I would, tell some of these young graduates of the interesting doings of their ancestors, perhaps their ancestors in direct lines, things which they and I have not forgotten because they were very impressive scenes for both of us, but out of consideration for the feelings of the older men I forbear. Still more forcibly do I remember the times when a Haverford undergraduate of the past has stood up in a manly way for the Haverford standards when they were attacked by unworthy or revolutionary influences, and I venture to say that he has never had occasion to do a braver thing in any later circumstance of life. How much the college owes to these men, how much all that we value in the Haverford tradition has been preserved to us at critical times when an easy-going tendency to let things drift has been thwarted and defeated, none knows better than I.

The ever-present charge that the Freshmen are each year getting younger

is, unfortunately for the theory, not borne out by figures. This year the average age was $18\frac{1}{2}$, and this was made up, not by a few men well up in their 20's, but by a whole run of young men, nearly all of whom were within a year of this figure. The explanation of the contrary idea is that certain other people are getting older. Indeed, some people tell me that they graduated at the present age of entrance. Making all due allowance for the fact that there were giants in those days, I feel quite sure that increasing advancement has kept pace with increasing age, and that the scholastic standards have not suffered of late.

And yet, while our Freshmen are old enough in years, I think that our students are actually younger than most college students of the same age. They carry their boyhood further into mature life. They behave like boys in a certain levity and irresponsibility. They are substantial enough at the bottom, and the boyishness may be the result of absence of the manly vices with which some colleges are afflicted. If so, one cannot regard it as an unmixed evil. But certain habits which some of you of the past are responsible for, which any sane person would say were profitless and often detrimental to the best interests of the college, like the persecution of the Freshmen by their own classmates, a perfectly senseless proceeding, maintain their hold in a way to delight the hearts of the most conservative. Indeed, for conservatism when it comes to college habits, there is no one ahead of the Haverford undergraduate. It requires great finesse to

carry a reform through the college. The presumption is always against it. I do not know that I would have it otherwise; at least, I prefer this tendency in an undergraduate to one that is continually attacking the past and demanding everlasting changes. At present the Faculty is a more progressive body than the students.

It only requires one or two years to create an ineradicable tradition, which seems to have all the force of venerable antiquity behind it. A Sunday school teacher was once trying to get his boys to understand the meaning of a miracle. "If a man should fall out of a high house to a brick pavement, and get up unhurt, what would you call it?" "I would call it good luck," said the boy. "But if he did it again?" "I would call it a coincidence." "But if he did it a third time?" "Then I would call it a habit." It needs only about three recurrences of an act to make a habit at Haverford, which an earthquake cannot shake.

Now that Pennsylvania has adopted the system of certificates for admission, we find ourselves in a small minority of colleges—very small indeed, perhaps 10 out of 400—in insisting on examinations. But while that minority includes Harvard and Yale, Cornell and Columbia, Princeton and Hopkins, and among our sister colleges, Bryn Mawr alone, I feel that we can afford to be satisfied. The tendency we already feel to sift the boys in school and send the weaker ones to colleges where entrance is easy is one of which we, who have always cared more for quality than numbers, cannot complain, and one which we expect to see more and more emphasized in the future. We expect to see many an inferior institution pull ahead of us in numbers, but if Haverfordians will be patient they will know, if they do not already, that reputation and education do

not depend on numbers, but on moral and intellectual standards, and that we at the college feel no inclination to sacrifice these to a fat student list in the catalogue. That we could grow if we had room, that we shall grow quite as rapidly as is good for us, seems to be certain. But that our main efforts should be directed to getting the right sort of fellows in the student body and the right sort of scholars in the faculty is something we are not inclined to forget.

In this last effort we have had something of a setback in an incursion into our faculty made by Yale University. Dr. Brown, who has, as you know, just received the gold medal of the Royal Astronomical Society for his astronomical work in a world-wide competition, and the Adams prize from Cambridge University, is tempted by a great fund for completing and publishing his lunar *tablets*, as the newspaper calls it. These are, as you may assume, some sort of pills which he is engaged in manufacturing. He was caught about fifteen years ago, wandering about in the wilds of England, as Morley was before him, tamed and trained by Haverford influences, and made to perform very efficient service. He has made a deep impression on Haverford during his stay by his ability in science and organization and teaching and his personal character. Two such illustrations of the sort of game to be found over there, sent me hunting again last summer, and the board has just confirmed the appointment, as Associate Professor of Mathematics, of William H. Jackson, also a partially tamed and trained Cambridge man, who joins us next fall. He was, about five years ago, III Wrangler at Cambridge, which all of you, who know the place, know was a very honorable distinction, and since has been a member of the teaching staff of Manchester University. I think,

too, that he is a man who will take kindly to our Haverford life and customs. If he gives us fifteen years of as good service as Dr. Brown has, we may possibly have such endowment of professorships and research that he cannot be stolen from us.

During the past decade Haverford has spent about \$250,000 in buildings. This might seem dangerous to current expenses if it had not nearly all come from donations, and if endowment had not proportionately increased. We expect to fit up the old Grammar School Gymnasium for students this summer, but the building, the necessity for which I have been dinning into Haverford managers and alumni, lo! these many years, has not yet appeared. We can build it in three pieces, for the three main branches of science respectively, and if some good friend or combination of them would start with a promise of one of them, conditioned upon our getting one or both the others, the problem would be in a hopeful way of solution. Our laboratory and lecture room facilities are not nearly up to the standard of our general equip-

ment, nor of the efficient men we have to man the departments, nor to the standard of many an inferior institution.

The fall of 1908—twenty months hence—will be the seventy-fifth anniversary of the founding of Haverford School. It should be celebrated in some substantial way. To eat a few hundred dollars' worth of provisions may be a very proper part of it, but should not be the whole.

Perhaps there may be an interesting building to dedicate about this time; perhaps it would not be impossible to raise a fund of a quarter of a million dollars for certain much-needed improvements of a varied character, with such latitude in the list as to give each one the features of his choice. At any rate, the co-operation of the Alumni will be essential and at the proper time a committee to consider the project would be very desirable.

We have a lot of good friends, and the number is increasing with each year, and they are making money and want to share it with Haverford. We have so many that everyone should feel optimistic of its future.

ISAAC SHARPLESS.

Fragment

She sat beside her window, singing low
 And O, so sweetly that a wonder-thrall
 Held the dumb wind that passed before her,
 slow
 To catch the strain of that fair madrigal.
 While smilingly the mother heard her song,
 "Love, hasten, for an hour is O so long!"

A mist-red moon stood on the western hill
 To hark a moment, when again she sang;
 And far above, one cloud, all strangely still,
 Did like a listening angel, overhang
 While tearfully the mother heard her song,
 "Ah, well-a-day! A year is not so long."

J. F. W., '10.

TO RIGGLESBY, SIX MILES



DISMAL Saturday afternoon in November; gray cloud above; gray mud below; a waste of rolling country, desolate save for the weed-grown railroad that rambled out from behind a hill and then away into the western horizon. A narrow road came out of the south, stopping as if disheartened, at the track; and though the signboard, pointing down it, read: "To Rigglesby," it deigned to give no information as to the distance. There was no evidence of a station's ever having existed; no house rose up to break the monotony of the wilderness, and the rumble of a disappearing train, dying away, left the place in almost uncanny stillness.

The one touch of life in all this picture was given by a girl in a long gray traveling-coat, who stood beside her suit case and gazed disconsolately at the stretch of mud before her. True, the suit case and the gray coat blended with the general gloom of the situation; but the brown eyes and dark lashes of the girl herself were another matter; and the white of her cheek and forehead were intensified by contrast with the streamers of disobedient black hair which the wind persistently blew across her face. Her brows drew a little closer together with annoyance as she looked first at her spotless boots, and then at the mire that stretched "To Rigglesby," and her expression of perplexity grew as she watched with eagerness for some sign of life along the southern horizon. When, after an hour of waiting, none

appeared, she picked up the suit case and, shutting her small lips very firmly, started down the road.

The walking was abominable. After half an hour of it she came to a cross-roads. There was a guide-post, but the name had been effaced and nothing remained but the appalling statement, "Six miles to . . ." She knew not where. This was almost as tantalizing as the other one. But whichever way she took, it would be necessary to cross that horrid wallow of mud. "It is just too mean for anything," she declared, mentally. "Why couldn't they have met me, I wonder?" The crossing grew indistinct through her tears of bewilderment and vexation, and, plunging rashly in, she found herself stuck in the middle, one overshoe off, and the mud rising over her ankles. It was at this moment when she was struggling with the tears and the unruly hair which were conspiring to blind her, that a man whose approach she had not noticed, loomed up on the other side. "Hello!" he called. "Wait a minute and I'll help you."

Now the man was big and strong, and her tears would seem very foolish to him no doubt; so, making a brave effort, she dried them sufficiently to give him a grateful smile, even though it was a trifle tremulous. But he did not seem to notice anything but the smile, nor did he stop even to turn up his trousers an extra roll, but, plunging boldly in, carried her, suit case and all, to terra firma. "Now sit down and rest while I dive for the rubber," he counseled her, gaily. "Beastly weather, isn't it?"

The girl replied rather indifferently that it was. She had been very glad to see the man, but to be picked up like a mere infant without so much as "by your leave" was annoying—almost infuriating. Then, too, his remark about the weather was exceedingly commonplace. "He is like all the others, I guess," she reflected, half scornfully. The man was back in a moment and, kneeling beside her, commenced to clean her muddy shoe with his handkerchief.

"Don't," she remonstrated. "It is not worth while."

"Done," he said, briefly. "Small matter. But how tired you look! You must have come a long way."

"You have good eyes to take me in so at a glance," she answered.

"I should say I have, or I never would have found that overshoe without a magnifying glass. And your suit case must have been fearfully heavy. But now that you are over, would you mind telling me what I can do to help you? I believe you're lost."

She told him the story, and a glow of understanding lit up his features. "Oh, yes," he cried, "I see how it happened. Of all perverse fate, yours is the worst. You got off at the wrong station. The Delmars live six miles further on, at Riggsby, not Rigglesby. Yes, I know them slightly. We're about seven miles from there now, by the road. This hog wallow leads to Rigglesby, an abandoned lumber camp. That was a flag station where the lumbermen used to get on. But why on earth did the conductor let you get off there?"

"He *did* look queer, and asked me if I were sure, but he said, 'Oh, all right,' when I told him I was to be met there. I didn't know exactly where the Delmars lived. It's some out-of-the-way place where Mr. Delmar likes to come for quiet, I guess, whenever he can get away

from business. His daughter and I were great friends at school and she invited me down. Her brother was to meet me. I wrote her the train I would come on, so I suppose he's over there now wondering what is the matter. Isn't it a shame to have two stations so nearly alike?"

"An outrage," he assented; "but that doesn't alter the situation. It's Saturday and no train runs until Monday morning. There isn't a soul within five miles except a queer old fellow who lives over the hill somewhere, in a cabin. But he has no horse and I can't possibly leave you alone while I get one, for the Delmar's is the nearest, and it will be dark before I could get there. Our one chance is to meet someone on the way and get his horse. About three people go over this road in a day, so you see our chances are not remarkably good. If we meet no one we must walk."

"Oh!" said the girl with a gasp.

"Yes, I know it's hideously unromantic. I ought to be a genius and construct an automobile with my penknife, but I'm not. We'll start out and pray that we meet a horse. If we fail to meet one, we will walk. If you can't walk I'll carry you. It's the only way."

"Oh, I can walk easily," said the girl.

"I'm sorry, but I don't believe you can," he said. "You're tired now, and it's an atrocious road. Suppose we leave the suit case in a hollow log. I *can* get it to-morrow, and I *can't* carry you both."

"You won't have to," she retorted, half indignantly; "and if the suit case is too heavy, let me carry it. I carried it three or four miles before I met you." The man winced almost imperceptibly. "As a matter of fact, you carried it about three-fourths of a mile," he said, quietly. "Give me the suit case." The girl was thoroughly vexed by his calm persist-

ence, but resistance was useless, so she let him conceal it in a hollow tree-trunk near them. Then they started on the long road in silence.

"Would you mind telling me," she inquired after half an hour, "if I'm not taking you out of your way? Couldn't you direct me, and let me go alone?"

"No," he answered, "I couldn't, and besides, it is not out of my way in the least."

"But you were surely going the other way when I met you."

"I was merely out for a walk."

"It's peculiar weather for walking."

"I'm very fond of it in all weather."

"Oh," and another silence.

"It's kind of you to help me out, I'm sure," she ventured. "I don't know what I would have done if you hadn't come."

"I'm certainly glad to have been of any use."

This was too provoking. "Come!" she cried, impetuously, "since we *are* walking together, let us say something. Tell me about the Delmars since you know them. Anything to break the monotony. Even if I *do* bore you, you might talk to me a little."

The man smiled. "I know them fairly well. Miss Delmar is a charming girl to my mind. Her brother is about the masculine average, I suppose, and——"

"The masculine average!" she interjected. "I can readily imagine it. I had hoped he would be different since he is Helen's brother. But why are you men all alike, anyway? Tell me, why *are* you all as you are?"

He smiled again. "Your question is femininely puzzling," he responded. "May I ask in what respect you mean?"

"In your omnipotence, your imperturbability, your brute strength. Always a calm, cool reason, and, if your reason can't convince, your strength compels.

Why didn't you let me carry my suit case? It was mine and I had a right to, didn't I? But you wouldn't let me. Yes, I know your reasons were good from your standpoint, but I *wanted* to, and you prevented me—by brute force. That's the supreme arbiter with you men. I hate it. I don't like to be picked up like a doll and carried out of the mud. I'd rather stick there! That's fiendish ingratitude, but it's true!"

He looked straight into her brown eyes. "The road is long," he said. "I left the suit case because I thought you would have to have some help before we get there. I'm sorry you wanted it so much, but you didn't oppose me very strenuously."

"Certainly not. What was the use? That's not the point, anyway. I *wanted* it. You constituted yourself a supreme court, just as men always do. How do you know how strong I am so much better than I know myself? Oh, what a miserable thing it is to be a girl!" His lips moved as if to answer, but he did not, for there seemed to be nothing to say.

Three miles of the seven remained, when a chilling rain that had been threatening since morning added itself to complete the dreariness. It was almost dusk; the wind had grown colder. The man stopped and took off his light waterproof coat. "Put it on, please," he said.

"I am not cold," she answered, shortly.

"You will be when the rain soaks through your coat."

"Yes, perhaps."

"And home is an hour away."

"Home?"

"I mean the Delmars. Put it on, please."

"I may as well be a little wet as for you to be soaked. Why, you will freeze without it!"

"I shall be warmer if you wear it."

"But I am too warm as it is," she laughed, defiantly.

He bent close and looked at her with eyes that pierced her, even in the gathering darkness. She strove to return the look, and ended sobbing: "I will—but you are—you are—oh, you *are* a brute!"

They toiled along, again in silence. For an hour he had been helping her over the worst places; and now since twilight made the path uncertain, he was half dragging her over the rough and treacherous road. A blast of wind struck them more violently than usual and she felt him quiver involuntarily before it. Her smouldering wrath suddenly died out altogether. "Oh, why *will* you?" she asked, eagerly.

"I fear my answer will irritate you," he said slowly, "but it is because you are a woman."

Something stirred within her. The petulant answer died upon her lips, for there was no arrogance in his tone. She could forgive the voice its strength because of its tenderness. Perhaps there was something more than brute strength there after all—perhaps even a little nobility. Then suddenly his words swept over her, "I shall be warmer if you wear it," and she looked up at him impulsively, her face wet with tears and rain. "Oh," she cried, brokenly. "You are *not* a brute. It was awful of me to say it. I didn't mean it, even then. And now I know."

"I am delightfully warm and comfortable," said he. The seemingly irrelevant remark found perfect comprehension.

"You are too merciful," she murmured. "I deserve to be stuck in a peat bog and left alone. Oh, how terribly, terribly cold you must be!"

"And you are terribly, terribly tired," he replied. "There is some distance yet. May I carry you?"

"Yes," she answered very meekly, and with a weary little sigh.

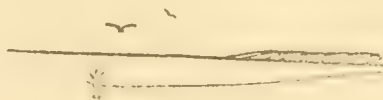
They were walking up the driveway of the Delmars. "And you rested only six times," she said proudly. "No, thank you, the road is good and I feel much stronger; but never let anyone know I let you do it. It was most cruel of me, but I was so tired!"

"It shall be a secret forever," he assured her, solemnly. "And now, since we are here, let me tell you how desperately sorry we all are that your letter never came and how very glad we all are to have you. Helen will be simply wild."

The girl's confusion was adorable; so ravishing, indeed, that Jim Delmar let her stand a full minute in the glare of the porch lamp before he tried to help her out of it. Then he caught her hand and gripped it until he was afraid he must have hurt so small and delicate a thing. "You are a good fellow!" he cried, joyfully. "I'm proud my sister has you for a friend. And some time——"

"And you," she interrupted him, regaining her composure, "are also a good fellow, and not the least little bit like the rest. And maybe—well, I don't know—maybe even the rest are not so aggravating, after all."

J. F. W., '10.



Josef Lhévinne



WOULD he snap my head off, and would his manager throw my mangled remains out the window? I knocked. A hearty "Come in" was the response. I opened the door and stood in the presence of Russia's greatest pianist, Josef Lhévinne.

I stood also in the presence of a Boston newspaper man, who had followed the virtuoso from that city in order to take his picture, which he had not been able to do in that place of beans and brains, owing to the continuous downpours. And as I watched Lhévinne patiently obey the commands of the press artist, it dawned upon me why the Russian people have not risen and massacred the high and mighty of their benighted land.

While Lhévinne was obsequiously posing according to the adjurations of his brother artist, who, by the way, wore longer hair, I had a fine chance to observe his splendid figure. He is six feet tall and robust. His appearance conveys an impression of great strength even before one has heard him play. There is no doubt afterward. His face is leonine, though not in the shaggy sense, and expresses passive power. Indeed, at first glance, Lhévinne seems almost lethargic and incapable of responding either to the *allegro-tempo*, or *dolce* mood of composition. Yet the first five minutes of his playing convinces one that he can obtain marvelous velocity, that his tone can be magnificent in its sonority or flower-like in its delicacy, and that his

taste in interpretation which, after all, is the great goal, is ever good.

And now the press agent was writing down some interesting facts that Lhévinne was communicating in excellent English. I gleaned that Beethoven is his favorite composer, which is noteworthy, for Chopin is usually given the palm by pianists; that Rubenstein, whom he studied under and worshipped, was the greatest pianist of all time; that America has a great musical future because we are so "*schnell*," which means "speedy," the quality Americans still most pride themselves on possessing. Our swiftness and brilliance would naturally captivate the sluggish Slav, but we must add thoroughness and an earnest desire for art before our musical future gets started.

The question that Dickens thought destined to continue till the day of judgment I modestly left to the Boston interrogator to put,—“How do you like America?” It had been raining about a month, and I expected a tirade against the American climate similar to that Saint Saëns, the French composer, had just delivered, but Lhévinne, with a naive smile and a rare reversion to his German, waved his hand out the window and whispered, “Ziemlich so,” certainly an appreciative attempt. For if we had lived in a London fog for a month, and somebody should ask us how we liked the city, I imagine we would consider ourselves charitable if we said, “Ziemlich so.” This memorable reply concluded a pleasant half hour with the great pianist, and after a hearty American handshake I departed.

T. M. L., '08.

Ballade

My Maid of Dreams hath journeyed far, and now,
The while I muse upon her dainty ways,
I see again the whiteness of her brow,
Her rounded arms, her clear eye's open gaze;
Beauties far better sung in olden days
By ancient masters of the minstrel's art.
Now let the meed be mine to sing the praise
Of my Madonna of the Loving Heart.

My Maid of Dreams hath journeyed far, and I,
Musing alone, have found the mystic spell
By which her presence lingers, shadowy,
Yet real to me, more real than I can tell.
'Tis her dear sympathy, a crystal well
Of pity, in which all the word hath part.
What wonder that I sing the miracle
Of my Madonna of the Loving Heart?

My Maid of Dreams hath journeyed far, I know,
But she hath left me many a memory
Of sweet and winsome maidenhood, and though
Long months may pass before we meet, I see
That life was kinder than its wont, to me,
In granting such a vision as could start
My dead beliefs to life. I bend the knee
To my Madonna of the Loving Heart.

L'ENVOI.

Prince, you may search afar, by land or sea,
Through desert waste or crowded city mart,
Nor ever find the simple charity
Of my Madonna of the Loving Heart.

MEIGS O. FROST.

LITTLE PINEY WOODS IN MOONLIGHT



IN rare moments during a man's life there steals across the soul a divine sadness, sweet, soothing, ineffable, a melancholy, a communion, a profound spiritual joy, when all one asks is to be at peace. You can feel its influence sometimes in an old English garden with its trim box-hedges, its stiff, orderly flowers, its quaint, ancient yew-trees, all asleep in cold starlight, where above some stately ruin, near at hand, you get a glimpse into an infinite beyond, peopled only with the sparkling fires of angels' eyes.

You can feel it, too, and perhaps more deeply, in pine woods in summer moonlight. A few moss-grown rocks amid the ferns and briars at a clearing's edge; the ground thick-carpeted with the fragrancy of old brown needles; the tall, straight, stately pine trees behind you, and before you a lake dimly outlined in the moonlit mist with weird mountain shapes rising, spectre-like, beyond it, and melting far away into the infinite heavens at the end of the world. Above you the delicate, ethereal lace-work of the young pine twigs, silhouetted indistinctly, like the stray wisps of a maiden's hair against the gray silver-blue sky, or cut out sharp, as with fairy scissors, upon the golden splendor of the full moon. And look, too, at the mystic squares of white light scattered in profusion among the tree-roots, fascinating, wonderful — deep darkness massed against a brightness like the day, clear cut lines of difference, with anon fainter shadows soft as a baby's

cheek. And seeing all this display of Nature's artistry, be at peace and listen to the tumult of her wood-silences. You can truly hear the stillness; you can feel dell calling unto dell, thicket calling unto thicket, pasture calling unto pasture, just because the quiet is so profound. With all your senses you can take in the infinite beauty of the place and the hour, for are there not sweet evening odors of flowers and fields and woods and twilight dampnesses, brought hither to you on the wings of the soft night breeze?

But perchance, my friend, thou hast never been in Little Piney Woods in moonlight; nay, perchance thou hast never even felt this sadness welling up in thee and gripping all the sources of thy being and making thee one with the infinite? Then thou deservedest only pity; for the country that is next door to the world will never be revealed to thee, and thou must live here forever thy earthly life of pettiness and narrowness.

But, learn further: the man who would make his own the inspiration of such a time and place, must go alone, or attended only by one who can feel with him in deepest sympathy. If thy companion sees no magic in the scene, the charm for thee is lost; but if to both the mystery is an open secret, the charm for thee is many fold increased, thy heart is stirred as never before, and in the infinity of thy human love thou shalt see revealed what is the depth, and height and breadth of the Divine Love!

R. S., '06.

THREE VIEWS OF THE MATTER

I.

*Letter from Mr. John T. Crane to his
erstwhile room-mate at college, Mr.
Samuel Whitefield, Jr.*

January 26, 1904.

Dear Sam:

Your letter of Saturday received and contents noted. Yes, thank you, mother is much better and hopes to be up and about very soon. Was much interested in your account of the house party. You must be having a slow season so far, to be able to gad about in such a manner. With us it has been a continual rush for three weeks now—same old story—everybody getting in their spring stock—must have their orders filled right away—can't wait a day. You know how it is. Have come home tired every night, but never too worn to the bone to enjoy an hour or so of reading and meditation with my faithful briar before retiring. Couldn't miss it, you know, any more than I could have missed my periods of sonnet writing at college at 1 A. M.—all traces of which disappeared when the waste basket was emptied next day. It's the one outlet of the fires of genius.

By the way, Sam, I've something to tell you that may interest you. You know that hitching party of the Bensons which I told you in my last letter was scheduled for last night? Well, it came off all right, and your Uncle Dudley got in a good lick for once in his life. The Bensons, you know, must do everything in style or not at all, and no Dobbin and the old bob-sled for theirs—however time-honored the tradition. So they fastened little "Flexible Flyers" in a line be-

hind Tom's new Pope-Toledo—tires chain-wrapped, of course—and with Tom to run the car, we rode uphill and down, across bridges and around curves. The last sled was naturally the most fun, and Alice Benson—you remember meeting her at Southeast last August when you stopped on your cruise—was determined to ride there, so Tom consigned her to my care, and we took up our abode on sled No. 6. It was simply great. We went around the curves to beat four of a kind. Of course, the main difficulty was in the turns and in going down hill, but we soon learned how to manipulate the rope, and finally got so bold as to let it out farther and farther at every turn, until we were swinging the full length most of the time. It later proved our undoing, in more senses than one. Tom took us out the Old Gulf Road as far as that inn at the corner of the road to Spring Mill. He was then returning to City Line by some of the back roads, where the going was better, when the adventure happened. We had gotten within a hundred yards of the City Line Road—this I discovered subsequently—when I consigned to Alice's keeping the only tie between us and the civilized world, while I tucked in more firmly around her feet the blanket which had been gradually slipping off. I had just about completed the operation when there was a jar and a grating sound, our sled swerved to the side of the road and we were plunged into a snowdrift head-first.

When we had gathered up what belonged to each of us from the grand pile, we dragged the sled out of the snow

and stood up to reconnoitre. The situation was evident. When the car and the other sleds had turned the corner, the sudden swing had jerked the rope out of Alice's hand and there we were, alone on a country road at 12.15 A. M. The auto and the other sleds had, of course, long since disappeared, and we knew there was little chance of their returning. There is a long hill, as you know, on the City Line just as you approach the High Bridge over the river, and we knew the rest of the party would be too much absorbed in the manipulation of their sleds on this hill to notice our absence until they were a couple of miles or more away. We decided we had better walk back to town.

It is true there were lots of houses nearby, but we knew not a soul within miles, and, while, of course, people would believe our tale, still they would be surprised to see a man and girl alone on a country road at an hour when all self-respecting persons were home and a-bed—very much surprised, indeed. So we determined to walk, following the route of the auto in the hope that it would return to look for us. I drew the sledropes under my arms and over my head, and we started out. The roads were well packed and the walking was not difficult. The moon was full and had by this time nearly reached the zenith, casting a wonderful brightness on the dazzling snow. Alice's face, as I gazed down upon it beside me, had never seemed half so sweet. What with the shock of the tumble into the snow and the excitement of being left behind on the country road, she had cried a very little, and though she was laughing now, the tears still glistened in her eyes. Never in all the time I had known her, had she appeared so femininely enchanting. It became harder and harder for me to resist. More and more each moment did I realize my

impending destiny. I remembered my vows to the Bachelors' Club and cursed myself for my infidelity. But it was too late, decidedly too late. Finally, I could bear it no longer. What I said was not very coherent, I'm afraid, and what Alice replied I could scarcely hear, but it was of little consequence. We both understood and we were happy as no two people ever could have been before or could be again. I know they all say this, but in our case it was the solemn truth. Envious, I kissed away the moonbeams from her lips and cheek and hair, and we laughed aloud for pure joy like the children we were.

You will excuse this rot, Sam, it's twenty-five minutes past midnight and at such an hour one's sentiment is apt to run wild.

Suffice it to say that we met the car returning for us about half-way down the River Drive, so reached home some hours before breakfast.

Ever yours, JOHN.

II.

Extract from the Diary of Miss Alice Benson for January 26th, 1904.

I told you nothing last night, Diary dear, because I did not get back from the hitching party until so late that I could not possibly sit up and write in you. But to-night, Diary, I feel that I must tell you something of that hitch, because it has meant so much to me—more than everything else of my whole twenty-two years put together. Oh! he is so noble and good!

But I must start at the beginning. The ride got so monotonous, towards the end, even though we were on the last sled in the line, that I was simply determined to make a little excitement for the sleepy, stupid bunch. It does seem a shame that, when you have gotten up something particularly novel, the whole crowd should

be as mum and lifeless as fence-posts! So, when we got near the turn into the City Line on our way back home, I prepared to let go the rope which John had handed to me while he fixed the robe. I told him it had slipped out of my hand, and so it did, really, so it wasn't a fib—I'll tell him about it some day.

I thought, of course, Tom would turn the car around and come back for us immediately, but no such luck, for the stupid people never realized we were missing till they were half-way home. Well, anyway, I let go rather suddenly at the turn, and we shied off all wee-waw into a drift. John was just perfect, though, and hauled me out of the snow. We started to walk home in the moonlight—how glorious it was, just because he was there with me and we were alone together.

And then, when he asked me that old question that men have been forever ask-

ing women! I cannot tell you what he said—not even you, Diary—for someone might find you some day and read you, and it is too sacred for anyone to read. What I said I don't know, but it seemed to be enough, for when he bent down to kiss me I saw a sweet, radiantly happy look on his face that I had never seen before.

Good-night, Diary dear. I will tell you more to-morrow. Oh! how strong and true he is, and how I love him!

III.

Postal from Alice's kid brother, aged 13, to his cousin Francis.

1-26-'04.

Dear Fran:

Alice has landed something at last. Don't tell anyone, for it's not to be out till Easter. Gee! you ought to see the fellow!

E. H. B.

A. L., '09.



Alumni Department

THE ALUMNI BANQUET.

The twenty-first annual banquet of the Haverford Alumni was held at the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel, on February 15. It is safe to say that no previous banquet of the Alumni has ever surpassed in numbers that of the present year. The attendance, exclusive of invited guests, numbered in the neighborhood of two hundred and forty, an attendance which is said to establish a record for gatherings of such a nature in Philadelphia. The management is certainly to be congratulated upon its able direction of the whole affair. The programme of speeches was an admirable one.

Fred Strawbridge, the Alumni president, introduced the speakers.

President Sharpless in the first speech of the evening gave a *resumé* of the present college situation, touching upon the needs of the college for new science quarters, and a pension fund for the faculty; and he also spoke of the suggestion of an endowment for Haverford athletics, the aim of which is to secure a solid financial basis for the Athletic Association, and to obtain for Haverford the height of purity in athletics, namely, the abolition of all gate receipts.

Dr. Watson, or more familiarly, Ian Maclaren, was the next speaker, and his tribute to Haverford and to the "Alma Mater" in general was certainly worth hearing; in his language, "the man who proves false to his Alma Mater is false to his mother."

President Drinker, of Lehigh University; James M. Beck, a member of the New York bar; William A. Glasgow, of the Philadelphia bar, and John C.

Winston, of the Class of '81, were all listened to with the greatest interest. To these speakers, for a great part, the pleasure and profit of the evening were due. A double quartet from the college Glee Club rendered college songs between the courses of the dinner, and impromptu singing by the assembled multitude added much to the enjoyment of the occasion.

The invited guests included President Sharpless, President Drinker, of Lehigh University; Dr. John Watson, Hon. J. M. Beck, Hon. W. A. Glasgow, Jr., John H. Converse, W. P. Henszey, A. B. Johnson, Harold Pierce, S. L. Allen, H. W. Comfort, S. R. Shipley, Henry Pleasants, H. N. Hoxie, and the College Glee Club.

Alumni members present were as follows:

'48: Morris;
'50: Nicholson;
'51: Wood;
'52: Stokes;
'54: Scull, Troth;
'56: Beesley, Mellor, Wood, Cadbury;
'58: Wistar, Tylor, Mellor, Alderson;
'59: Smith;
'60: Morris, Tyson;
'61: Mellor, Broomall;
'62: Mellor;
'63: Morris, Coates;
'64: Garrett, Zook, Cooper;
'66: Brown;
'67: Morris, Wood;
'69: Cope, Taylor, Longstreth;
'70: Hilles, Wood, Comfort;
'71: Haines;
'72: Longstreth, Cadbury, Gummere, Erben;

- '73: Comfort;
 '74: Emlen, Hilles;
 '75: Brown;
 '76: Nicholson, Taylor; Longstreth;
 '77: Krider;
 '78: Baily, Comfort, Thomas;
 '79: Lowry, Newkirk;
 '80: Mason, Whitall, Brédé;
 '81: Edwards, Brinton, Collins, Harts-
 horne, Winston, Price;
 '84: Smith, Vaux;
 '85: Jones, Baily, White, Sutton;
 '86: Morris, Smith;
 '87: Herendeen, Stokes, Strawbridge,
 Lesley, Clement, Futrell, Adams, Bacon,
 Garrett, Philips;
 '88: Sharp, Gummere, Lewis;
 '89: Leeds, Reinhardt, Branson,
 Evans, Wood, Leeds, Stokes;
 '91: Todd, Hoopes;
 '92: Davis, West, Yarnall, Collins,
 Shipley;
 '93: Rhoads, Hoag, Woolman, Vaux;
 '94: Comfort, Strawbridge, Stokes,
 Ristine, Williams, Farr, Palmer, Morris;
 '95: Hay, Thomas;
 '96: Wood, Maier, Scattergood, Allen,
 Babb, Adams;
 '97: Collins, Thacher, Hoffman, Tat-
 nall, Maxfield;
 '98: Rhoads, Scattergood, Straw-
 bridge, Bell, Haines, Cadbury, Swan,
 Janney, Butler;
 '99: Evans, De Cou, Morris, Mellor,
 Ritchie, Maule, Lycett, Battey, Wild;
 '00: Lloyd, Howson, Jenks, Tatnall,
 Levick, Drinker, Eshleman, Hiatt,
 Freedley, Allen, Febiger, Hallett;
 '01: Mellor, Brown, Mellor, De Ar-
 mond, Rossmässler, Cadbury, Tomlinson,
 Scull;
 '02: Jones, Lane, Trout, Evans,
 Wood, Longstreth, Roberts, Garrett,
 Scott.
 '03: Barr, Cadbury, Drinker;
 '04: Thorn, Kimber, Megear, Morris,
 Morris, Hilles, Folwell, Mills, Withers,
 Clark, Kratz;
 '05: Winslow, Murray, Priestman,
 Fisher, Jones, Evans, Lee, Smyth, See-
 ley, Eshelman, Teller, Peirce;
 '06: Pleasants, Morris, Cary, Hopper,
 Haines, Scott, Doughten, Taylor, Ken-
 nard, Stratton, Nauman, Schweyer.
 '07: Croll, Brown, Evans, Gummere,
 Rossmässler, Mitchell, Tatnall, Nichol-
 son, Terrell, Dodge.

College Department

HAVERFORD LIBRARY LEC- TURES

The Haverford College Library lectures were held in Roberts Hall during the past month. Dr. John Watson, D. D., better known as Ian Maclaren, author of "Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush," "The Days of Auld Lang Syne," and other well-known publications, delivered a course of three lectures, taking for his subject "The Religious History of Scotland in the Eigh-

teenth Century." Dr. Watson is noted not only for his work as a writer, but also for his ability as lecturer; in 1896 he was the Lyman Beecher lecturer at Yale, and is now on a lecturing tour among the American colleges.

The first of the series was delivered on February 14. It dealt with the discipline of the Kirk in Scotland, bringing in the government, officers and powers of the church. An outline of the rewards for virtuous actions and the punishments for

sinful ones, as provided in the laws of the Kirk, concluded the discussion.

The second lecture, given on the 19th, was a resumé of the great men of the party of Moderates who soon came into power. Such men as William Robinson and Blair, with all their little eccentricities, came forward to take the leadership in matters of the Kirk. Dr. Watson detailed their careers and pointed out the characters of the men who constituted the broad church party of the eighteenth century.

The closing lecture was delivered on the 26th, and comprised a short summary of the previous ones, with a full description of the success of the Evangelical party and their actions after the fall of the Moderates. Dr. Watson, by his skill in argument and his dry humor, well won the hearty applause accorded him at the close of his very interesting series of addresses.

PENNSYLVANIA-HAVERFORD DEBATE.

This year the debating relations between the University of Pennsylvania and Haverford will be resumed after a lapse of one year. The question submitted is: Resolved, That disputes between employees and employers in the anthracite coal mining industry in Pennsylvania should be settled by a board of arbitration, constituted by legislative authority and with power to enforce its findings; in which board each party shall

have equal representation and an additional member or umpire shall be appointed by the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

Haverford will support the affirmative side of this question. The team is now being chosen by a series of trials held before the Loganian Council. The interest so far manifested is fully up to the average of former years, and will, it is hoped, be sufficient to add another victory to those of the past.

Differing from the customary subjects of collegiate debates, the question chosen is a live one, full of interest, in a state so largely concerned with the miners and the industrial problems that arise from their conditions.

SOPHOMORE-FRESHMEN DE- BATE.

The annual Sophomore-Freshmen debate will be held in Roberts Hall, March the 8th. The subject, Resolved, That the United States Senators be elected by direct vote of the people, was submitted by the Freshmen, the Sophomores choosing to defend the affirmative side.

The Sophomore team will consist of Killen, March and Underhill, while the Freshmen will be represented by Wilson, Frost and Phillips.

The musical clubs of Haverford College gave an entertainment at Wayne, on the evening of February 22.



Athletic Department

INTERSCHOLASTIC MEET.

The sixth annual interscholastic meet, held under the auspices of Haverford College, was held in the college gymnasium, on February 16, 1907.

The keenest kind of competition was evidenced amongst the various schools, whose men were entered, and from the spectators' standpoint the meet was decidedly interesting, as the tedium of the athletic events was relieved by a remarkably good gymnastic exhibition. In fact, the gymnastic work was the most interesting feature, and some of the feats showed exceptional ability for a preparatory school meet. The gymnasium team of Episcopal showed excellent training and their work was of a high order.

The gymnasium was crowded, a large number of alumni and friends of the college attending, as well as the students of the different schools in the meet.

Chambers, of Central High, fell from the horizontal bar and fractured a wrist-bone, but no other serious accident occurred, although there was an unusually large number of entries, 122 men being entered altogether.

Handsome cups were offered by the college for first, second and third places, and at the conclusion of the meet these were presented to the winners by President Sharpless.

The schools represented in the meet were as follows: Blight, Brown Prep., Central High, Cheltenham Military Academy, De Lancey, Episcopal, Friends' Central, Friends' Select, George, Haverford, Lawrenceville,

Penn Charter, Pennington, Radnor High, St. Luke's, Swarthmore Prep. and Yeates.

The summary is as follows:

220-yard dash—Won by Hough, George School; no time taken; second, Hobson, Central High; third, Allen, St. Luke's.

High jump—Won by Burdick, Penn Charter; height, 5 feet 4 inches; second, tie at 5 feet 3 inches, among Lane, Central High; Lenny, DeLancey; Cantrell, Penn Charter.

Horizontal Bar—Won by Fisher, Episcopal; second, Douglass, Lawrenceville; third, Graham, Episcopal.

Shot-put—Won by Guetter, Penn Charter, 41 feet 4 inches; second, Szlupas, Central High, 38 feet 6½ inches; third, White, Lawrenceville, 38 feet.

Parallel bars—Won by Fennessey, Lawrenceville; second, Leonards, Central High; third, Coyle, Lawrenceville.

Club swinging—Won by Lewis, Episcopal; second, Leonards, Central High; third, tie between Ross, of Haverford, and Bunn, of Lawrenceville.

Tumbling—Won by Woll, of Central High; second, Meade, of Episcopal; third, Stauffer, of Episcopal.

Flying Rings—Won by Erben, Episcopal; second, Leonards, Central High; third, Fritz, of Haverford.

Side Horse—Won by Coyle, Lawrenceville; second, Leonards, Central High; third, Lewis, Episcopal.

Twenty-yard dash—Won by French, of Haverford; second, Christine, Penn Charter; third, Lenhart, Brown Prep.

The officers of the meet were as follows:

Judges—Dr. J. A. Babbitt, chairman.

Gymnastic—Dr. J. Leonard Mason, Dr. H. L. Chadwick, Dr. H. H. Jenks, Mr. E. C. Rossmäessler, Mr. J. Bushnell, 3d.

Athletic—Mr. H. Norman Thorn, Mr. J. D. Philips, Mr. H. W. Doughten, Jr., Mr. H. Pleasants, Jr., Mr. E. C. Tatnall.

Manager—W. R. Rossmäessler.

Marshals—H. M. March, chief marshal; F. D. Godley, S. J. Gummere, E. R. Tatnall, W. R. Shoemaker, W. Sargent, Jr., J. B. Clement, Jr., A. DeG. Warnock, M. K. Spiers.

Announcer—G. K. Strode.

Clerk of Course—C. K. Drinker.

FOOT BALL

Manager Cecil K. Drinker has completed his arrangements for the season of 1907, and announces the following schedule. The only changes from last year's schedule are the game with Delaware College, which takes the place of the game with Johns Hopkins, and shifting the Trinity game to the last of the season.

The schedule:

October 5th—Medico-Chi at Haverford.

October 12th—Delaware College at Haverford.

October 19th—New York University at New York.

October 26th—Ursinus College at Haverford.

November 2d—Lehigh University at Haverford.

November 9th—Rutgers College at New Brunswick.

November 16th—Franklin and Marshall at Haverford.

November 23d—Trinity College at Haverford.

FRESHMEN BASE BALL

President Sharpless and the Athletic Association have granted permission to the Freshman Class to form a baseball team. C. W. Mayers, '10, has been elected captain of the team, and E. R. Spaulding, '10, manager. Manager Spaulding is arranging a schedule of games to be played with various preparatory school nines around Philadelphia.

GYMNASTIC CONTEST.

The Haverford College gymnastic team will meet the team of Lehigh University in their annual gymnastic contest, which takes place this year at the Haverford College Gymnasium. The contest is scheduled for March 9, at 8 o'clock.

SOCCER

HAVERFORD, 10; PHILADELPHIA, 0.

Haverford College defeated the Philadelphia Soccer team, on Walton Field, on January 19, with the overwhelming score of 10 to 1. The condition of the field was poor, and, as Philadelphia turned up with but nine men, everything aided the better-trained Haverford team to win. In the first half the visitors held the college team down to one goal, scored by Furness, but in the second part were scored upon at will. Captain Rossmäessler changed to forward and tallied five points. This was the first game of the college in the Cricket Club League.

The line-up was as follows:

<i>Haverford College.</i>	<i>Philadelphia.</i>
A. Linton	goal. C. B. Dixon
F. D. Godley	right halfback. H. R. Cartright
C. Brown	left fullback.
T. Sharpless	right halfback. C. Barker
C. Drinker	center halfback. L. Johnson
W. B. Windle	left halfback.
G. K. Strode	outside right. H. M. Tilden
H. Furness	inside right. A. C. Scattergood
H. Baker	center forward. P. N. Le Roy
W. B. Rossm'l'r	inside left. M. Harris
E. Cadbury	outside left. H. Disston

Referee—Addis. Linesmen—C. Thomas and E. R. Tatnall. Thirty-five minute halves. Goals—Rossmäessler, 5; Furness, 3; Windle, Baker.

HAVERFORD, 1; P. & R. A. A., 6.

On February 2, at Tabor, the college soccer team was defeated by the P. & R. A. A. team, by the score of 6 to 1. From the start Haverford played a strong, heady game, at times showing flashes of exceptional ability, but in the end was overcome by the powerful home team. L. Simmins excelled for P. & R., and Captain Rossmäessler scored the goal for Haverford. The first and second halves were practically identical except that Haverford did not score in the second half. This victory placed the P. & R. team at the head of the Cricket Club League.

The line-up was as follows:

<i>P. & R. A. A.</i>	<i>Haverford College.</i>
J. H. Taws.....goal.....	A. Linton
J. Gallagher...right fullback....	F. B. Godley
M. Anderson...left fullback..	T. K. Sharpless
W. Anderson...center halfback..	C. K. Drinker
W. Greenbaugh..left halfback...	W. B. Windle
W. Schwartz...outside right.....	J. Bushnell
W. Noon.....inside right.....	H. Furness
H. S. Pike....center forward...	T. J. Baker
L. Simmons....inside left..	W. R. Rossm't'r
W. Greenbaugh..outside left.....	E. Cadbury

Referee—J. Danby. Linesmen—J. Pearson and T. Tulls. Thirty-five minute halves. Goals—Simmons, 3; Noon, Swartz, Pike. Rossmäessler.

HAVERFORD, 5; BELMONT CRICKET CLUB, 0.

Haverford College defeated the Belmont Cricket Club, on Walton Field, on February 19, with the score of 5 to 0. Belmont played only six men and was

thus greatly at a disadvantage. The best playing was done by Captain Rossmäessler, Bushnell, and Baker for Haverford, and Duncan for Belmont.

The line-up was as follows

<i>Haverford.</i>	<i>Belmont Cricket Club.</i>
Linton goal	Lodge
Godley right fullback	
Brown left fullback	Fales
Sharpless right halfback	
Drinker center halfback	Duncan
Windle left halfback	
Bushnell outside right	
Furness inside right	Clark
Baker center forward	Blamphin
W. B. Rossm't'r..inside left	Conkle
Strode outside left	

Referee—Addis. Linesmen—Thomas and Tatnall. Thirty-minutes halves. Goals—By Bushnell, 2; Baker, Strode, Rossmäessler.

HAVERFORD, 0; MT. WASHINGTON, 1.

On a field covered with snow the Mt. Washington soccer team, of Baltimore, Md., defeated the college team, on February 22, on Walton Field. The poor condition of the field made fast work impossible, but the college team maintained a good, consistent game. Effinger scored the only goal of the game for Mt. Washington.

The line-up was as follows:

<i>Haverford.</i>	<i>Mt. Washington.</i>
Linton goal	MacLanahan
Kurtz left fullback	Paree
Godley right fullback	Sailor
Windle left halfback	Denmood
Rossm't'r center halfback	Norwood
Sharpless right halfback	J. Trotter
Cadbury outside left	Bayles
Shoemaker inside left	Morfit
Baker center forward	Guthrie
Furness inside right	W. Trotter
Bushnell outside right	Effinger

Referee—G. Bennet. Linesmen—Morley and Phillips. Thirty-minutes halves. Goal—By Effinger.



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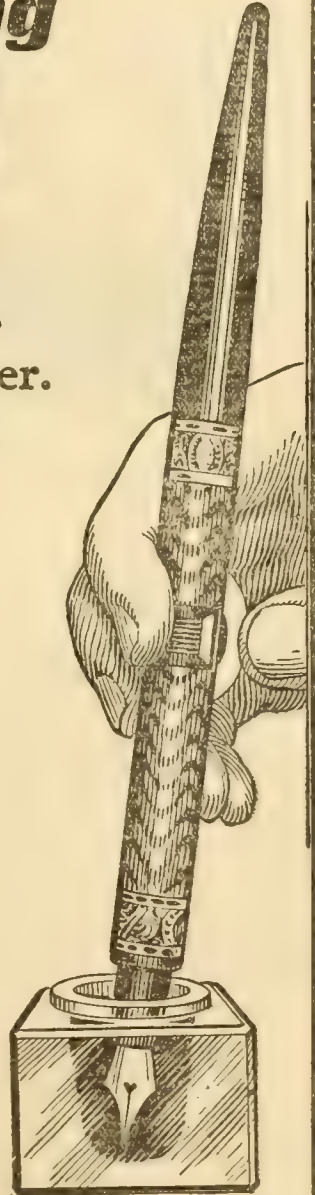
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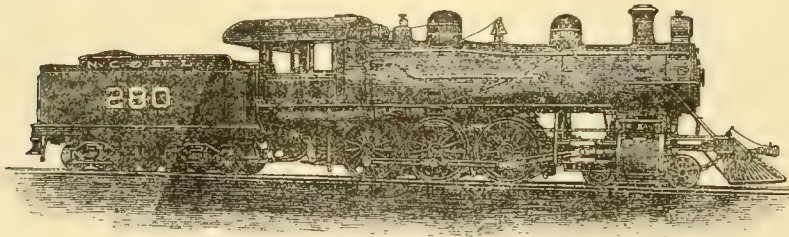
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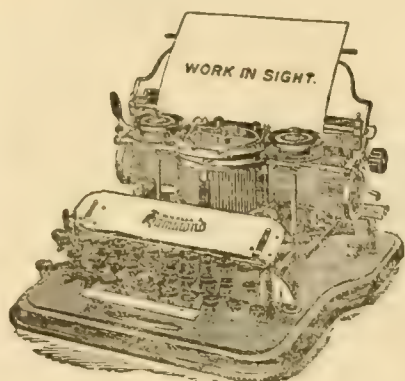
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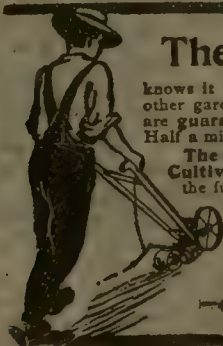
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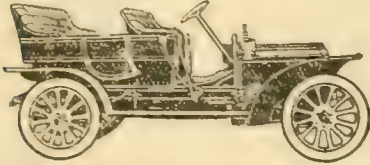
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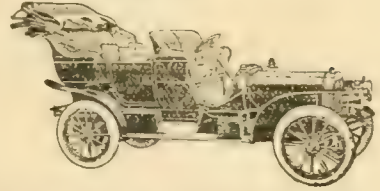
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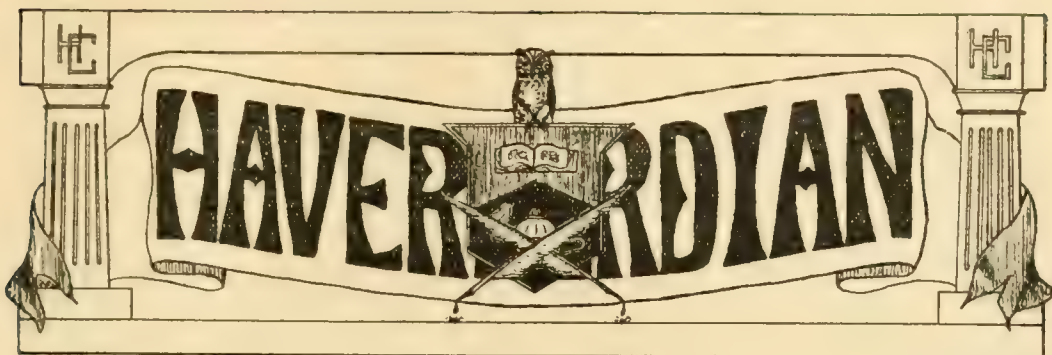
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VOL. XXIX

HAVERFORD, PA., APRIL, 1907

No. 2

IN our issue for March we printed a notice of THE HAVERFORDIAN prize competition. As we said then, this competition was designed to increase the interest of the students in literary work. We hope that the college will not think that because of it we have been so flooded with material that we can forego the assistance of everyone outside the Board of Editors until a new competition has been established.

**Haverfordian
Material**

Experience up to the present time has shown that it is thought we can publish, every month, articles of general interest and fair literary value with almost no aid from the students. We would like to have it thoroughly understood that this is a mistaken idea. We do not say this to disparage ourselves; we do say that through a certain slackness—to put it very mildly—the college has overestimated our powers when it thinks that we can write practically one magazine per month. We are here to bring out a magazine to represent the college, and we need the assistance of the college to do it.

We do not deny that the matter that is contributed may be varied, but it is most limited. What we do receive is so welcome that we can only wish for more.

We feel that material, more or less, is needed to carry on THE HAVERFORDIAN in the way we would like to do it. We are extremely sorry for the strangely large number that appear to think papers and magazines are much better off when they have nothing to publish than when they have. An examination of the editorial drawer emphasizes very strongly this extraordinary fact. But in spite of this we believe that many can be educated to think that literary activity is, at least, somewhat of a necessity for such a publication as THE HAVERFORDIAN is intended to be. When the students are so impressed with this fact that editorial life has become less of a burden, we think that, through THE HAVERFORDIAN as an organ of the whole, the individual will become more thoroughly interested in his college.

It has been a principle of THE HAVERFORDIAN to print a leading article in each issue written by a member of the faculty or by an alumnus. Our importunities have been received with much consideration by them, and we are grateful to them for the share they take in the production of THE HAVERFORDIAN. We must consider, however, that they are not publishing the magazine. It is a magazine of

the student body, and the college should do its share. We do not think we are asking too much. We think that what we ask, it is the duty of the college to supply. We desire, and are even certain, that the time will come when the students will feel that "it is up to them;" for through them and by their assistance alone can THE HAVERFORDIAN become their publication.

RECENT Alumni, and all fellows now in college, are well aware of the financial state of the foot ball department. It is unnecessary to emphasize the fact that the strictest possible economy must be observed in order to carry through our foot ball season. We do not wish to advocate lavish expenditures, but we are most anxious to be able to treat our team as it deserves.

It is possible to go again to our faithful and long suffering Alumni, and with their aid to relieve this condition, but we do not wish to do this. Two alternatives remain, larger Athletic dues, or increased gate receipts.

The first course is easy, but very unpopular, and the second, though sounding well, difficult to bring about. Advertisement of home games is the logical means to accomplish this end.

Through the papers and by placards, the last season's games were advertised fairly well, but this system has failed to bring our old time crowds. Individual work on the part of every student and every alumnus is a far more efficient method, and a method Haverfordians must pursue next fall.

Six home games give us opportunity for success in this direction, if we are ever to succeed. Let us all, therefore, resolve to get into the work and help shoulder the burden of making the season

of 1907 not only a victorious one, but a financially successful one.

Announcements have been made that the competition for the business managership of THE HAVERFORDIAN has opened. A new business manager will be chosen from the candidates in the Sophomore and Freshman classes. This choice will be made on a basis of general ability and on the number and value of advertisements collected for the paper by the candidate. The notice of this election will be made in the October issue of THE HAVERFORDIAN. Election for assistant business manager will take place in February, 1908.

THE HAVERFORDIAN prize competition, as announced on the bulletin boards of the college, closes on April twelfth. In our May issue we shall publish the decisions of the judges, and in succeeding issues the articles which the competition brought forth. We hope that the competition will become an annual affair, and that the interest will grow in proportion to its age. In spite of the fact that this is the first year that such a thing has been attempted, we consider that the results have been advantageous to competitors and THE HAVERFORDIAN.

We wish to thank the class secretaries who have already furnished us with material for the Alumni Department. But we must receive a more general response from the different secretaries, if we are to keep that department up to the standard which we have set for it. A little co-operation in this matter will go far toward making this feature of distinct value to the Alumni, who wish to keep in touch with their old classmates.

A MEMORABLE DEBATE



FIFTY years ago, the Haverford Loganian Society was the intellectual clearing-house for the whole college. Meetings were held on Monday evening, and were attended by practically all the students, by the members of the faculty and their wives, and by occasional strangers within the gates. Declamations were the regular fare, but readings by Professor Thomas Chase, the *Monthly Collegian*, with its original essays and poems, and, above all, debates, gave sufficient variety. Once a year, perhaps, every member was required to bring and read ten lines of original poetry on some such recondite subject as "the horse;" if there was too much laughter for the wit displayed, at least, no harm was done, and it must be remembered that students hardly ever left college from one end of the term to the other. They heard no lectures, saw no plays; and the Loganian had an appreciative audience always at hand. About 1870 the college rules were relaxed. Vacations were changed so as to include Christmas; and visits to home and kin began to be allowed. About this time, too, the golden age of the Loganian, as well as of the two secret societies, the Atheneum and the Everett, came to an end. New schemes were essayed.

I think it was E. P. Allison, of '74, who really founded the fearfully secret and limited debating society, known as "The Grasshoppers." I had left college, but was living here, and was made a member—one of the mysterious eleven. The object, of course, was to stimulate

new interest in debating by new methods. Allison was a very initiative and persistent friend of Haverford, both as a student and as a graduate; and we all know that his unflagging zeal was responsible for the maintenance of interest in debating during the long years of our struggle for academic existence. The Grasshoppers, who had their name and motto from a famous scene in the "Iliad," met with great secrecy in what is now the chemical laboratory, and carried on fierce discussions under strict congressional rules, one man acting as moderator, and the other ten mainly speaking all at once. The two opponents who generally had the floor were States-rights brother from North Carolina and an ardent Republican from "the State of Maine."

Now, no such body can exist in a small college without attracting the civilities of an excluded majority. A rival organization was started as a pure parody of our debating, and called itself "The Turkey Gobblers;" but that fine art soon exhausted itself. At the end of the first year the Society published a paper called, *The Grasshopper*, the first printed organ of Haverford students. But, as it represented first ten students and one graduate, it was not hailed with enthusiasm by the student body; and the faculty also took a hand in denunciation, on account of certain questionable jokes about food and raiment. So the second year saw a fight of the first magnitude between Grasshoppers and the field. All this, of course, was in the best of tempers; the Senior members of the club were leaders in their class and popular in college; but

when it came to the narrower question, no quarter was asked or expected. A debate was arranged in the Loganian Society, in which two Grasshoppers led on one side, with their fellows for support, and were opposed by a strong pair from the field. One of these was a man close upon thirty, who had left college in his Sophomore year, had held responsible county offices—Superintendent of Schools, I think—and was supposed to be irresistible. Every fellow in college was on hand, and there was a good “gallery” from outside. The question was whether or not to give the ballot to women—not very novel, but full of emotional possibilities. The Grasshoppers had the negative. When the affirmative leader had opened the case, warily, briefly, and resumed his seat, the applause was deafening. Then the negative leader, as warily and as briefly, outlined the question and the points which were to be proved; but he sat down in a silence that seemed to have length, breadth and thickness. The Grasshoppers had agreed that this silence was better than feeble applause from their own ranks; besides, it was calculated to work on the sense of fair play in the jurymen. These three miserable creatures, indeed, had the worst time of all; if they voted for the Grasshoppers, willing hands were ready with all manner of compliments, and sleep would not visit their pillows that night; but if they went against their convictions, they had to reckon with an accusing conscience. And they were all three citizens without reproach, upright youths of the harmless and necessary kind.

It was a tremendous debate. I forget utterly how it was decided, when a vote was taken long after the usual time for “bed collection;” but I remember vividly

how the excitement grew, how speech after speech came firing off, indeed, how at last generous instincts prevailed, applause actually greeting the Grasshoppers’ fervent rhetoric, and how most of the old prejudice had vanished when all was over, but reminiscence, criticism and praise.

Such a debate would seem very foolish now. One feature, however, is lacking in most of our modern contests—spontaneity. To hear men recite speeches, which have been carefully written and committed to memory, is hardly suggestive of debate in the best sense. Only when there is such speaking as some of us remember a few years ago in the gymnasium, when Carson replied off-hand to a picturesque and pictorial visitor, does one feel the real possibilities of the case. But it is not only the style of oratory that has changed. The old subjects have also made that *iter tenebricosum*, never to return. “Is a lawyer justified in defending a client whom he knows to be guilty?” We had our doubts about that matter, and aired them; but in these days, what other kind of clients are to be had?

The Grasshoppers published one more paper, *The Tettix* (in Greek title, I think), and then sank gently into the eternal silence. Allison, as a graduate, edited and published for a while, *The Quaker Alumnus*, a kind of successor, with a very good staff of contributors; but THE HAVERFORDIAN soon made its appearance, and graduate efforts ceased. Meanwhile, the Loganian Society still fostered the spirit of debate; and in 1888, when I came back to Haverford, it was organized as a House of Commons, under English parliamentary rules. But this is recent history.

F. B. G., 1872.

THE BORDERLAND



ARK lowering clouds overhung the sky. The angry waves thundered in against the cliff, as if the storm, so lately subsided, had left them to remind one that it would strike again with increased violence. Huge gray hands seemed to lurk stealthily in the long furrows of the sea, to grasp their victims from the surface and draw them down to the depths below. The vast stretch of foaming ocean was brought to a fitting termination by the rugged, barren cliffs, that rose up from the water's edge, great ravenous giants, who witnessed all disasters with fiendish appreciation. The shore was strewn with wreckage, mute tokens of the recent disaster.

Out beyond the white line of surf, huge timbers and broken spars were thrown about on the dismal gray billows, coming closer and closer to the shore with each upheaval. To one of these clung a man. The last vestige of his strength had almost gone, but he clutched at the spar with aching hands, hoping against hope for deliverance. The land seemed now almost within reach and his arms were possessed of new strength. Would he be saved or must he die a lonely death here, on the ever-changing sea, just beyond the rocks? Suddenly a wave caught him and he shot into the boiling surf. At last he could touch the welcome stones. He dragged himself along through the shallow water, till he reached the shore, but the effort had been too much for him. He sank down,

an apparently lifeless corpse, on the wet sand left by the last receding wave.

As the powerful undertow was about to draw him out again into the clutches of the deep, he stretched out a feeble arm and caught hold of a protruding rock. He looked up the beach with weary eyes, and fancied he saw a huge gray bird emerging from a gully in the cliff. He made a sudden movement. He thought it turned abruptly about and flew back into the dark recesses of the cave. With an effort he rose up on his elbows, stared at the rocks and into the gully. He saw nothing but gloomy blackness.

The man gained strength, rose to his feet with the help of the rock and stepped on to the beach. He longed to be away from the place, but he turned and looked with exultation out over the raging expanse of sea, that unending realm of destruction and gloom, over which night had already begun to spread her darkness.

With as much speed as he could command from his exhausted limbs, he climbed to the edge of the cliff, where he could look inland. The first glance confirmed his worst fears. As far as he could see, there was nothing but a broad stretch of barren plain, scattered over with low, ragged undergrowth. Here and there a stunted bush served to break the monotony. Desolation extended in every direction. The gale increased with the fast approaching night. Looking upward he saw the clouds, torn to little pieces by the wind, scudding rapidly across the sky.

Suddenly above the howling tempest,

yet strangely blended with the tumult of sounds, there arose a cry which struck terror to his very soul, and held him rigid on the spot. It was a horrid, sickening scream, which seemed to come up from the cliff below. It rang clearly through the upper air, with a strange, unnatural penetration. Gaining in volume, till it became a terrific outburst of evil and malicious triumph, it died slowly away, ending in a low guttural rumble.

An awful fear grasped the man in its icy grip, and his trembling limbs threatened to give away. Once again the cry smote the air and made night hideous above the uproar of the elements.

This time a sense of duty to a fellow human being, if indeed it could have been human, laid hold upon him, and, with a supreme effort, he put aside his fear and made his way down over the cliffs. He stepped upon the beach, just as the long drawn-out moan subsided into nothing, and the boom of the surf on the narrow strand succeeded. The same deep gully in the cliff cut off the wind at the spot where he had stepped from the rocks. Just as he turned to look into the hollow, which extended back some distance, he was unconscious of the slightest draught of air across his face. He fancied he saw huge, black wings disappearing into the thick darkness at the back of the cave.

Walking out across the beach, his eye caught an object, which he recognized only too well. A corpse was lying on the stones, rolling back and forth with each wave. He walked down and saw that the man had been dead for several hours.

That night, on his improvised bed of dry grass and bushes, sleep did not come to him. The gloomy noises of the sea came up over the cliff with unpleasant suggestiveness. His mind kept turning to that fearful, triumphant cry of the evening before. Had he been in full pos-

session of his senses, when he had heard it? Beyond doubt he had, for, had he not heard it twice and with his own ears? of course, he had heard it. It had sounded all around him, penetrated his whole being. Then, who or what had uttered it? The man had been there, but he had been dead for some time. The whole thing seemed utterly unreal to him. Yet he was sure of one thing—he had heard that cry. In fact, it had rung in his memory ever since that afternoon. In his imagination he could hear it now, rising up over the cliff, and then dying out in the dark recesses of that cavern. Suddenly a thought came to him. Why had he not felt the need of food since the previous afternoon? He would have sacrificed almost anything for it then. But now he had a feeling of complete physical satisfaction; not the slightest trace of hunger.

Jumping up, he rushed out towards the sea. Yes! There it was coming across from the rocks; that same malicious cry of triumph. Dying out, it was repeated in a few seconds. Then it lost itself again, and save for the low rumble of the sea, stillness prevailed.

Finding sleep impossible, the man went down to the beach. There, on the shore, lay another body rolling from side to side, as each wave came up around it. When he had buried the corpse beside the other in the coarse sand, he walked slowly along the edge of the water, lost in thought.

There had been nothing to denote the arrival of day, except a cold, gray streak of light over in the east, which now broadened and developed into the same, sombre sky of the day before. The sea was practically at rest and the surface, unruffled by any wind, rose and fell in long, oily billows, which washed in and out over the pebbles. The whole aspect

of the waters seemed to suggest some dismal, unseemly misfortune.

The man gazed out over the vast ocean. He saw that endless domain of phantoms with its fleet of phantom ships. To each soul which departs from its earthly frame upon the waters, is given a ship with its phantom crew. Every soul, when embarking on its strange vessel is destined to sail on with the fleet forever.

As he gazed out, he distinguished the figure of a man lying on a large timber. He was floating slowly in on the waves. Yes! He was alive. He had moved his arm. The man eagerly waited while he came in through the surf, and rushed in to him. He lay face downward on the board. Coming close to him he saw that he had been mistaken. The man was dead and had been so for some hours. When he had succeeded in get-

ting the corpse up on the beach, he stooped down and turned it over. As he did so, his knees gave way and he sank down on the beach, shaking with fear. THE FACE WAS HIS OWN!

Out of the blackness at the back of the cave came that same awful, triumphant scream, and with a terrific whirr and beating of wings, an enormous, evil-looking bird emerged into the dark morning air. It flew down across the beach, where lay but a single corpse. As it came to the spot, the cry gained in volume until it fairly shook the cliff, and subsided into a low guttural rumble. It circled over the corpse in absolute stillness, then hovering a moment, it cried again in exultation and flopped back with its broad, uncouth wings, till the hideous form was lost in the black cavern beyond.

JAMES WHITALL, '10.

Sonnet

What wondrous journeys have we made together
 Into the happy realms of Arcady,
 Heedless of earthly time or place or weather,
 Borne on a moment, through eternity.
 How pure has been our pleasure, yet how free
 From fortune's change, or season's overthrowing;
 For we have sailed a swelling summer sea
 When bitterest the winter gales were blowing;
 Or often, in dead calm, with sunlight glowing,
 We rode the wind through wastes of starlit night,
 And saw the silent floods beneath us flowing
 Over a sunken moon, in liquid light;
 While our light laughter, falling far behind,
 Rippled to music, trailing down the wind.

J. F. W., '10.

THE BRASS HELMET



“GOOD evening, sir,” he said, as he rolled over and lurched against me, his wide trousers flapping dismally about his ankles in the stiff breeze.

I was standing on the edge of Ferry Street Wharf looking up the river; for I am an incurable nature lover, and, living in a large city, the best I can do is to take Sunday trips to the country, and on weekdays spend a few minutes near the river. To-night I had been standing longer than usual, for a thunder storm was in the making, and I was watching the clouds gather over in the east, watching the lightning getting up its strength, and listening to the thunder in its premonitory rumbles. I had supposed that the group of sailors sitting on an inverted rowboat on the other end of the wharf were speculating about me, but I was a little surprised when this one got up and walked over, almost bumped into me, and then recovered himself with a “Good hevening, sir.”

“Good evening,” I responded.

“It’s going to be a sockdologer, when it do come,” he remarked, following my glance up into the eastern sky. “Look at that flash! Ain’t that a ripper? It reminds me of the storm when the poor old ‘Abbie Reed’ went down.”

“Any story?” I suggested.

“Well, yes, a mighty curious one. But the storm’s a-coming on now, and I imagine this ain’t no place to tell it.” His glance travelled along the wharf, and then down River Avenue, and rested longingly on the flaring sign of the “Blue

Unicorn.” I recognized the old trick, and pulled out my watch. Yes, I had an hour yet before train time.

“Is there a place where we can get warm and keep dry, and where you can spin this yarn?” I inquired. “A good, warm room, some tobacco, and a glass or two of grog,” I intimated.

My schemer glanced back at his companions, and a broad grin spread over his face till it seemed as if you might have taken the ends of the grin and tied them in a neat bow behind his head. His companions nudged each other, and one of them winked.

“Well, yes, now you speak of it,” he answered at last. “There’s the Blue Unicorn over there,” and he led the way, turning up the collar of his pea-jacket, either because the rain was beginning to fall in large drops, or because he wanted to hide his rather suggestive grin. And as we passed the group of sailors I heard one of them say, “He’s taken the bait; Bill’s landed him all right.”

The room called, “The Sailor’s Rest,” in the “Blue Unicorn” was worthy of the name. That is description enough. Bill and I were soon seated at an uncovered table in this room, with a mug of ale before each of us. I stretched my legs out to the fire, lighted my pipe, and waited.

Bill was silent for a moment; then he put down his empty mug, sighed, wiped his lips with the back of his hand, and began:

“What I’m going to tell you about ‘appened on my very first cruise.

“You wouldn’t think to hear me talk

that I was once a young English sport, would you? Well, when I was a boy I went to one of them Hinglish schools. Yes, I studied Lating and Greek and all them scientific things. But I didn't like it. My pop was a lawyer in London, and when I couldn't persuade him to take me away, I made up my mind to leave on my own hook. So one night I packed up some clothes and cut out. I ain't going to tell you everything I did, because that hasn't anything to do with this story I am trying to get at; but after I 'ad spent the last blooming cent of my allowance, and after I could stop hiding from the private detectives that the school had put after me, I got a job as cabin boy on the 'Abbie Reed.'

"The 'Abbie Reed' were a private sailing yacht owned by Sir Charles Reed, and he used to take his family and friends for long cruises. About the time I got my job, his oldest darter had just come from college, and she was anxious to see the Parthenont, and all the other places; so early in July we set sail for Greece.

"We reached there all right and landed Mrs. Reed and Clarice, and then we took Sir Charles for a cruise up the Mediterranean. We had been out about forty-eight hours, when all of a suddint a storm just like this one broke upon us."

(By the way, the storm was quite furious by this time. The wind went howling about the "Blue Unicorn," the shutters rattled, and the rain came down in crashes. Bill pulled himself nearer to the fire, and reached for his mug. He looked at it closely, turned it upsidedown, sighed, and sat gazing into the fire. I signalled to a waiter. The yarn seemed to be aground, but I thought I knew a way to float it again, and the refilled mug was soon in Bill's hands.)

"It was my first storm," continued

Bill, setting down the mug and reaching for my tobacco pouch, "and I ain't deny-ing that I was badly scared. There we were right among a lot of islands in an archipelagoo, with rocks all around, when that squall broke upon us. We was carrying a mains'l, tops'l and two gibs, 'n' there wasn't time even for a reef. That squall hit us out of a clear sky and snapped the mast like a pipe-stem. I was hanging to the starboard railing when they cleared away the wreckage. Yes, I was hanging there, and it seems to me, I was thinking about a little school away back in England, when I heard a crunching groan, and I knowed we had struck a rock.

"An' then, you know, that squall died down just as suddint as it came up, and in a minute or two the sun come out brighter than ever, and showed the poor 'Abbie' almost broke in two, and drink-ing like a soldier. We seed it was a case for the boats, and Sir Charles, who had taken a fancy to me, took me in his gig along with his man that he called Wil-son, the captain, and two A. B.'s.

"The sea was just as ca'm as a looking glass now, and what ever happened to the other two boats I can't tell to this day. They must 'a' split on the rocks, for when we reached one of them little islands and looked around, there wasn't a sign of them. The captain and the two A. B.'s pulled away to look for them, and whether they run foul of some rocks too, or got lost, or just low down left us, I don't know, but they never showed up again neither.

"So there we was—Sir Charles, who didn't know nothing about what to do, Wilson, who knew how to shave and fix up a dress suit, but wasn't much good for nothing else, and me, a cabin boy.

"Well, we walked that island over and saw it was just a desert. We didn't find

hide nor hair of a human being, except that I found an old brass helmet that I kept and didn't say nothing about, thinking I could sell it when we got rescued; for, of course, none of us wasn't much worried. We knowed we'd be found the next day.

"So we built a fire and got fixed for the night, and after the rest were asleep, I got out the 'elmet what I found and looked at it. There was something inside of it that rattled, and I turned it hup-sidedown and dumped out a lot of long jagged teeth. I looked around and picked hup all I could find, and put them in my pocket, thinking mebbe they'd come in good sometime. You can't never tell.

"And then I began to look at the helmet. The moon shone on it and I saw some letters. I puzzled them out: K-A-D-M-U-S; Kadmus. Seemed to me I remembered hearing something about him in school, but I couldn't quite place him. So after thinking a bit, I 'id the 'elmet and laid down. There was a high lump of mud in one place, and I used it for a pillar.

"Well, it seemed to me I was 'aving bad dreams. I thought somebody was pulling my 'ead hoff. My 'ead kept getting 'igher and 'igher. I woke up with a start, and sure enough, my 'ead was about a foot off the ground! I sat up and looked around and—Jumping Jehosaphat! I looked right into the face of somebody that must 'a' been buried halive and was a-coming out! He 'ad a helmet on just like the one I found, and he kept a-coming out of the ground so fast I could see 'im grow. 'N' then, all of a suddint, I remembered about Kadmus and the dragon's teeth what I had studied about. I always uster think that it was a fairy tale, and here I'd gone and found

his very helmet with some of the teeth in it yet.

"Howsomever, I didn't have no time to feel glad about my wonderful discovery. I remembered what fierce customers those fellows were, and I quick sat on this one's head to keep him down. You'd a died to 'a' seed his face. His 'ead and shoulders was hout, but he couldn't get his arms loose, and he made the worse faces I ever saw. And soon 'e got a yelling so that Sir Charles and Wilson woke up.

"'William, what are you doing?' said Sir Charles to me. 'Let that gentleman up at once!'

"But Jeru the Mighty! 'Tweren't no use for 'm to say that, for I couldn't 'a' kept 'm down with a load of brick! He got a-growing faster and faster, till I was a-setting there on his shoulders clean of the ground! Well, I see I'd have to do something, so I stands up on his shoulders and yells out 'Save yourselves!' I knew what I was going to do. I told you this here were a desert island, but it weren't exactly. Leastwise, there was some big trees on it, and right over my head was a whopper. This knight I was a-standing on kept a-growing, till he was most eight foot tall; and then, just as his feet was a-getting loose, I gives a jump, catches the lowest limb of the tree, and shins up—but bless your 'eart! I spills a lot more dragon's teeth on the way up!

"Well, sir, you never saw nothing like it. The man who was all the way out killed Sir Charles and Wilson quicker than it takes to say it, and when he got through—'oly 'awser! There was about fourteen or fifteen other 'elmets sprouting up!

"It was a sight worth seeing. The teeth, you see, had dropped out every which way, and sometimes two 'eads came out glaring at each other, an' it was

hard luck for one of them if the other got his hands out first! As soon as their arms were out they got a-fighting, and kept on till one killed the other. 'N' then the one that didn't get killed jumped around to kill somebody else.

"The very first man out, the one whose 'ead I sat on, was trying to climb my tree. But I weren't much afraid. He couldn't reach the lowest limb by two foot, and his harmour was so 'eavy 'e couldn't jump, and 'e was hafraid to take it off, because he knowed he'd need it later on.

"And he did, too. When all the others had been killed but one, why, then, that one just naturally sprinted over for the jumping-jack under my tree. And then they got at each other, and a pretty fight it was, too. It lasted till sun-up, but the one that was after me finally killed the other, which wasn't 'ow I wanted it.

"Howsomever, he was so cleaned tuckered out that I weren't afraid no more, but climbed down out of my tree and killed him myself. 'E only needed a little tap to settle him. I guess 'e would 'a' died anyhow.

"But I weren't no way easy in mind yet, so I built a raft and launched it, and sculled away all day to get as far from that hisland as I could. 'Long 'bout four o'clock I was picked up by a two-masted schooner bound for Constantinople. Nobody believed what I said, even when I showed one of the teeth that had stuck in my pocket."

Bill knocked the ashes out of his pipe and sighed.

"Nobody believed a word of it," he repeated, thoughtfully.

I went over and looked out the window. The storm was over and I still had twelve minutes to catch my train.

"What did you do with the last tooth?" I asked.

"I planted it in a flower pot along with a geranium and gave it away."

"Gave it away?"

"Yes," responded Bill, dejectedly. "It don't seem to grow much here."

"Doesn't it?" The mug was empty again, and Bill seemed to need continual prodding.

"No," he answered, toying absently with the empty mug. I nodded to the waiter, who refilled it. Bill brightened up. "I guess the tooth needs Grecian soil," he volunteered.

"Suppose it should sprout and grow?" I suggested, putting my hand on the door-knob.

"It would be terrible. There'd probably be another racket," he answered, shaking his head sadly.

I opened the door and put on my hat. Bill lifted the mug of ale to his lips.

"Whom did you give that tooth to?" I asked.

Bill removed the cup and looked at me. Then he gave a slow and careful wink.

"My mother-in-law," he whispered, and buried his face in the mug again.

W. S. Eldridge, '07.



WHEN THE COLONEL LOST



HE had just finished one of the chafing dish suppers, for which Mrs. William Carewe, better known to the crowd as Mrs. Billy, is justly famous in our small coterie.

Carewe and I had settled down comfortably in the chairs, which bore our respective names, for, you see, I am equally the confidant of Billy and his wife, and by virtue of that position, my Morris is a chair which none dare profane when I am a guest.

"Billy," I remarked, for I was in an after-dinner reminiscent mood, "Billy, you've never yet told me about the strategy you used in getting the Colonel's consent." I must explain that Colonel Farnham is the father of Mrs. Carewe, and he strongly objected to the ceremony which changed her name from Kitty Farnham to the one she now blissfully bears.

Billy chuckled and glanced up at his wife, who was just then commencing some of that eternal feminine embroidery. She returned his look with eyes that danced mischievously, and dropping her needle work, she crossed over to his chair and seated herself upon its broad arm, resting her arm on his shoulder.

That's what I always liked about Kitty Carewe—not mushy at all, like the usual run of brides; only she can't help showing that Billy is Billy, and you are, well, someone else, and the way she does it always makes me want to find someone who—but hold on, that isn't the story.

"Shall we tell him, Puss?" queried Billy.

"Well," said Kitty, judiciously, "he *was* awfully nice about his congratulations, and he hasn't asked impertinent questions and that chafing dish he gave us was a perfect dear. Yes, Billy boy, I guess he can know. You go ahead and tell it. I'll listen."

And so the story commenced.

"You see," began Carewe, "the Colonel didn't respond at all paternally to my proposition to make him my father-in-law, and he said some awfully impolite things about my business affairs and my remarkable nerve. Anyway, we couldn't agree on the subject, although I tried my best to argue him around to my point of view. Finally, he became so angry at my persistency that he told me to consider my presence in his house as very undesirable—to him. I was pretty sure that it wasn't to Kitty.

"Now, if he had only been reasonable, Kitty and I wouldn't have thought of doing anything unusual, and we would have waited a while for him to change his mind, but because Kitty couldn't seem to forget me in a day or two, the old bear decided to take her up to see some aged aunt in Massachusetts, and try the effect of country scenery on what he called 'a case of calf love, suh.' That seemed like playing an unfair game, and when I got a note from Kitty telling me of his plan, I decided to take a try at beating out the Colonel on his own ground. I found out the train they were to leave New York on, by slipping a note

to Kitty through her maid, and when the train pulled out of the Grand Central I was safely tucked away in the same Pullman that held the Colonel and Kitty. My chair was about five seats behind theirs, and when the Colonel walked down the aisle to get a drink of water, and saw me, you can guess how his white moustache bristled. He never spoke, but walked straight back and resumed his seat with the air of a guardian dragon. I knew that war was on until we reached Boston. I confess I was floored for a plan, so I went out to the buffet car to think things over. Talk about luck! When I opened the door, the first man I ran into was Bob Cartwright; you remember him—six feet two, and you remember the game he put up for the old prep. school. Four years at guard, till his governor said he'd enough play and put him into business instead of college. Well, Bob would make about three of the Colonel, and right there my plan hit me squarely. I wanted to shout. 'Hello, Bobbie, old scout,' said I, and we pump-handled for about two minutes. Then we sat down to some sandwiches and ale, and I told him of my fix and revealed my plan in all its gorgeousness.

"Bob listened carefully, and the old happy grin came over his face that I'd seen more than once, when we had fixed up some racket to disturb the holy quiet of our old prep. school.

"Well, we talked awhile longer and then called a porter. He was one of the fast black kind that show a large assortment of white teeth and eye-balls, when you produce a greenback; and as the one I showed him had a 'V' peeping out of one corner, you can guess how willing he became.

"By the time we reached Bridgeport the scheme was all worked out, and I

had agreed to fix up some business in Boston for Bob, since, as you'll find, he wasn't to reach there right away.

"You see, I knew something about the Colonel's investments, as Kitty had told me a little, and I knew that Consolidated Copper was ticklish just then. The Colonel had rather large holdings in that stock, which was lucky for me.

"I took one of the telegraph blanks from the rack by the writing desk in the smoker, and with my fountain pen I scribbled in the best imitation of a telegrapher's scrawl that I could, this message:

"Colonel Farnham:

En route New York to Boston,
New Haven Station, 8.00 o'clock express.

"Consolidated Copper falling. We want your instructions as to your holdings. Telegraph at once.

Brewester and Duquesne.'

"These were the Colonel's brokers, and I knew this would fetch him, if anything would. I wet my handkerchief in the water cooler and carefully blotted the telegram, so that it looked as if it had been copied in the telegraph office letter-press, sealed it up in a Western Union envelope from the rack, and called the porter again. The 'five' changed hands and some important final instructions were given. We were rolling into New Haven now, and I resumed my seat in the Pullman.

"The Colonel eyed me suspiciously. The train pulled into the station and stopped. We had about five minutes to wait. About three minutes passed, when a porter rushed into the car with a yellow envelope in his hand, and called out, 'Is dah any Cunnel Farnham in de cyah?'

"The Colonel jumped up hastily, and as he seized the envelope and ripped it open, I heard the darky's hurried expla-

nation, 'Yoh see, suh, de messenger boy said it was a rush telegram requirin' an ansuh, an' I didn't wait to bring in de ordah book foh yoh signature, suh.' 'How long does this train wait?' snapped the Colonel. 'About six minutes more, suh,' answered the darky. 'God bless you, George Washington,' I murmured.

"The Colonel tore up the aisle, rushed for the station telegraph office, and as I saw him disappear in the station I also saw Bob Cartwright drop off the train, deposit his suit case against one of the iron pillars of the arcade, and stroll leisurely toward the door. I rushed to Kitty's chair, explained what I could in a few breathless words and then hurried to the back platform. Would that train never start? And just then it did. And then I saw the Colonel rush out of the station door; but as he did so, Bob neatly ran into him as he came down the steps. The Colonel picked himself up and would have kept on toward the train had not a strong hand seized his shoulder, and I heard Bob's voice saying, 'Hold on, old man, do you think you're going to knock a fellow over and run off without explaining?'

"The Colonel struggled frantically to break away, but he might as well have been tied to the station wall, and as the train rolled out of the station, a fat, blue-coated policeman came around the corner. The last thing I saw was the Colonel wildly arguing with the officer.

"That's all, except that Kitty and I visited the minister as soon as we reached Boston, and after a week at my sister's house, while Kitty was pretty well cleaning out the Boston stores for her 'elopment trousseau,' as she called it, we took a steamer for Jamaica and had the corkingest honeymoon ever. Didn't we, Puss?"

There was a long pause, and we all gazed musingly into the fire, which was now a glowing bed of coals.

"And the Colonel?" I asked, finally.

"Oh," laughed Kitty, "he said that if a man could plan out such a campaign to win a girl, whose only accomplishments were in the line of chafing-dish cookery and spending her father's money, he certainly deserved her. But for about a year he wanted to hire a prize fighter to 'fix' Bob Cartwright, though at last he forgave even poor Bob, and we four have had some cosy little suppers together."

Billy stretched himself lazily, and smiled at his wife in a provokingly contented way. "Do you know," said he, "some day, when I get more of the 'wherewithal,' I'm going to have the statuette of a Pullman porter sculptured and set up in our front hall. We couldn't have a more appropriate household god if we tried."

And though the ideas of newly-married couples are usually of the most foolish possible variety, nevertheless, in this case, I quite agreed with them.

Meigs O. Frost.



Amor Omnia Vincit

A griesly sight, but yesterday
At even, have I seen ;
(God keep thee from the like away
And Mary guard thee safe, I pray
Forevermore, my Queen).

The soul's deserted house I saw
(Or all that doth remain
After the raven and the daw
Have left the rib and arm and jaw,
To bleach amid the rain).

And had I chanced not to stare
Upon a finger bone,
And see the small ring clinging there,
I had not wist a woman fair
Once claimed it as her own.

Then by the tiny teeth I guessed
How soft the lips and fine ;
How blithely curled they once in jest
Or quivered when a lover pressed
Even as I press thine.

Forgive me, love, if then there leapt
A shudder through my frame,
And o'er my heart a chill there swept
As through my soul the horror crept,
That thou shalt be the same.

Forgive me, love, that quick I sank
Beside on bended knee.
And kissed the visage, grinning blank,
With lips that shuddered not, nor shrank,
For so I would to thee !

J. F. W., '10.

ARTICLE BY PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

For Intercollegiate Civics League

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OW, a word which applies to all men in this country who have received the benefits of a college education; and what I have to say on this topic can properly be said under the auspices of your Political Club. You, here, when you graduate, will take up many different kinds of work; but there is one work in which all of you should take part simply as good American citizens, and that is the work of self-government. Remember, in the first place, that to take part in the work of government does not, in the least, mean of necessity to hold office. It means to take an intelligent, disinterested and practical part in the everyday duties of the average citizen, of the citizen who is not a faddist or a doctrinaire, but who abhors corruption and dislikes inefficiency; who wishes to see decent government prevail at home, with the genuine equality of opportunity for all men so far as it can be brought about; and who wishes, as far as foreign matters are concerned, to see this nation treat all other nations, great and small, with respect, and if need be with generosity, and at the same time show herself able to protect herself by her own might from any wrong at the hands of any outside power.

Each man here should feel that he has no excuse, as a citizen in a democratic republic like ours, if he fails to do his part in the government. It is not only his right so to do, but his duty; his duty

both to the nation and to himself. Each should feel that, if he fails in this, he is not only failing in his duty but is showing himself in a contemptible light. A man may neglect his political duties because he is too lazy, too selfish, too shortsighted, or too timid; but, whatever the reason may be, it is certainly an unworthy reason, and it shows either a weakness or worse than a weakness in the man's character. Above all, you college men, remember that if your education, the pleasant lives you lead, make you too fastidious, too sensitive to take part in the rough hurlyburly of the actual work of the world, if you become so overcultivated, so overrefined that you cannot do the hard work of practical politics, then you had better never have been educated at all. The weakling and the coward are out of place in a strong and free community. In a republic like ours the governing class is composed of the strong men who take the trouble to do the work of government; and if you are too timid or too fastidious or too careless to do your part in this work, then you forfeit your right to be considered one of the governing and you become one of the governed instead—one of the driven cattle of the political arena. I want you to feel that it is not merely your right to take part in politics, not merely your duty to the State, but that it is demanded by your own self-respect, unless you are content to acknowledge that you are unfit to govern

yourself and have to submit to the rule of somebody else as a master—and this is what it means if you do not do your own part in government.

As soon as I left college I wanted to take an interest in political life; I wanted to find out how the work of governing was really done. Quite a number of nice people in New York, along Fifth Avenue, solemnly advised me not to join any of the regular political organizations, because I would find that they were composed only of "muckers," not of "gentlemen." The answer was easy: "Then they are the ones that govern; if it is the muckers that govern, I want to see if I can hold my own with them. I will join with them in governing you if you are too weak to govern yourselves." I intended to be one of the class that governs, not one of the class that is governed. So I joined the political club in my district. I joined it just as I joined the National Guard. If there came a time of civic disturbance in the community, or if we were invaded or were at war with any country, I did not intend to have to hire somebody else to do my shooting for me. I intended to do it myself; and, in the same way, I intended to do the governing myself, to do my part of it. I want to see you feel the same way. Education is of good chiefly according to the use you put it to. If it teaches you to be so puffed with pride as to make you misestimate the relative values of things, it becomes a harm and not a benefit. There are few things less desirable than the arid cultivation, the learning and refinement which lead merely to that intellectual conceit which makes a man in a democratic community like ours hold himself aloof from his fellows and pride himself upon the weakness which he mistakes for supercilious strength. Small is the use of those edu-

cated men who in after life meet no one but themselves, and gather in parlors to discuss wrong conditions which they do not understand and to advocate remedies which have the prime defect of being unworkable. I remember ex-Speaker Reed speaking to me of how easy it was to get an absolutely perfect theory to meet any condition as long as you keep that theory in the study, and how difficult it was to get even moderately good results out of any theory when you tried to apply it to hard facts of actual life. The judgment on practical affairs, political and social, of the men who keep aloof from conditions of practical life, is apt to be valueless to those other men who do wage effective war against the forces of baseness and of evil. From the political standpoint an education that leads you into the ranks of the educated ineffectives is a harm, not a good. It is a harm to all of you here if it serves you as an excuse for refusing to mingle with your fellows, for standing aloof from the broad sweep of our national life in a curiously impotent spirit of fancied superiority. If you go into politics, if you go into a ward caucus and try to carry it you lose the feeling of superiority very quickly. The political wrongheadedness of such men is quite as great as that of wholly uneducated men; and no people could be less trustworthy as critics and advisors. The educated man who seeks to console himself for his own lack of the robust qualities necessary to bring success in American politics by moaning over the degeneracy of the times instead of trying to better them, by railing at the men who do the actual work of political life instead of trying himself to do the work, is a poor creature, and, so far as his feeble powers avail, is a damage and not a help to the country. You may

come far short of this disagreeable standard and still be a rather useless member of society. Your education, your cultivation will not help you if you make the mistake of thinking that it is a substitute for instead of an addition to those qualities, which, in the struggle of life, bring success to the ordinary man without your advantages. Your college training confers no privilege upon you save as tested by the use you make of it. It puts upon you the obligation to show yourselves better able to do certain things than your fellows who have not had your advantages. If it has served merely to make you believe that you are to be excused from effort in after life, that you are to be excused from contact with the actual world of men and events, then it will prove a curse and not a blessing. If, on the other hand, you treat your education as a weapon the more in your hands, a weapon to fit you to do better in the hard struggle of effort, and not as excusing you in any way from taking part in practical fashion in that struggle, then it will be a benefit to you.

Let each of you college men remember in after life that in the fundamentals he is very much like his fellows who have not been to college, and that if he is to achieve results, instead of confining himself exclusively to disparagement of other men who have achieved them, he must manage to come to some kind of working agreement with these fellows of his. There are times, of course, when it may be the highest duty of a citizen to stand alone or practically alone. But if this is a man's normal attitude—if normally he is unable to work in combination with a considerable body of his fellows—it is safe to set him down as unfit for useful service in a democracy. In popular government results worth having can only be achieved by men who combine worthy

ideals with practical good sense; who are resolute to accomplish good purposes, but who can accommodate themselves to the give and take necessary where work has to be done, as almost all important work must necessarily be done, by combination. Moreover, remember that normally the prime object of political life should be to achieve results and not merely to issue manifestoes—save, of course, where the issuance of such manifestoes helps to achieve the results. It is a very bad thing to be morally callous, for moral callousness is disease. But inflammation of the conscience may be just as unhealthy so far as the public is concerned; and if a man's conscience is always telling him to do something foolish he will do well to mistrust its workings. The religious man who is most useful is not he whose sole care is to save his own soul, but the man whose religion bids him strive to advance decency and clean living and to make the world a better place for his fellows to live in; and all this is just as true of the ordinary citizen in the performance of the ordinary duties of political life.

In short, you college men, be doers rather than critics of the deeds that others do. Stand stoutly for your ideals; but keep in mind that they can only be realized, even partially, by practical methods of achievement. Remember always that this Republic of ours is a very real democracy, and that you can only win success by showing that you have the right stuff in you. The college man, the man of intellect and training, should take the lead in every fight for civic and social righteousness. He can take that lead only if in a spirit of thoroughgoing democracy he takes his place among his fellows, not standing aloof from them, but mixing with them, so that he may know, may feel, may sympathize

with their hopes, their ambitions, their principles—and even their prejudices—

as an American among Americans, as a man among men.

—Theodore Roosevelt.

Faculty Department

Professor Baker read a paper at the February meeting of the Philadelphia Classical Club, on the subject of "Slang, Ancient and Modern."

L. H. Rittenhouse has been elected recently to membership in the Society for the Promotion of Engineering Education.

Dr. Babbitt will take an active part in the meetings of two medical societies in May and June, one paper treating the "Pathology of the Tonsil." He has also been reappointed on the Foot Ball Rules Committee.

Since the Christmas holidays, President Sharpless has made some fourteen or fifteen addresses other than those given before the student-body at the College. The following list of engagements, covering a period of ten weeks, affords some notion of their character and frequency. Political address at Media; address to the Neighbors' Club; a temperance address at West Chester Normal School; address at Westtown School; the Friends' Historical Society, Philadelphia; Media Friends' Circle; Haddonfield Penn Literary Society; Haverford Alumni Dinner; Moorestown Friends' Academy; Scotch-Irish Dinner; Haverford Round Table; Frankford Friends' Association; Teachers' Institute, Chester, and Teachers' Institute, Lansdowne.

Professor Thomas, on March 19th, by invitation, read a paper on "John Hancock, the Man and Patriot," before the Empire State Society, Sons of the American Revolution, in New York City. The paper will be printed by the Society.

Dr. Bolles has in press, a work on the modern law of banking. It will be issued in May. For several years he has been engaged in its preparation. The work is intended to be an exposition of all the important principles relating to state and national banking.

Professor Mustard gave an illustrated lecture on March 23rd before the Pennsylvania Society of the Archaeological Institute of America. This lecture represents some results of recent travels in southern Europe, and is entitled, "Roman Remains in Southern France." It will be repeated later before similar organizations in New York, Baltimore and Washington.

In the March, 1907, number of *The Atlantic Monthly*—by common consent the best literary magazine and semi-popular political review which the country affords—Professor Comfort has an article on "Modern Spanish Fiction." The article is one of three, by different authors, presenting the political and religious problems confronting present-day Spain.

Alumni Department

Dr. Joseph S. Evans, '95, was married on April 9th, to Miss Lillian Eagan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Eagan, of Philadelphia.

'97. W. H. MacAfee has returned from Birmingham, Alabama, and is now with Chandler Bros. & Co., in Philadelphia.

William H. MacAfee, ex '97, will be married on April 30th, at Birmingham, Ala., to Miss Helen B. Ehrman.

'99. A. C. Wild was married in Chicago, on Saturday, April 6th, to Miss Gertrude Turner.

Francis R. Cope, Jr., '00, has been made a manager of Bryn Mawr College, the Germantown Hospital and the Pennsylvania Hospital.

Lieut. Grayson M. P. Murphy, ex '00, has been ordered to West Point, N. Y., to serve as a tactical officer at the Military Academy.

J. M. Taylor, '00, is with the Majestic Mining Co, at Milford, Utah.

Walter S. Hinchman, '00, is planning to build a house at Groton School, Groton, Mass., where he is now a master.

Frank M. Eshleman, '00, left Philadelphia on April 3d, for an extended business trip through the West and Northwest.

He was an usher for A. Clement Wild, '99, on the 6th inst., in Chicago, Ill.

Dr. F. C. Sharpless, '00, is now associated with Dr. Thomas F. Branson, '89, at Rosemont, Pa.

'02. Shipley Brown is manager of the Hotel Morton, Atlantic City.

'02. Charles Evans is in Antwerp, Belgium.

'02. The son of Mr. and Mrs. S. Percival Jones, Samuel Clawson Jones, is the Class of 1902 baby, and at the dinner of the class, at Christmas, a loving cup, suitably engraved was presented to Percy Jones by the class. E. W. Evans made a neat presentation speech.

Ex-'02. The engagement of Miss Swift, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., to Silas Lane, is announced this month.

'02. W. W. Pusey, 2d, is in the general purchasing department of the Dupont Powder Co., having been transferred to that department January 1, 1907, from the managership of the stationery and printing department, which latter position he held for two years.

'02. C. Linn Seiler managed another successful opera at the Haverford School, in March. The music and book were clever, as is the usual case from Seiler's pen.

'02. The Kelsey Motor Car Co., W. C. Longstreth, Manager, has also the Philadelphia agency for the Moro car, as well as the Maxwell.

'02. H. L. Balderston is living in Trenton, New Jersey.

'02. J. L. Stone is secretary of the Conemaugh Coal Co., located in Pittsburgh, Pa.

'02. Caspar Wister's interesting article regarding the earthquake at Valparaiso, appeared in the *Philadelphia Bulletin*, and the *Class of 1902 Bulletin*. Wistar is a senior member of the faculty of the Institute Ingles, Santiago, Chili.

'02 P. G. Tetsutaro Inumaru, the Japanese member of 1902, in Senior year, was married a few months ago, in Japan.

'05. Howard Thomas, employed in the engineering department of the Pennsylvania Railroad, was recently transferred from the Trenton offices, to the Jersey City offices.

'05. Charles S. Bushnell is located in the Trenton offices of the P. R. R.

'06. W. A. Young, who is teaching in Oak Grove Seminary, Vassalboro, Maine, states that that institution was closed recently on account of contagious diseases (diphtheria and scarlet fever), and that he was placed in quarantine along with others who were unable to leave.

'06. E. F. Bainbridge has entered the Junior Class at Pennsylvania State College for a two years' course in chemistry.

'06. F. S. Breyfogel is teaching school in Reading, Pa.

'06. T. K. Brown, Jr., Teaching Fellow, of 1906-07, has been appointed instructor in German at Haverford College and Teaching Fellow for 1907-08. He will spend the summer in Germany, studying.

'06. T. Crowell is working at Lebanon, Pa., in the employ of the American Iron & Steel Co.

'06. A. C. Dickson is working in Philadelphia, in the employ of the Wirt Electric Company.

'06. J. P. Edsall is in St. Louis, in the employ of the Western Electric Company.

'06. A. W. Hemphill is working in an engineering camp of the South and Western Railroad, in northwestern Virginia.

'06. W. Kennard, Jr., has announced his engagement to Miss Anita Calves. The wedding is to take place next fall.

'06. W. Y. Lindsay has been tutoring a Spanish boy in Chihuahua, Mexico.

'06. F. B. Morris and J. S. Scull, ex-'05, as the Scull-Morris Motor Co., agents for the Acme and the Aerocar, are located at 258 North Broad Street, Philadelphia.

'06. J. W. Mott is employed in the Irving House, on Walnut Street, above Ninth.

'06. F. J. Sheldon is in the lumber business in Swanton, Virginia.

College Department

PENNSYLVANIA-HAVERFORD DEBATE.

The date set for the debate between the Haverford College team and a team representing the Philomathean Society, of the University of Pennsylvania, is April 12, 1907. The Logonian Society, of

Haverford College, has chosen the following team to represent the college: J. P. Elkington, '08, H. Evans, '07, and C. K. Drinker, '08, with S. Lowenstein, as alternate. The Philomathean Society

team will be made up of Abraham W. Smith, '09, Frank W. Melvin, '08, Frank A. Paul, '08, and H. C. Craner, '10, alternate. The speakers will debate in the above-given order. The debate will be held in Houston Hall, at the University. Haverford has chosen to represent the affirmative on the following question, submitted by Pennsylvania: *Resolved*, That disputes between employees and employers in the anthracite coal mining industry in Pennsylvania, should be settled by a board of arbitration, constituted by legislative authority, and with power to enforce its findings; in which board each party shall have equal representation and an additional member to umpire shall be appointed by the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

This will be the first debate between the two institutions for two years, and the best wishes for the success of the Haverford team are being entertained.

FRESHMAN-SOPHOMORE DEBATE

The annual Freshman-Sophomore debate was won by the Class of 1910, in Roberts Hall on Friday, March 8, 1907. The subject of the debate was: *Resolved*, That the United States Senators be elected by a direct vote of the people. It was submitted by the Freshmen, and the Sophomores chose to defend the affirmative. The Class of 1909 was represented by C. C. Killen, C. E. Marsh, and R. L. M. Underhill, with J. W. Pennypacker as alternate; the Freshmen, J. F. Wilson, M. O. Frost, and A. I. Phillips; alternate, S. A. Rabinowitz. The judges were as follows: Dr. H. S. Pratt and Dr. Bolles, of the faculty, and Mr. William Serrells, of Philadelphia.

FELLOWSHIPS.

Announcement was made by President Sharpless on March 19, 1907, that it had been decided to award the Fellowships of the college for the year 1907-1908, as follows: The Clementine Cope Fellowship of \$500, to Roderick Scott, '06, of Yonkers, N. Y., and the two teaching Fellowships, of \$300 each, to Thomas Kite Brown, '06, of Westtown, Pa., and José Padin, '07, of San Juan, Porto Rico.

NEW DORMITORY

Announcement has been made that during the next summer the old Haverford gymnasium will be remodeled into a dormitory for the college. There will be ten of these rooms, and the price will vary from \$375.00 to \$400.00.

COLLEGE NOTES

The combined musical clubs of the college gave a concert, at Narbeth, on the evening of Tuesday, March 5, 1907. It was given under the auspices of the Church of the Evangel, for the benefit of the Church Lyceum. A pleasing program was rendered, the Glee Club and Mandolin Club alternating with selections. The evening was closed with an ensemble, "For Haverford."

The third annual dinner of the Class of 1907 was held at the Bellevue-Stratford, Friday, March 8, 1907. The toasts were given as follows:

H. H. Shoemaker, Toastmaster.

"I am one of those gentle ones, who will treat the devil himself with courtesy."—*Twelfth Night*.

I. J. Dodge—"The Occasion."

"At nyght were come into that hostelrye Wel nyne-and-twenty in a compaignye, of sondry folk, by aventurey-falle In felawshipe."

—Chaucer.

G. C. Craig—"A Matrimonial Diagnosis."

"Here you may see Benedick, the married man."

—*Much Ado About Nothing.*

G. H. Nicholson, Jr.—"The Future."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil! prophet still, if bird or devil."—*Edgar Allen Poe.*

M. H. March—"The Class."

"Merry are we met, merry have we been, and merry may we meet again."—*Old Toast.*

The second annual banquet of the Class of 1908 was held at the Colonnade on Friday, January 25, 1907. The following toasts were given:

W. W. Kurtz, 2d—Toastmaster.

G. K. Strobe—"The Junior Play."

J. Bushnell, 3d—"Is Twice as Short, and Half as Long."

C. T. Brown—"Strong Men, Past and Present."

W. R. Shoemaker—"The Wise Guys."

E. Wright—"The Wiser Guys."

The first annual banquet of the Class of 1909 was held at The Colonnade on Wednesday, January 16. The commit-

tee in charge consisted of W. S. Febiger, J. Van D. Stetson, D. L. Phillips, M. C. Spiers, J. C. Green. The following toasts were delivered:

D. L. Phillips—Toastmaster.

C. E. Marsh—"Class Spirit."

F. McC. Ramsey—"College Athletics."

C. C. Killen—"A Retrospect of the Class."

L. G. Williams—"How to Train Freshmen."

P. B. Fay—"Sophomore High Life."

The first annual banquet of the Class of 1910 was held at Kugler's Restaurant on Friday, March 1, 1907. The committee in charge was as follows: J. Whittall, chairman; E. S. Cadbury, C. A. Haines, E. R. Spaulding, P. B. Strassburger. Toasts were delivered as follows:

M. O. Frost—Toastmaster.

W. Judkins—"Freshman Athletics."

S. T. Martin—"The College Widows."

C. A. Frutchey—"Our Friends, the Enemy—1909."

R. H. Morris—"Evenings in the City."

E. S. Cadbury—"Friday Night Sessions."

J. F. Wilson—"Nineteen Hundred Ten."

Athletic Department

GYMNASTIC MEETS

HAVERFORD-LEHIGH

Haverford again defeated Lehigh University in a dual gymnastic contest, held in the college gymnasium on Saturday, March 9, 1907, by the close score of 25 to 23. The meet was a tie until the fourth event, when Haverford took the lead. In turn, Lehigh took both places in the flying rings, and it was only the excellent work of Captain Bushnell and

Leonard, who captured both places in the tumbling, that closed the meet a victory for the college. The captains of each team were the star performers of the evening, Captain Bushnell taking two firsts, and Captain Scott, of Lehigh, easily winning the rings. Splendid form characterized the work of the two teams, while Haverford led slightly in the value of the tricks.

The personnel of the two teams was as follows:

LEHIGH.

Dr. H. S. Wingert, Physical Director.
J. D. Scott, '07, Captain.
A. E. Krause, '07, Manager.

HAVERFORD.

Dr. James A. Babbitt, Physical Director.
J. Bushnell, 3d, '08, Captain.
W. R. Rossmäessler, '07, Manager.

LEHIGH.

HAVERFORD.

Horizontal Bar.

S. W. Brown, '07 J. Bushnell, 3d, '08
L. Gaston, '08 E. A. Edwards, '08

Side Horse.

S. R. Young, '09 H. Burt, '08
J. P. Phillips, '10

Clubs.

W. E. Frankenfield, '07 C. F. Scott, '08
E. Shoemaker, '09

Parallel Bars.

L. Gaston, '08 C. T. Brown, '08
A. W. Trembly, '08 S. Mason, '10

Flying Rings.

L. A. Moore, '07 E. A. Edwards, '08
J. D. Scott, '07 R. Mott, '09

Tumbling.

S. W. Brown, '07 J. Bushnell, 3d, '08
A. C. Leonard, '08

The score of the meet was as follows:

Horizontal Bar—First, Bushnell, H.; second, Gaston, L.

Side Horse—First, Young, L.; second, Phillips, H.

Clubs—Tie, Shoemaker, H., and Frankenfield, L.

Parallel Bars—First, Brown, H.; second, Trembly, L.

Flying Rings—First, Scott, L.; second, Moore, L.

Tumbling—First, Bushnell, H.; second, Leonard, H.

The judges of the meet were Dr. H. L. Chadwick and Charles W. Mayer.

Announcer—G. K. Strode, '08.

Total Points—Haverford, 25; Lehigh, 23.

PENNA-HAVERFORD

In a dual meet with the University of Pennsylvania, in the college gymnasium on March 16, 1907, the Haverford College Gymnasium team was defeated by the narrow margin of two points, the final score being, Pennsylvania, 25; Haverford, 23. Pennsylvania started out by winning the horizontal bar, in which

event the captains of both teams took places. Captain Krauss, of Pennsylvania, was the largest individual point winner, with ten points to his credit. Captain Bushnell, of Haverford, was second, with eight points. The work of the Haverford tumblers won much praise, Leonard being said to have executed the highest front air-spring ever done in the new gymnasium. The judges of the meet were Philip Bishop, physical instructor at Haverford Grammar School, and Dr. W. B. Noble, of Episcopal Academy.

The personnel of the two teams was as follows:

PENNSYLVANIA.

W. Tait MacKensie, Physical Director.
E. E. Krause, '07, Captain.
Samuel D. Hawley, 2d, '07, Manager.

HAVERFORD.

Dr. James A. Babbitt, Physical Director.
Joseph Bushnell, 3d, '08, Captain.
W. R. Rossmäessler, '07, Manager.

PENNSYLVANIA.

HAVERFORD.

Horizontal Bar.

F. Bradford, '09 J. Bushnell, '08
E. E. Krauss, '07 E. A. Edwards, '08

Side Horse.

E. C. Boyce, '09 H. Burt, '08
H. Lawton, '10 J. P. Phillips, '10

Clubs.

F. Bradford, '09 C. F. Scott, '08
E. Shoemaker, '09

Parallel Bars.

E. E. Krauss, '07 C. T. Brown, '08
E. C. Boyce, '09 S. Mason, '10

Flying Rings.

F. Bradford, '09 F. Bailey, '08
I. P. Levi, '09 E. A. Edwards, '08

Tumbling.

W. Bailey, '08 J. Bushnell, 3d, '08
G. Spaulding, '09 A. C. Leonard, '08

Music, by the Haverford College Mandolin Club.

Announcer—G. K. Strode, '08.

The results were as follows:

Horizontal Bar—First, Krauss, P.; second, Bushnell, H.

Side Horse—First, Boyce, P.; second, Lawton, P.

Clubs—First, Shoemaker, H.; second, Bradford, P.

Parallel Bars—First, Krauss, P.; second, Brown, H.

Flying Rings—Tie, Edwards, H., and Bradford, P.

Tumbling—First, Bushnell, H.; second, Leonard, H.

Total Points—Pennsylvania, 25; Haverford, 23.

HAVERFORD-RUTGERS

The Haverford Gymnasium team closed the season with a dual exhibition with Rutgers College, at New Brunswick, N. J., on Saturday, March 23, 1907. Haverford had expected the annual gymnastic contest, but no judges were available, and so, an exhibition was given. Haverford easily outclassed Rutgers, although both teams showed excellent form and knowledge of the technique of the events.

The make-up of the two teams was as follows:

RUTGERS.	HAVERFORD.
----------	------------

Horizontal Bar.

H. S. Geis, '07	J. Bushnell, 3d, '08
C. Cranmer, '08	E. A. Edwards, '08

Side Horse.

L. Heath, '08	H. Burtt, '08
A. B. Devan, '09	J. R. Phillips, '10

Clubs.

C. Thompson, '09	C. F. Scott, '08
F. Morrison, '08	E. Shoemaker, '09

Parallel Bars.

L. Heath, '08	C. T. Brown, '08
H. S. Geis, '07	S. Mason, '10

Flying Rings.

C. D. Reade, '09	E. A. Edwards, '08
F. Lawsing, '09	F. C. Baily, '08

Tumbling.

H. S. Geis, '07	J. Bushnell, 3d, '08
J. M. Gonzalez, '09	A. C. Leonard, '08

Managers—Haverford, W. R. Rossmäessler; Rutgers, W. F. Reinheimer.

Captains—Haverford, J. Bushnell, 3d, '08; Rutgers, H. S. Geis, '07.

Announcer—J. L. Baker.

GYMNASIUM NOTES

Captain Bushnell, '08, and T. K. Brown, '06, of the gymnasium team, acted as judges at an inter-form indoor meet, at Friends' Select School on Monday evening, March 18, 1907.

The competitors representing Haverford at the annual Intercollegiate Gymnastic Contest, at the University of Pennsylvania gymnasium on Friday, March 22, 1907, were Captain Bushnell, '08, and Leonard, '08, in the tumbling, and Edwards, '08, on the flying rings, and C. T. Brown, '08, on the parallels.

TRACK OUTLOOK

Captain E. C. Tatnall, '07, issued a call for candidates for the College Track team about the middle of the past month. Active work began on the eleventh, in the form of indoor gymnasium work, especially for track men. Dr. Babbitt has had charge of the candidates, and will continue to do so until active outdoor work commences. The prospects for a good team are bright, for there are seven men left from last season—T. K. Brown, Jr., in the hurdles and broad jump; G. Bard, '09, in the high jump; J. Bushnell, '08, who holds the pole vault record of the college; E. F. Jones, '07, G. H. Wood, '07, and J. C. Birdsall, '07, for the weight events; Captain Tatnall for the distant runs. Among the Freshmen there are some men who show signs of college team material. The track team starts the preliminary season under favorable auspices.

TRACK SCHEDULE

The schedule arranged by Manager E. R. Tatnall, '07, for the spring track athletics is as follows:

April 5—Class Relay Races.

April 10-12—Inter-class Athletic Meet.

April 27—University Relay Carnival.
 May 4—Wesleyan Meet, at Haverford.
 May 8—Lehigh Meet, at Haverford.
 May 18—New York University Meet,
 at New York.
 June 1—Intercollegiate Contest, at
 Cambridge.

FRESHMEN BASE BALL SCHEDULE

The schedule arranged by Manager Spaulding, of the Freshmen Base Ball team is as follows:

April 24—Episcopal Academy, at Westmoreland.
 May 3—St. Lukes, at Wayne.
 May 10—Ursinus Freshmen, at Haverford.
 May 15—Blight School, at Westmoreland.
 May 17—Chestnut Hill Academy, at Chestnut Hill.
 May 24—Villanova Prep. School, at Villanova.

1908 WINS SOCCER CHAMPIONSHIP

On Merion Field, Wednesday, March 27, 1907, the Class of 1908 won the class soccer championship by defeating the Class of 1909 in the final game of the series by the score of 1 to 0. Drinker scored the only goal for the Juniors in the second half. The line-up was as follows:

1908.	1909.
Morriss outside left	Myers
Baily inside left	Lewis
Thomas centre	Spiers
Bushnell inside right	Sharpless
Strode outside right	Hill (Capt.)
Clement right halfback	Spaeth
Drinker centre halfback	Bard
(Capt.)	
Elkington left halfback	Lutz
Edwards right fullback	Ramsey
Brown left fullback	Deacon
Linton goal	Green
Twenty minute halves. Referee—Dr. Mustard. Linesmen—Longstreth and Miller. Goal—Drinker.	

CRICKET

The Haverford College Cricket Team will begin its active season under bright promises for success. During the winter months practice was led by Captain F. D. Godley, '07, in the cricket shed; about the middle of March work was commenced on Walton Field. The majority of last year's team remains in college and forms a powerful nucleus for this season's eleven. The men who played last year are: A. E. Brown, '07; S. J. Gummere, '07; H. Evans, '07; J. P. Magill, '07; C. T. Brown, '08; E. A. Edwards, '08.

Manager J. W. Nicholson, '07, has arranged a schedule of average length and of somewhat better composition than that of previous years. It will be printed at length in the following issue of THE HAVERFORDIAN.



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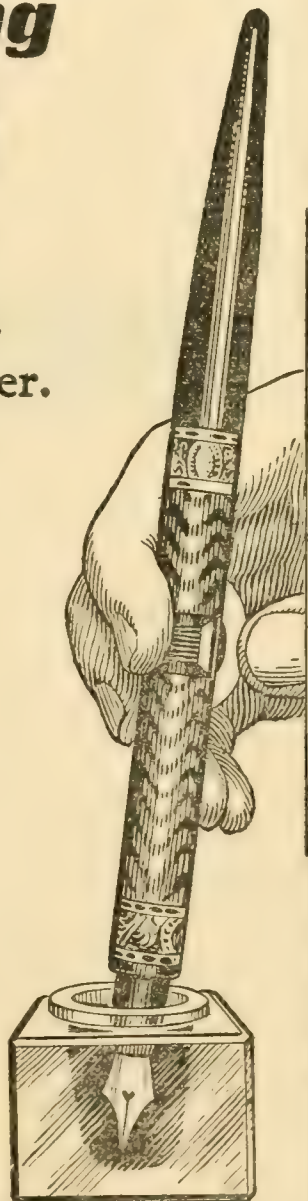
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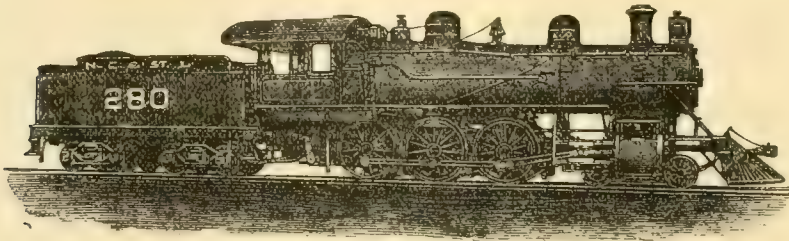
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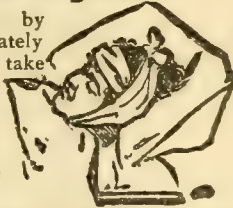
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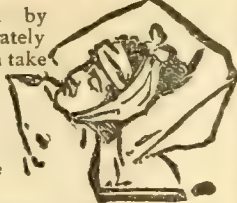
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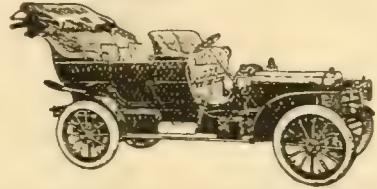
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DR. ERNEST W. BROWN



VOL. XXIX

HAVERFORD, PA., MAY, 1907

No. 3

THE HAVERFORDIAN Prize Competition, the first attempted for some time, has ended successfully. Both in number and quality the contributions have surpassed our expectations. Much latent interest appears to have been aroused, and there is evidently greater promise of better material for THE HAVERFORDIAN than has been supposed.

We have received offers of assistance from alumni and friends of the college in our endeavor to increase the literary interest of the undergraduates and we believe we shall be able at proper times to establish other competitions of various kinds and prizes such as we may deem advisable for the purpose. Notices will be posted on the college bulletin-boards and placed in the HAVERFORDIAN.

We are greatly indebted to the judges and all others who assisted in the work of conducting the competition. We desire to express our appreciation of their kindness to Mrs. A. E. Hancock and Mrs. H. S. Pratt, to Drs. W. W. Comfort, W. P. Mustard, H. S. Pratt, and D. C. Barrett. Dr. Barrett very kindly acted in place of Dr. Gummere, who was prevented from taking part through illness.

Through the efforts of the judges we are enabled to announce the results of the

competition in this issue of THE HAVERFORDIAN and to utilize certain of the contributions. The results are as follows:

Prize story: First, J. Padin, 1907; second, W. S. Eldridge, 1907. Prize essay: H. Burt, 1908. Prize editorial: H. Burt, 1908. Prize poem: H. Burt, 1908.

It was decided to make an equal award to John French Wilson, 1910, who received the largest number of points collectively on the poems he submitted. Articles that received prizes will be so designated when published.

NOT long ago, while visiting one of our brother colleges, the question was put to us: "How is it that you get such strong teams from such a small number of fellows?" And without giving much thought to it, we

replied, "Because the fellows come out." Since then

our attention has been arrested more and more by the extent to which this year's successes have depended upon this very fact. Last fall during the foot ball season between forty and fifty men reported every day for practice; as a result, not a single game was lost. When rugby was replaced later on in the winter by soccer, every practice-day saw four elevens on the field; hence the intercollegiate championship. The gymnasium season was

**Haverford
Spirit**

highly satisfactory (although unfortunately the results cannot be expressed in figures); and this is due to the fact that on every piece of apparatus several men were trying who did not appear in the meets. So far thirty-seven candidates for the track team have made their appearance, exceeding the number of former years; and already there are indications that some of the track records will be broken this spring. It is too early to speak of cricket as yet, but the prospects are very promising.

This is in fact one of the essential characteristics of the Haverford spirit—the willingness to get back of a good movement with both shoulders and carry it on to victory. And it is not confined to athletics, as the membership of the mandolin, glee, and civic clubs will show, not to mention the fact that seventy-five per cent. of the students belong to the Y. M. C. A. and that Haverford is represented at Northfield every year by proportionately the largest delegation of all the colleges.

But there is one activity here at Haverford which is not backed up by the students as it ought to be, and therefore the scope of its influence has been narrowed. If even a fraction of the number of men who report for athletic work were to turn in and try for THE HAVERFORDIAN Board of Editors, we should be able to place in the hands of the students, alumni and friends of the college a paper at once attractive, interesting and sound, worthy to be read from cover to cover. This magazine is not the publication of a cult, literary or otherwise; but an organ for the expression of Haverford sentiment on all problems which arise in connection with our college life. And in so far as this expression, in the shape of literary contributions, is lacking, just so far does the magazine fall short of its true purpose.*

The news that Dr. Mustard, after having been at Haverford since 1893, intends to fill a position in the faculty at Johns Hopkins University next fall, has come as a great disappointment to all of us who are in any way connected with him here. Besides his services as a professor of Latin and as a lecturer on classical subjects, we remember with gratitude his assistance on the cricket nets and on the soccer field. In Dr. Mustard we lose not only a professor, but a personal friend of many undergraduates.

The absence of Dr. Gummere from his college duties is deeply felt by everyone, and the news that he will be unable to be with us again till next fall is a great disappointment. He has our sincerest wishes for a speedy recovery. In his absence, Dr. Charles Wharton Stork, of the University of Pennsylvania, has kindly arranged to take the majority of his classes. Dr. Stork was a member of the Class of 1902 of Haverford College.

The leading article of this issue, "College Men in the African Gold Mines," is by Dr. Ernest W. Brown, whose picture we also publish at the head of this number. After so many years at Haverford, Dr. Brown has decided to accept the position of head of the Department of Mathematics at Yale. While we regret the loss of one who has always labored for the interests of Haverford, we wish him all success in his new position.

We shall pay full attention to the closing activities of the college year in the June issue of THE HAVERFORDIAN. In order to have a cover suitable for this a prize of five dollars has been offered for the best design for a Graduation Number. All designs must be submitted to the Editor-in-Chief before May 20.

* Prize Editorial

COLLEGE MEN IN THE AFRICAN GOLD MINES



URING my visit to Johannesburg, the youngest but largest city in South Africa, it was my good fortune to stay for nearly a week with the manager of one of the gold mines of the Rand. He was a Californian by birth, and after graduating at one of the colleges in the east of the States, had gone out to take charge of a small mine in the interior of the Transvaal. Feeling dissatisfied with the methods which were used to finance the undertaking, he had accepted an offer to his present position and had succeeded in converting a property which was being run at a loss into a steady if not a large dividend payer. It is not my purpose to say anything here about the general conditions of mining on this great stretch of gold-bearing reef, but merely to tell the readers of *THE HAVERFORDIAN* about one phase of it which may be interesting to college men and particularly so to those, not a few at Haverford, who have the desire to do something in this world for their fellow-creatures while they are carving out their own careers.

This mine, which may be taken as a fair example of the average conditions, has a staff consisting of the manager, who is the responsible head, and some twenty more or less educated men whose business it is to look after the numerous departments which are necessary for the successful management of a mine of low grade ore. Next below these comes a force of some two hundred white men, machinists, foremen, gangmen, etc., and finally about two thousand miners who

do the physical labor and who are either Kaffirs recruited from various parts of the country or, within the last four years, Chinese. Every detail connected with the mine is thoroughly organized. After many conversations with the manager (and with those of other mines), I finally put to him the following question: "Suppose that an active and enterprising man, just out of college, were to come to you with good recommendations, but without any special technical training, could you give him employment and opportunity to learn the business so that he could rise to the position of manager?"

"Yes, always. He could come here and, starting with a salary of about seventy-five dollars a month, could work through a dozen positions up to one hundred and fifty to two hundred and fifty dollars a month, so that within three years he would have obtained a good working knowledge of each department. It is essential for the manager to watch every detail carefully so that he can suggest improvements or judge correctly of the suggestions of others, and he must therefore have a working knowledge of every branch. The new-comer would start in the assaying department and after some three months there would fill positions both above and below ground, watching and working drills, on the cyanide plant, in the milling department, in the machine house, on the surveyor's staff and finally in the manager's office. But he must be willing to work hard and give his best for the interests of the mine and be ready to turn to and help

in anything that may be demanded of him.

"We need more college-bred men on the Rand. We need their influence educationally, and what is even more pressing, we need men with the moral ideals which such an education should give. Johannesburg is a place apart from the rest of the country. There is practically no social or moral code. Every man does that which is right in his own eyes, and there are but few who, while working for the best interests of the gold industry, make any attempt to raise the thoughts of their fellows. Not that Johannesburg is necessarily immoral or worse than most

of the cities of its class. The men work too hard and are too much interested for that. It is simply 'unmoral,' without standards and without ideals."

Such was the gist of his answer to my question. As to future prospects, most of the reef on the Rand down to three thousand feet will have been worked out within the next fifteen or twenty years, and the problem of extracting the ore in paying quantities below this depth is not yet solved. But enormously extended gold fields further north, in Rhodesia, are being opened out, and there is no doubt that a successful manager would always be in demand. E. W. B.

Beyond the Day

Far out in desolation's black domain,
 A mist-enshrouded mansion, gloomy, stands.
 Gray Death, enwrapt in dusky robes of pain,
 Guards the dank threshold with his bloodstained hands.
 Dark, endless night hangs o'er its doleful tow'rs,
 Where flit the throng, whom Death does not await.
 Within those walls, through all the countless hours,
 Sleek ravens sit, swift messengers of fate.
 Each one alert, its evil dart to bear,
 Attends the weary gateman's horn without.
 Each one goes up through dark, dew-laden air,
 Till God's bless'd sun, the darkness puts to rout.
 Its errand o'er, each hears the gateman's horn
 And hastens to that realm, which knows no morn.

JAMES WHITALL, '10.

GOETHE'S WILHELM MEISTER



IN REVIEWING a book which has already completed a century of its existence, and is still living; a book which has drawn a host of commentaries in its wake and promises to do so, at least in its Fatherland, for some time to come, I am aware that to all but the veriest tyro in German literature, my task will seem presumptuous. And yet if you should tax even the most ardent admirers of Goethe among your friends, the chances are you would find that he had either neglected to examine Wilhelm Meister at all, or "had started it but——." We are all familiar with this form of aposiopesis; we understand, of course, that he intends to finish the book at some subsequent and more convenient date. To hasten, if possible, this date, as well as to recommend the translated work to those unfamiliar with the Teutonic tongue, is my present purpose.

A truly good book can not be appreciated immediately. It is only when we are far enough off to place it in a clear perspective that its merits are sufficiently illuminated. Nothing would be so aggravating, if it were not so amusing, as the familiar question, asked as you close some great literary work: "Well, how did you like it?" Your first volume of Thackeray seems interminable perhaps; but after you have thought about Mr. Pen or Colonel Newcome for a dozen months, and renewed your acquaintance by occasional visits to the pages where they live, you begin to appreciate the superiority of these char-

acter sketches over the caricatures of Dickens and the incarnate abstract qualities which are found in ephemeral novels.

Just a word as to these incarnations. The hero, I mean, of the conventional novel, is always handsome, strong and wealthy (although usually born poor, in a log cabin); he combines wide knowledge and profound wisdom with consummate skill and unswerving honesty. The heroine's graceful figure (clad in clinging garments), alabaster brow and raven tresses—though sometimes they (the authors, I mean) vary the color of the tresses—are quite as inevitable as the fact that all will turn out happily for the pair and very unhappily for the base, cruel, crafty villain. And the amount of interest excited in the affairs of this particular group of individuals among the people they chance to meet, is only exceeded in mystery by the conspiracy of the four elements to work them harm.

Now, this apparent digression is really none at all. I have merely been stating what *Wilhelm Meister* is *not*. And I have mentioned Thackeray because, to my mind, he more nearly approaches Goethe in novel-writing than any other English author I am acquainted with. The difference between these two writers (as novelists) is mainly a difference between German and English social conventions.

To the feverish devotees of Anthony Hope and Conan Doyle, then, I should by no means recommend this work. They will find here neither exciting situations nor adorable characters. But to him who takes pleasure in following the ad-

ventures of Sir Roger, or enjoys a quiet hour with Charles Lamb, provided he be free from Puritan intolerance, *Wilhelm Meister* will afford unlimited entertainment. With pleasant surprise he will come here and there upon a very human remark or piece of action, and before long is convinced that Wilhelm is no mere creature of the imagination, but rather a Boswellian delineation of a real individual. Why! he will exclaim, here is one that telleth me all the things I ever thought. Is not this a prophet?

To be sure, the work, though far surpassing the *Spectator Papers* in the depth of interest aroused by the several episodes themselves, can scarcely lay claim to greater coherence. The connecting motive which binds these episodes together is the life and wanderings of the young Meister. This allows considerable latitude in the nature of the incidents introduced; and of this Goethe has taken fullest advantage. Sometimes, however, he does not even attempt to preserve the form of homogeneity. "For want of a better place we will insert it here," he says, throwing in a song or piece of art criticism, which may or may not have been sung or written by one of the characters introduced. Indeed, one can hardly escape the impression sometimes that the author has gathered up a number of productions composed at odd intervals on all manner of different subjects and has attempted to patch them together; and this would seem more especially true of the *Wanderjahre*, since it appeared some twenty-seven years after the *Lehrjahre*, or "Apprenticeship," for here we find songs, letters, confessions, sermons and novelettes; "not Pedagogy only, and Husbandry and Art and Religion and Human Conduct in the Nineteenth Century, but Geology, Astronomy, Cotton-spinning, Metallurgy, Anatomical lecturing, and

much else are typically shadowed forth in the *Travels*."

Fortunately for us, the first volume—the *Lehrjahre*—is comparatively free from such digression, so that we become sufficiently interested in the main theme to induce our further perusal; the few that are introduced being exceedingly welcome. Here occurs the celebrated criticism of Hamlet, made all the more impressive by being put into the mouths of actors; and here, too, are found some of the most exquisite lyrics the German language is capable of producing. The "Confessions of a Beautiful Soul" is a remarkable psychological study of a Protestant saint, with whose inmost motives we can sympathize, even though her anti-type does not exist for us to-day.

The principal figure of the work, Wilhelm Meister, is not a person to compel our unreserved admiration at all times. Carlyle calls him a milksop; and such in fact, he appears to be upon first acquaintance. At the very outset he forsakes his betrothed on account of jealousy; an act which later on causes him much bitter regret. Often he is irresolute; often rashly impulsive. But such character flaws are gradually eliminated by a process of growing appreciation, which develops Wilhelm's nobler impulses toward the lofty ideal of his later philosophy of life—a philosophy whose principal tenet is Renunciation.

A lesser writer endows his hero with all the wisdom gained from maturer years; but Goethe, who realized the fullness of life more than any other man of his century, allows Wilhelm to commit foolish mistakes without comment. And by reason of this we get not only the final perfection of his character, but we can also watch the process! That is why this is such a wholesome book. We see faults, their results, and their remedy; but above all we feel that it is true.

Of wider renown perhaps than the novel itself is the story of Mignon. Who does not know the verses beginning:

“Kennst du das Land wo die Citronen
blühn,
Im dunkeln Laub die Gold-Orangen
glühn?”

whose passionate refrain—

“Kennst du es wohl?

Dahin, dahin,
Möcht'ich mit dir o mein Geliebter
zieh'n!”

seems fully to express the vague longing of this elfish child for her unknown homeland. Rescued by Wilhelm from a strolling circus, she becomes devotedly attached to him; and yet, question her as he might, he never could get her to speak of her early life.

“Heiss mich nicht reden, heiss mich
schweigen,
Denn mein Geheimniss ist mir Pflicht;
Ich möchte dir mein ganzes Innre zeigen,
Allein das Schicksal will es nicht.”

Unable to express herself adequately in either German, French or Italian, though she spoke a sort of mixture of the three, her soul found vent for its emotions only in music; and thus she often entertained Wilhelm in his moody hours. It was upon one of these occasions that, accompanied by the old Harper, with whom she seemed to have a strange affinity, Mignon sang that beautiful song of *Sehnsucht*—a word without English equivalent, which signifies vague, intense longing:

“Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt,
Weiss, was ich leide!
Allein und abgetrennt
Von aller Freude,

Seh'ich ans Firmament
Nach jener Seite.
Ach der mich liebt und kennt,
Ist in der Weite.
Es schwindelt mir, es brennt
Mein Eingeweide.
Nur wer Sehnsucht kennt
Weiss, was ich leide!”

Child as she is, she falls in love with Wilhelm; and this love, unknown to him, and necessarily unrequited, finally causes her to pine away until death releases her from an existence which had none too much of sunshine in it.

“So lasst mich scheinen, bis ich werde;
Zieht mir das weisse Kleid nicht aus!
Ich eile von der schönen Erde
Hinab in jenes feste Haus.”

It is only when we have said good-bye to Mignon in our thoughts that the story of her noble parentage and their unhappy alliance is revealed, and we learn that the sad-hearted minstrel is the quondam priest, her father.

This last mentioned individual, although a subordinate character and somewhat briefly drawn, is one that remains before the mind's eye long after the figures of the talented Lothario, the noble-minded Uncle, the woman-hating Laertes, the Melinas, Serlo and Aurelia have faded to shadows. In this melancholy old man, with his sparse grey hair, large blue eyes looking softly from beneath long, white eyebrows and finely shaped lips, unobscured by the flowing hoary beard, we have a revival of the mediæval Säng'er, who went from castle to castle entertaining lords, ladies and kings at their banquets. It is in this capacity that we first meet with the old Harper. But instead of lords and ladies, a company of actors serve him for audience; and when they offer to reward him he strikes the strings

sharply and launches into that charming ballad, which begins:

"Was hör 'ich draussen vor dem Thor,
Was auf der Brücke schallen?
Lass den Gesang vor unserm Ohr
Im Saale widerhallen!"

Wilhelm felt such an interest in the old man that he took him under his care shortly after he had adopted Mignon; and these two protégés were not slow in forming a firm friendship. More familiarly, however, in memory, we picture the old Harper in his miserable garret, caressing his harp and now and then accompanying the melancholy music with the beautiful lines said to have been repeated by that noble Queen of Prussia in her exile:

"Wer nie sein Brot mit Thränen ass,
Wer nie die kummervollen Nächte
Auf seinem Bette weinend sass,
Ded kennt euch nicht, ihr himmlischen
Mächte."

One other character there is, who makes a distinct impression upon us—the gay, vivacious Philina, a creature who at one moment charms and at another disgusts us. And although we are not very sorry to see her go, when she disappears somewhat prematurely with a young officer, nevertheless we feel that without the presence of her exuberant spirits the various hardships which the little company of actors was forced to undergo would have been twice as hard to endure.

In the second volume we find Wilhelm has parted company with the actors and is continuing his journeys alone. He is constantly making new acquaintances, absorbing larger ideas, and enunciating new principles. To attempt to reproduce any of these here were useless; Carlyle, after quoting a half dozen pages from the account of the Pedagogic Province, has, I

think, failed to arouse the interest of his readers in the German original. And this is not the fault of *Wilhelm Meister*; for no one who has read the entire work will deny the interest of this episode.

Such is the nature of the novel itself—practically no plot, but full of human action. When, however, we study it in connection with Goethe's life, the work becomes doubly interesting. For it serves as a mirror to reflect the social environment of the young poet both at Frankfurt and at Weimar; the influence of the latter place being clearly shown in the introduction of aristocratic figures in the later chapters.

It remains to say something of the reception which was accorded to this novel, falling as it did upon a varied soil of criticism. To some the delineation of a character such as Wilhelm's is tedious; they are constantly clamoring for something strange, thrilling, unreal; alleging that we have only too much reality in our own lives and that what we need is something beyond this life, something mystical and supernatural. Others there are who find the highest beauty in reality, no matter how mean or ugly or terrible the object affording it be; their watchword is perfection, just as that of the former is imperfection. At the time when *Wilhelm Meister* was published these two classes of people were engaged in a literary war. It was natural then that such a book should excite widely differing opinions.

The Romanticists, whose zenith of influence was reached in *Werther*, published about twenty years previously, were naturally shocked at Goethe's desertion of their ranks. Novalis censured the work on the ground of its utilitarian character; Carlyle mentions a certain Pustkucher of Quedlinburg, who attacked its want of patriotism and religion; while many others still persisted in calling Goe-

the a mystic. Wordsworth is said to have thrown the book across the room; but whether from sentiments similar to those of Novalis, or of Pustkucher, or because he was shocked at what to him would appear immorality, I do not know.

On the other hand, Schlegel gave the book unstinted praise. "To judge of this work—new and peculiar as it is, and only to be understood and learned from itself—by our common notion of the novel—a notion pieced together and produced out of custom and belief, out of accidental and arbitrary requisitions—is as if a child should grasp at the moon and stars, and insist on packing them into its toy-box."

Schiller, too, had a very exalted opinion of the work. "I count it one of the most fortunate incidents of my life," he wrote, "that I have lived to see this work completed. . . . Tranquil and deep, clear, and yet, like Nature, incomprehensible is this work, where all—even the most trifling things—show the clearness and balance of the mind whence they flowed."

Further praise than this is not necessary. Such being the judgment of the greatest German critic of the nineteenth century, such the opinion of the poet who stands next to Goethe, ought we to leave the book unread?

HOWARD BURTT, '08.

Day-Dream and Night-Dream

O dreams of day, that even in the riot
 Of strident voices ringing harsh and oud,
 Enwrap the soul in momentary quiet
 Of star and cloud;
 A little, yet a little longer stay,
 Ye dreams of day,
 Sweet dreams of day.

O dreams of night, that formless flit and flutter,
 Out of the vast and vague abyss of time,
 With murmurs of lost meaning none may utter
 In human rhyme;
 Tarry, ye phantoms of a dim delight,
 Ye dreams of night,
 Sweet dreams of night.

J. F. W., '10.

The Two Voices

First Voice.

Soft flit the summer winds hither and thither ;
Gently they linger to finger thy hair ;
Quick ! Let us follow them, knowing not whither,
Caring not where !

Second Voice.

Ah, but the soft airs of summer must alter ;
Long is the wind-way, however so fair ;
What if I hinder thee ? What if I falter,
Lingering there ?

First Voice.

Wayward and weak, let us wander together ;
Out of thy weakness my soul groweth strong ;
Glad in the cheeriest, dreariest weather,
Light as a song !

Second Voice.

Then let the sullen clouds over us lower !
What if the journey be weary and long ?
Trusting in thee shall my spirit find power.
I will be strong !

First Voice.

Over the meadow lands, blossoming vernal,
Rapt in the music of murmuring streams,
Wander we ever, for love is eternal,
Queen of my dreams !

Second Voice.

Under the moon and the star-glimmer blending,
Lulled by the music of murmuring streams,
Long let us linger, for Love is unending,
King of my dreams !

J. F. W., '10.

A SERIOUS DECISION



THE butcher, the baker, the candle-stick maker—they will all have bills," suggested the friend.

"An' why bother about that?" questioned the poet, petulantly.

"If you owe them money, ought you not to worry?"

The poet spread his hands. "Nae," he said, "let them do the worrying!"

"But you must be serious," lectured the friend, gravely. "Here's work offered you that you can do—"

The poet made a grimace. "Ah, well, don't worry me too much now. You Englishmen a'ways—," he broke off, laughing. "Gie me back the letter," he added.

The friend passed him an official-looking envelope. "But you must decide soon," he suggested.

"Ay, ay. I suppose so." The poet was thoughtful for a moment, and then continued, rapidly: "I'll gae waukin now, an' decide on the wauk. I must be alone, and think about it."

"Well, remember, I shall wait here for you, to learn your decision."

Whether Dame Scotland somewhat repented the severe winter she had inflicted on her hardy sons, or whether she herself—a little shamefacedly—longed for a luxuriant summer, I do not know; but certain it is that the banks along the little Afton River were greener than usual, and that even the ever-present thistles could scarcely make their importance felt among the gayer arrivals, but looked like frowning, firm-lipped elders, caught in the middle of a wild Highland Fling!

The sun was low down in the western sky as our poet walked alone to decide his momentous question. For a while he found it difficult to think about anything save the glowing clouds; but the bulging of the official-looking envelope in his pocket at last set him pondering. No doubt he had been reckless and careless and foolishly extravagant at the capital. Many friends were deserting him, and his success seemed to be a thing of the past. After all, there was nothing definite in the envelope—merely hints about his being appointed gauger. Still, the hints might develop into facts, and—and what about his independence? 'Tis indeed a difficult problem, worth all the serious thought our poet can spare it. If only the river would stop murmuring so distractingly! How hard it is to be serious when the glowing sky keeps tempting you to be happy, and the river invites you to let your cares flow away! How easy it would be to toss one's head back and be careless again! But such a serious problem—he must give it thought. And there was Jean, too. Jean troubled him somewhat. The envelope—and Jean; or, if you like, Jean—and the envelope. The poet began to walk slowly and a bit disconsolately, since there was no one to see.

But if there had been anyone to see! If there had been a minister or an elder, for instance, I fear our poet would have been singing some ribald song; if there had been a gentleman, methinks our poet would have been insolent; if there had been a hard-palmed, brown-faced son of toil, you might wager our poet would have been helping; and if there had been

a lass, the chances are ten to nothing that our poet would have been making love. But there was no one to see.

No one to see? Why, isn't that someone coming towards our poet? Just now that bush is in the way, but wait—there—see? Isn't that someone? Well, to be sure it is—and a lass at that. A pretty lass, the chances are ten to nothing we cannot comment on dimples yet. But be patient; she will soon be near. Even now the poet can see that she has an open book, and that from time to time she reads in it, and then looks across the creek, with her pretty lips moving. She is reading and remembering.

"A tex' for the Sabba', nae doot," reflected the poet, as he squared his shoulders, tossed his head back, and walked with more spirit. But as he drew nearer, there seemed to be something familiar in the appearance of the book—yes, his own poems, surely; and this man who had been lionized in the capital felt a thrill of pleasure at the thought. And which song was she reading and committing to her heart? She did not know that the poet was right before her now; she did not feel him watching her moving lips—ah! there could be no question—on the banks of this peaceful little river she was reading, and her lips were moving to the measure of:

"Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy
green braes!

Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy
praise!

My Mary's asleep by the murmuring
stream—"

The poet added aloud the last line:

"Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not
her dream!"

"Oh!" The book went tumbling to the ground.

The poet picked it up. "I'm sairie for startlin' ye, lass, an giein the book sic

a flichterin fa'. But 'tis flet'h'rin that ye read my song."

"Your song?"

"Ay, my ain."

"Why, it's a song o' Bobbie Burns," incredulously.

The poet was visibly delighted. "An' wha shad I be, gif no mysel'?" asked he.

"Ah, but ye're nae," the maiden smiled.

And here—for the first time, I believe—the dimple appeared, so that the poet forgot all about official-looking envelopes, and remembered only the dimple. Indeed, I don't see how he could have helped it. For such a dimple as that, anyone, even if he were not a poet—

"Gie me the beuk, and dinna jauk wi' me," she pouted.

But if the dimple needed anything to increase its magic, it was just such a wee pout that it did need! I wonder if she knew that? Come, come; such a question is not fair. We shall strike it from the records; and so, my lassie, pout on!

"I'm nae bletherin. I wad I cad shaw ye," said the poet, seriously.

"Well, ye dowe, gif ye make a song o' me," she suggested.

"But we bardies canna be expectit to make songs in cauld bluid. We maun feel what we say. Gif ye let me act what I sing, syne I'se do it."

Now, either the lass was very innocent, or else the poet was very hard to be resisted. Be that as it may, certain it is that he had no great task to persuade her to agree.

And now I fear that I have reached the difficult part of my story. I do not wish to interrupt the poet's verses, and yet how else am I to tell how, during the first verse, he kept looking so eagerly at her face? How else am I to relate the manner in which he drew near during the second verse and somewhat startled her at the last line? And, even

more important, how else can I picture her modesty in the last verse, and how else can I explain whether he acted the last line of all? Yet I cannot insert such descriptions, so you may fill them in to suit yourself as you read.

The lass was certainly under the poet's spell—yet I fancy she knew the sun was fast going down. And the poet? Perhaps he was under the maiden's spell; yet if so, it is strange his verses were not more serious instead of being so—well, I had nearly said rollicking. But he tossed the book of poems to the ground again, and I am sure that he did not take his eyes from her face during all three stanzas:

"Ye preachers wise, wha frown an' tauk.
An' read the letters in the book:
A dowie poet takes a wauk,
An' finds a lassie in a nook.
Oh, preacher, tell me, what's the sin
To *watch* the dimple in her chin?"

"Ye canna say there's faut in that,
For aw' ye frown an' try;
If I respectf'ly doff my hat,
Ye canna cry, 'O fie!'
Oh, preacher, tell me, what's the sin
To *touch* the dimple in her chin?"

"But she gaes runnin' as I come;
Yes, she retreats aw' fu' o' graces.

My ilka finger seems a thumb—
'Tis sure the lips were meant for faces!
Oh, preacher, tell me, what's the sin
To *kiss* the dimple in her chin?"

The sun had quite gone down when the poet returned. Indeed, the room was altogether in shadow, and the poet was somewhat startled to hear a voice:

"Well, what decision have you reached?"

"Decision? I dinna— Decision! Oh, of course! I remember."

Thank goodness it was dark! The friend could not see his confusion—for, you know, he had forgotten the whole matter! A minute or two passed in silence—the friend anxiously waiting, the poet, I fear, trying not to laugh. Then out of the darkness came his reply, in his "book" English:

"You may tell Mr. ——— that after serious consideration I have decided to accept his kind offer to use his influence in my behalf."

The friend reached out in the darkness to clasp the poet's hand, and affirmed, "I knew you would accept as soon as you thought seriously of it."

"Thought seriously of it," echoed the poet. "Ay, I had very serious thought," he agreed.



Faculty Department

Among other interests that should find expression from time to time in the Faculty Department of the HAVERFORDIAN is that of some broad lines of policy followed by the College. President Sharpless, in a recent informal address at a morning collection, brought under review the policy pursued by Haverford relating to religious instruction. The remarks were substantially as follows:

The incentive which led to the foundation of most of the colonial colleges was to educate the ministry. Thus Harvard declared in 1643, in a sentence which is still in its catalogue, "One of the things we longed for and looked after was to advance learning and perpetuate it to posterity; dreading to leave an illiterate ministry to the churches when our present ministers shall lie in the dust." Yale and Princeton had similar objects.

Probably the reason that Haverford is not 200 years old instead of 75 is that the Friends took a different view of the ministry and did not consider special education to be essential. This also explains the fact that we have not, as many other colleges which are more or less connected with denominations have, a Divinity School as a part of the College. The Friends, however, did favor the general education of the masses, and built up such an efficient system of lower schools that an illiterate Quaker was hard to find. In the city this took the form of a central school with branches, some free, some at a low price and some at a higher; some for boys and some for girls, so as to suit all classes. These, when the public school system of Pennsylvania was established, were consoli-

dated into the Penn Charter School. In the country every meeting house had a school house attached to it. So that while we do not have a tradition in favor of higher education as vivid as would be desirable, we distinctly have one which demands the general education of everyone.

This history, while leaving much to be desired, has some advantages from our point of view. I do not think that we should be benefited by the presence of divinity students among us. Sometime ago I met a couple of young men, students in some theological seminary, who asked me for the location of a Friends' meeting house in Philadelphia, as they said they had heard that Quakers permitted such as they were to practice upon them. I told them where the house was, but advised them not to go. I have been told by a number of men connected with other colleges that the presence of theological students, no matter how earnest and sincere they were, created a suspicion of professionalism—a suggestion that they wanted somebody to practice on when they took part in Y. M. C. A. or other efforts of that character. The only possibility of success in college religious work or in one's own religious development must come from the possession of a feeling of individual responsibility in the matter; without this feeling, any amount of religious truth forced into the student will be of comparatively little value. While Friends did not try to develop a professional ministry, they did try to instill Biblical truth into all classes, ministers and others alike, and this tradition has worked out excellent results in this

college, and is one which most of the better colleges have now come to.

We have, therefore, as a result of historical traditions over which we had no control, been brought to the position where we naturally must develop among

the students a personal responsibility for all vital religious work, and in the governing body of the College an obligation to supply Biblical instruction of efficient sort to all classes, regardless of their future intentions in life.

Alumni Department

"In order to complete our files of early catalogues, the College Office would be much pleased to have the following issues sent to the Secretary, if the owners are willing to spare them:

Anything before 1863.

1866—67.

1867—68.

1869—70.

1872—73.

1875—76.

1878—79.

1886—87.

1887—88.

1891—92."

ISAAC SHARPLESS,

President.

Alumni Day will be held on Friday, June 14th. As usual, the exercises of the day will be in the charge of a sub-committee of the Executive Committee, which will attempt to arrange a programme enjoyable to all. Former students of the College are urged to plan to take a day off from business, and to come out in time to attend the Commencement exercises. A detailed programme of the arrangements will be mailed to members of the Alumni Association early in June.

SIXTH ANNUAL DINNER OF THE HAVERFORD ASSOCIATION OF NEW YORK.

The Haverford Association of New York held its sixth annual dinner at the Union League Club, Thirty-ninth street and Fifth avenue, New York. This was made possible through the courtesy of Mr. S. W. Collins, Class of '83. The absence of Mr. James W. Cromwell and several of the older Alumni, who were in Europe, was noticeable; but a number of the more recent graduates were present and made the dinner the largest which has yet been held.

Prof. Hancock, from the College, gave some interesting information about college happenings during the past years and college prospects for the coming years, and a letter from President Sharpless containing a greeting to the New York Alumni was read and much appreciated.

Mr. Frank H. Taylor, of the Class of '76, also spoke, contrasting very pleasantly the Haverford life and atmosphere of culture with the hustle and bustle of American life, and stating his feeling that our present-day affairs needed more Haverford education. He also suggested that the requirement of the examination for admission to the College was a relic of barbarism.

Those present at the dinner were:

Thomas Woodward, '66.

Frank H. Taylor, '76.

Daniel Smiley, '78.

S. W. Collins, '83.

Bond Thomas, '83.

William T. Ferris, '85.

Frank B. Kirkbride, '89.

Christian Brinton, '92.

Minturn Post Collins, '92.

Alfred Busselle, '94.

D. S. Taber, '94.

Walter C. Webster, '95.

G. Raymond Allen, '96.

L. Hollingsworth Wood, '96.

Elliott Field, '97.

Frederick A. Swan, '98.

W. A. Battey, '99.

F. K. Walter, '99.

C. R. Carey, '02.

J. B. Haviland, '02.

P. L. Woodward, '02.

E. C. Murray, '05.

A. K. Smiley, Jr., '06.

P. J. Baker, of the Freshman Class.

The officers for the ensuing year were elected, as follows:

President—James W. Cromwell.

Vice-Presidents—Walter C. Webster and L. Hollingsworth Wood.

Secretary and Treasurer—L. Hollingsworth Wood.

The usual request for names and addresses of Haverfordians in or near New York was made by the Secretary, and several names were forthcoming.

'37. John Howard Lewis, the last of the original twenty-one students of Haverford College, died at Media, at the home of his sister, Mrs. Sarah Lewis Fallon, on April 24th, having attained the age of 92.

Mr. Lewis was born in 1816; he entered college on the first day it was open-

ed, in 1833. After graduating he went into the paper manufacturing business of his father and is said to have been very successful until a few years ago, when he lost nearly his whole fortune. Residents of Media and Swarthmore are well acquainted with his large and beautiful estate on Crum Creek, more nearly resembling a southern home than any mansion in the county. During the last few years he has been residing at Media, however. He was a great fox hunter, and only a few weeks ago was elected president of the Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club. Eight years ago he gave up racing and cross-country riding; but one morning, three years later, being dared to ride in the half-mile at the Farmers' Breakfast, he accepted the challenge and won the race against many younger riders. His wife, Malvina H. (Irwin) Lewis, died three years ago. He leaves three children, J. Howard Lewis, Jr., Ralph Lewis and Gleave Lewis.

'61. William B. Broomall has been appointed by Governor Stuart to a judgeship in Delaware County.

'66. Professor A. Marshall Elliott, of John's Hopkins University, read a paper on the origin and meaning of the French term "chauvin" at the annual meeting of the American Philosophical Society, at Philadelphia, April 19th.

'73. The engagement is announced of James C. Comfort to Miss Martha Mellor, of Germantown.

'80. Joseph Rhoads has been appointed a minister of the Society of Friends.

'81. William A. Blair, of North Carolina, was recently elected treasurer of the Southern Board of Education.

'84. George Vaux, Jr., was married to Miss Mary James, Philadelphia, April 12th.

'95. Dr. Joseph S. Evans was married to Miss Lillian Eagan, Philadelphia, April 9th.

Ex-'97. William H. MacAfee was married to Miss Helen Ehrman, Birmingham, Alabama, April 30th.

'01. The engagement is announced of William La Coste Nielson to Miss Dorothy Crawford, of Merion.

Ex-'01. Edward Peltz Off was married to Miss Elsie May Fox, Philadelphia, April 10th.

'02. Caspar Wistar is in general charge of mills and shops of an Indian Industrial establishment among the Arucanian Indians in Southern Chile.

'02. The engagement is announced of Hermann Newman to Miss Brummell.

'03. E. F. Hoffman, of Hamburg, Pa., was recently ordained an elder of the Methodist Church.

'03. D. B. Miller was married in January to Miss Mabel Lucille Groff.

'04. The engagement is announced of James M. Stokes to Miss Mary Hooten, of Moorestown, N. J.

'06. Donald Baldwin has accepted a position of recording secretary in the Women's Christian Temperance Union.

'06. Arthur T. Lowry is in the employ of C. B. Smith & Co., bankers and brokers, Philadelphia.

'06. H. W. Doughten is one of the cast of the Savoy Opera Company, which gives its annual performance this month.

'06. Albert K. Smiley, Jr., is the first member of his class to be a father; the stork presented him with a boy in March. His father is said to hold the same record for the class of '78.

Ex-'08. Harry G. Pearson is with Rhoades, Sinkler & Butcher, bankers and brokers, Philadelphia.

Ex-'08. W. W. Kurtz is employed in the Worth Steel Mills, Coatesville, Pa.

College Department

PENNSYLVANIA-HAVERFORD DEBATE.

The annual debate between the Philomathean Society of the University of Pennsylvania and Haverford College took place in Houston Hall on Friday evening, April 12th. The subject was:

Resolved, That disputes between the employees and employers in the Anthracite Coal Mining Industry in Pennsylvania should be settled by a Board of Arbitration, constituted by Legislative authority and with power to enforce its findings, in which board each party shall have equal representation, and an additional member or umpire who shall be appointed by the Chief Justice of the

Supreme Court of Pennsylvania. Haverford submitted the question and Pennsylvania chose the negative.

The judges decided in favor of the negative, basing their decision partly on a technicality of the question in reference to the constitutionality of such a power being given to a Supreme Court Judge, and partly on the form in speaking, the formal oratory of the Haverford team being at a disadvantage with the natural ease of their opponents. Haverford had both the affirmative of the question and of the debate, and the question was a hard one to prove. The main points on which Haverford based her argument were four: (1) Coal is a public utility and a constant supply is necessary and right;

(2) the system of compulsory arbitration has no essential defects which will prevent its working with perfect justice; (3) compulsory arbitration is the only system that will guarantee a continuous supply of coal; (4) a board resembling the Interstate Commerce Commission would be practical and would work well. Pennsylvania spent most of their time in proving that the system would be unconstitutional. Their rebuttal was mainly taken up with proving that because a similar system works well in New Zealand it will not necessarily work in Pennsylvania.

Haverford was represented by J. Passmore Elkinton, '08, Cecil Drinker, '08, and Harold Evans, '07, with Sidney Lowenstein, '09, as alternate. Pennsylvania, by Frank A. Paul, '08, Abram W. Smith, '09, and Frank W. Melvin, '08, with Henry Craner, '10, as alternate. The presiding officer was Hon. Reuben O. Moore. The judges were Prof. Albert H. Smyth, Avery D. Harrington, Esq., and Rev. Dr. Gladstone Holm.

Y. M. C. A. MEETING.

The regular annual meeting of the Y. M. C. A. was held on Wednesday evening, April 10th, with a large number present. The evening opened with a short song service, after which President Dodge reviewed the work accomplished during the past year. Every department showed a growth, and an advancement over the previous year. The mission work, especially at Preston, was highly praised. During the past year the work and interest for this mission have so much increased that a movement is on foot to erect a library and gymnasium for the advancement and strengthening of the young men. President Sharpless, in his address, congratulated the fellows for their interest and faithful service during the past year. He

stated that he had received a letter from a friend who is much devoted to mission work and who has offered his assistance in the upbuilding of Preston.

After the meeting refreshments were served.

The following officers were elected for the coming year:

President—Drinker, '08.

Vice-President—Bard, '09.

Treasurer—Sharpless, '09.

Secretary—J. P. Phillips, '10.

On the 8th of April, Dr. William Pirt Mustard delivered an illustrated lecture before the college on the subject, "Roman Remains in France." In addition to Dr. Mustard's established reputation, the fact that this lecture was to be among the last, if not the last, which he will soon deliver as a member of the faculty of Haverford, drew an unusual number of outsiders to hear him. They were well repaid. He gave his audience much valuable information about the architecture of the Romans, dwelling especially upon the theatres and viaducts which abound in a state of remarkable preservation in a small section of Southern France. The subject, although one calculated to be of interest particularly to students of French and Roman history, was treated with Dr. Mustard's characteristic humor in a manner that rendered it highly enjoyable to all.

At a meeting of the College Association, held March 28, it was proposed by the Junior Class that the regulations for behavior in the dining hall be revised. A committee consisting of M. H. March, '07, Chairman, Elkinton, '08, and Myers, '09, was appointed to look into the matter. This committee presented their report to the Association April 4th. The Amendments approved were to this effect:

(1) Seniors only shall be allowed to start the singing in the dining hall, and this shall be restricted to college songs.

(2) The Advisory Board shall have power to punish misdemeanors with whatever penalties it may deem fit, the maximum penalties being expulsion from the dining hall for two weeks, or a fine of \$8.00 (eight dollars). Whether penalty of fine or expulsion be inflicted shall be at the discretion of the Advisory Board.

To carry food from the dining hall to any person or persons expelled therefrom by virtue of these regulations shall be deemed a prime offence and shall be subjected to the penalties above mentioned.

(3) All fines inflicted shall be collected by the President of the Advisory Board and shall be paid in by him to the Treasury of the Athletic Association.

These amendments to go into effect at once.

The annual Thomas Shipley Lecture on Literature was given by Professor Barrett Wendell of Harvard University, on April 26th. The subject was Longfellow.

Professor Wendell emphasized the fact that Longfellow is coming more and more to be appreciated as the national poet of America—that no poetry has been written in this country to which the American people so unaffectedly responded as to that of Longfellow. He was not a supreme poet, but he expressed the spirit of native Americanism more truly and sympathetically than any other writer. He was also the best interpreter

in America of the beauties of the past, both American and foreign. Longfellow never wanted to be vulgarly original or self-assertive, Professor Wendell said. His work shows gentle, persistent, unbroken, normality. It has *orthodox* beauty, wonderfully noble simplicity, unsurpassed beauty of rhythm and instinctive delicacy of treatment.

In short Longfellow is the characteristic poet of our nation.

The contest in extemporaneous speaking for the Everett Society Medal will be held in Roberts Hall, May 2nd, at 8 o'clock. The following men will speak:

Killen, Loewenstein, Lutz and Spiers, '09; Greene, A. I. Phillips, Rabinowitz and Wilson, '10.

In accordance with custom, a decision will be given for the best individual speaker, and also for the class winning the highest average.

The contest for the Alumni Prize, offered to members of the Senior and Junior Classes for excellence in composition and oratory, will take place in Roberts Hall, Friday, May the 24th.

COLLEGE CALENDAR.

Wednesday, May 1st, 1907—Concert of Glee and Mandolin Clubs at Moorestown.

Friday, May 3rd, 1907—Concert at Frankford Asylum.

May 31st (about)—Dance and concert at Merion Cricket Club (Alumni Day).

Thursday, June 13th, 1907—Class Day.

Friday, June 14th, 1907—Commencement Day.

The 1907 Class Record will be published about June 1st. All who are interested in the college should not fail to procure one. They may be obtained for \$1.00 each from Harold Evans, Haverford College, Haverford, Pa. Anyone living at a distance from the college can be supplied by mail.

Athletic Department

Old Sol has at last deigned to shed his cheering rays upon us, though of a truth, it be somewhat grudgingly. As a result the athletic work on track and cricket field is beginning to assume a form which promises well for the spring's events. In track especially the outlook is much more propitious than it has been for several years. In the annual spring track meet, the Freshman Class showed unexpected strength, and right here is a nucleus for a good track team for this year, and in fact for several years to come. With the exceptional amount of Freshman material and those who are left from last year's team, under the able and conscientious leadership of Captain Tatnall, there is every reason to hope for a good account of the track team in this year's contests.

The cricket team has been hindered to some degree by abominable weather, but the ground is fast coming into shape, and the cricket men begin to show marked improvement. The team has a hard fight before it this year. The loss of four first-class men from last year's team means the hardest kind of work for those who are left and those who fill the vacant positions. Cricket is a game in which hard and faithful practice can do wonders towards turning out a winning team. Therefore we have no right to be downcast over the prospects of the team, but with the right kind of work we can hope for the success of former years.

At the Relay Carnival on Franklin Field, April 27th, the Haverford team captured first place in their event. The

college record was broken by more than one of the runners. Palmer ran first and, after half a lap, obtained a good lead, which was held by Roberts, Baker and Langdorf till the end. The other colleges in the event were Rutgers, College of the City of New York, Western Maryland College, Lehigh and Dickinson. Carlisle was entered, but did not compete.

Our team was as follows: Palmer, '10; Roberts, '10; Baker, '10; Langsdorf, '10. Substitutes: Warnock, '09, and Tatnall, '07, captain.

The college received a banner and each of the runners a gold watch.

The race was run in 3 minutes and 33 seconds.

Edward Edwards, '08, has been chosen for next year's gym captain, a position for which he has been well fitted by three years' conscientious work.

The annual Inter-Class track meet was completed on Thursday afternoon, April 24th. On account of the length of the meet it was extended over two days. The first half took place on Thursday, the 11th of April. The weather, on both occasions, was perfect. The Freshmen won with a total of sixty-seven points, a lead of forty-four points over the nearest competitor. Manager Tatnall and Assistant Manager Sargent were in charge of the meet. Dr. Babbit acted as starter. Rossmassler and H. H. Morris were the judges at the finish, and Howard Shoemaker, Birdsall and Godley were in charge of the field events.

The events were as follows:

100-yard Dash—First, Palmer, '10; second, Wilson, '10; third, Magill, '07. Time, 10 2-5 seconds.

220-yard Dash—First, Palmer, '10; second, Langsdorf, '10; third, Magill, '07. Time, 23 2-5 seconds.

Quarter-mile—First, Langsdorf, '10; second, Palmer, '10; third, Roberts, '10. Time, 53 3-5 seconds.

Half-mile—First, Langsdorf, '10; second, Roberts, '10; third, Hill, '08. Time, 2 minutes 10 seconds.

Mile—First, Williams, '09; second, Morris, '10; third, Hill, '08. Time, 5 minutes 3 seconds.

Two Mile—First, Baker, '10; second, Williams, '09; third, Morris, '10. Time, 11 minutes 2 seconds.

220 Hurdles—First, Shultz, '10; second, Palmer, '10; third, Bushnell, '08. Time, 30 1-5 seconds.

120 Hurdles—First, Bushnell, '08 and Bard, '09; third, Carey, '10. Time, 18 seconds.

High Jump—First, Carey, '10; second, Bard, '09; third, Froelicher, '10. Height, 5 ft. 1¾ in.

Broad Jump—First, Bard, '09; second, Shultz, '10; third, Frutchey, '10. Length, 19 ft. 10¾ in.

Pole Vault—First, Leonard, '08; Bard, '09; third, Bushnell, '08. Height, 10 ft. ½ in.

Shot-put—First, Birdsall, '07; second, Jones, '07; third, Shultz, '10. Distance, 34 ft. 1½ in.

Discus-throw—First, Shultz, '10; second, Jones, '10; third, Wood. Distance, 90 ft. 11 in.

EVENTS.	1907	1908	1909	1910
100-yard dash.....	1	—	—	8
220-yard dash.....	1	—	—	8
Quarter mile	—	—	—	0
Half mile	—	1	—	8
Mile	—	1	5	3
Two mile	—	—	3	0
220 hurdles	—	1	—	8
120 hurdles	—	4	4	1
High jump	—	—	3	6
Broad Jump	—	—	5	4
Shot-put	8	—	—	1
Hammer-throw.....		Postponed		
Discus-throw	4	—	—	5
Pole-vault	—	5	4	—
	—	—	—	—
Total	14	12	24	67

INDIVIDUAL POINTS.

Bard	16
Shultz	14

Palmer	13
Langsdorf	13
Williams	8
Bushnell	6
Carey	6
Jones	6
Birdsall	5
Baker	5
Leonard	4
Roberts	4
Morris	4
Wilson	3
Magill	2
Hill	2
Wood	1
Froelicher	1
Frutchey	1

1909 VS. PENN CHARTER SCHOOL.

The cricket eleven of the class of 1909 defeated the William Penn Charter School on Walton Field, Haverford, April 25th, by the score of 53 to 43. Ogden batted best for Penn Charter, hitting out 13 runs; Vandergrift and Mixer came next with 5 each. Vandergrift also aided his school by bowling out five of his opponents.

Myers made a very good stand for the Haverford team with a top score of 25. Hill, by successive drives, came next with 9. Sophomore bowlers, Lewis and Myers, divided the wickets.

1909 VS. 1910.

Played on Walton Field, Wednesday, April 24th.

Nineteen Ten won the annual Freshmen-Sophomore cricket game by the score of 78 to 32. The Freshmen batted first and made a stand at the beginning, Furness, by well placed hits, piling up a top score of 25 runs. Cadbury, with 10, was the next to reach double figures. David and Haines prolonged the game by a good stand at the end, the former batting out 14 and the latter 9 runs.

Both teams fielded the ball well, although there were few grandstand plays.

FRESHMAN XI VS. FRIENDS' SELECT SCHOOL.

The Freshmen XI defeated Friends' Select School at Haverford on April 23rd by the score of 63 to 25. Owing to the slippery ground there was little sharp fielding. Captain Baker won the toss for Haverford and elected to bat first. With the exception of Furness, who retired with a top score of 35, the Freshmen batted rather poorly, only one of them, Cadbury, reaching double figures. Webster and Banks handled the bat best for Friends' Select, the former making 6 and the latter 4 runs.

In the field Banks and Palmer excelled for Friends' Select, while Baker, Cadbury and Mason materially aided the Haverford Freshmen, Baker and Cadbury dividing the wickets and Mason prettily stumping two men.

FRESHMEN VS. EPISCOPAL ACADEMY.

Episcopal Academy gained a decisive baseball victory over the Freshmen at Westmoreland on April 24th. This was the first game of the year for the Freshmen IX and their lack of team work was largely due to stage fright.

Gheen made the first run for the Haverford team in the fourth on a single, two steals, and a sacrifice by Froelicher. In the ninth, owing to three errors and two passes by Episcopal and a hit by Ayer, the Freshmen tallied four runs.

Up to the ninth Episcopal's fielding was nearly flawless and Berens kept the hits well scattered. Mayers pitched a good game throughout, striking out nine men and only giving four bases on balls.

THIRD XI VS. HAVERFORD SCHOOL.

The cricket season at Haverford opened Monday, April 22nd, with a draw game on Walton Field between the Third XI and Haverford School.

CRICKET SCHEDULE.

FIRST ELEVEN.

Saturday, April 27—Frankford at Haverford.

Saturday, May 4—Philadelphia at Haverford.

Saturday, May 11—Germantown at Manheim.

Saturday, May 18—Moorestown at Haverford.

Wednesday, May 22—Next XV at Haverford.

Saturday, May 25—Harvard at Cambridge.

Tuesday, May 28—Pennsylvania at Manheim.

Thursday, May 30—Cornell at Haverford.

Saturday, June 1—All-Scholastic at Haverford.

Saturday, June 8—Alumni at Haverford.

Friday, June 14—Alumni vs. Alumni, at Haverford.

SECOND ELEVEN.

Saturday, April 27—Frankford at Frankford.

Saturday, May 4—Philadelphia at St. Martins.

Saturday, May 11—Germantown at Haverford.

Wednesday, May 22—First XI at Haverford.

Saturday, May 25—Pennsylvania 2d at Haverford.

Saturday, June 1—Radnor at Wayne.

Wednesday, June 5—Merion at Merion C. C.

Saturday, June 8—Haddonfield at Haddonfield.

THIRD ELEVEN.

Monday, April 22—Haverford School at Haverford.

Friday, April 26—Central High at Haverford.

Tuesday, May 14—Merion Juniors at Merion C. C.

Saturday, May 18—Penn Charter at Haverford.

Saturday, May 25—Haddonfield at Haddonfield.

Saturday, June 1—Radnor High at Haverford.

Saturday, June 8—Belmont Juniors at Haverford.

CLASS GAMES.

April 24—1909 vs. 1910.

April 29, 30—1907 vs. 1908.

May 14, 15—Winners play for championship.

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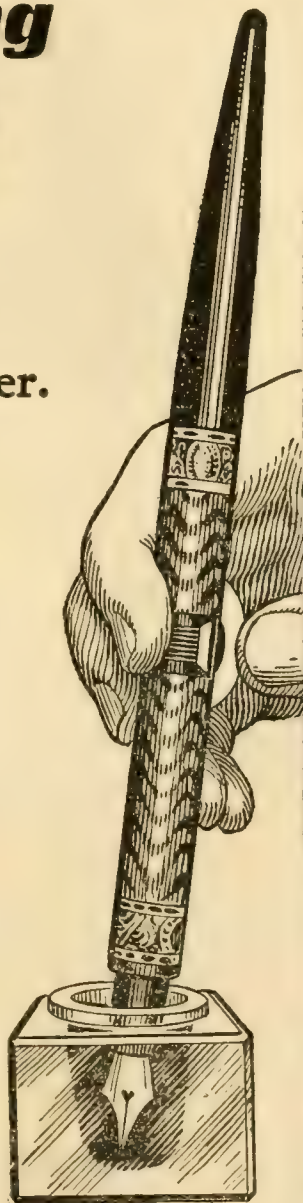
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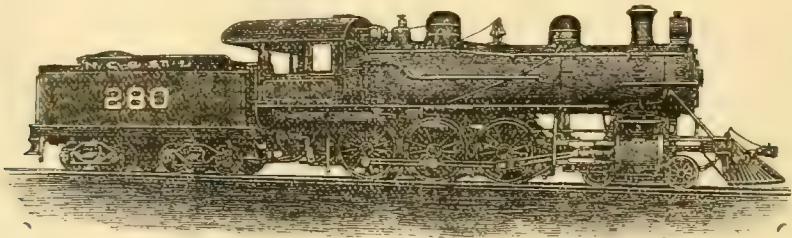
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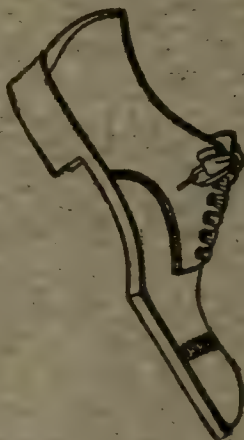


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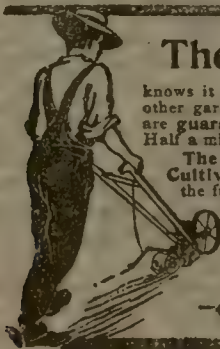
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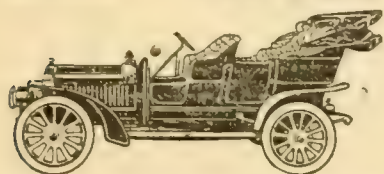
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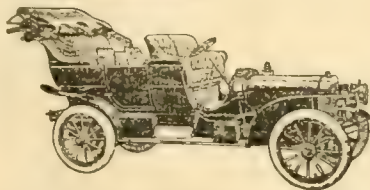
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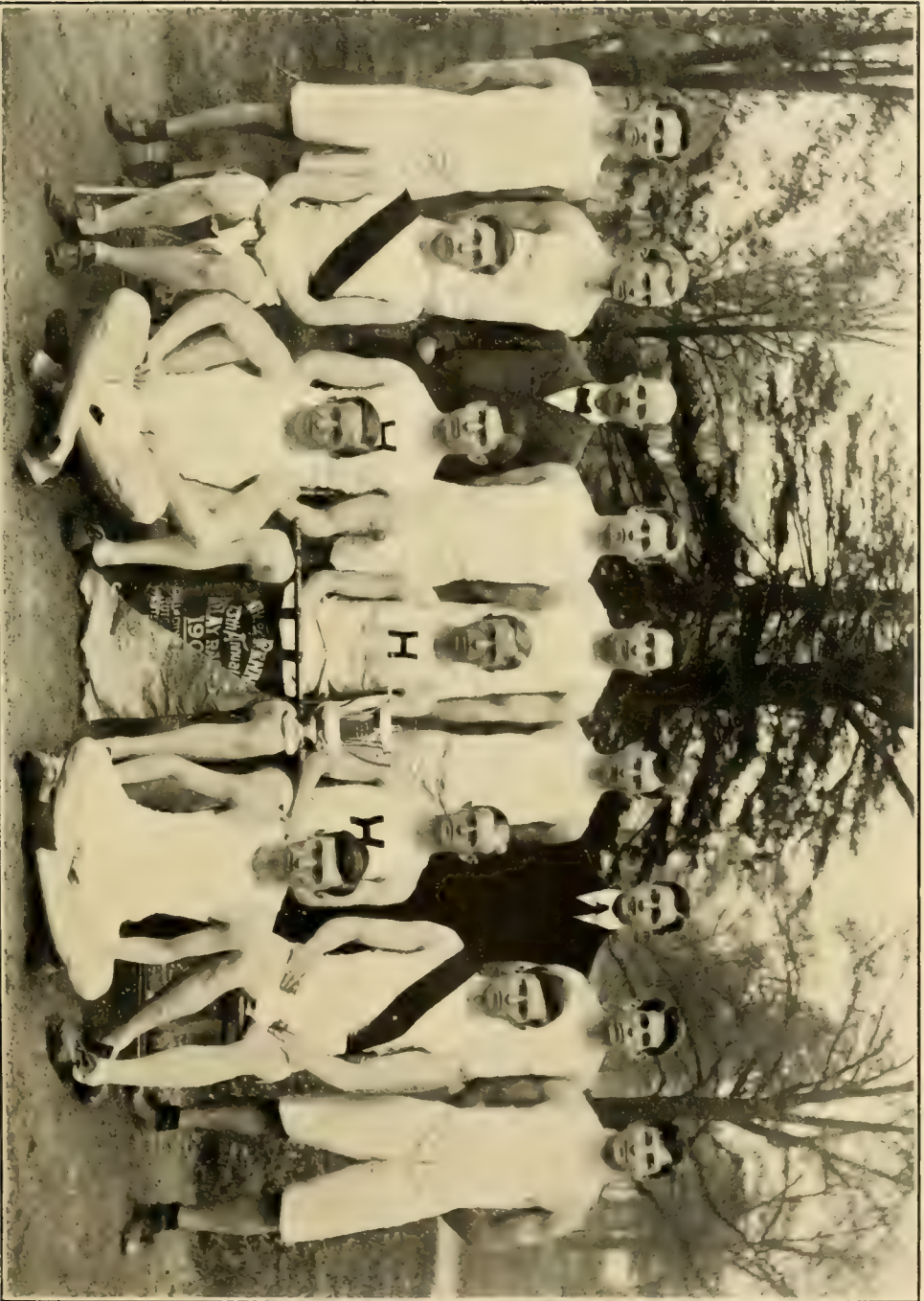
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TRACK TEAM, 1907



VOL. XXIX

HAVERFORD, PA., JUNE, 1907

No. 4

ALTHOUGH perhaps no body of men holds as tenaciously to old customs as does the average college community, it is pleasant to note that the trend of collegiate opinion has changed radically during the past few years in regard to the time-honored institution of hazing.

**Apropos
of
Hazing**

And while it is a well established aphorism that a Freshman is a necessary evil; necessary because the college body must be kept up; an evil, because he is a Freshman; still, there is little excuse for a year-long enmity of an active type between the two lower classes. For, despite the vociferous claims of the old regime, the "soreness" does not always disappear with the beginning of another year. And no college man can deny that the worst element of a Sophomore Class inevitably are found trying to gratify their poorly concealed vanity in ways never approved by the better crowd, who are their classmates.

Hazing at Haverford, that is, hazing of the more virulent and so-called "muck-erish" variety, is practically extinct. The upper classes can even concede that a Freshman, who acts the part of a gentleman, should be treated as one—and this is much.

In President Sharpless' recent talk on the subject, the theory was put forward that after some definitely defined period—say two weeks— all forms of "hazing" should be abolished, except where individual defiance of Freshman rules should require upper class interference. This is an attitude fair toward both classes, and one which the present Freshmen Class should find little difficulty in maintaining, when once they have acquired their Sophomoric dignity. And in doing so, let them rest assured that they are carrying out the best traditions of Haverford, and doing a definite work toward bettering existing conditions.

NOT long ago many of us were worried by blanks, which we were asked to fill out, with the name and description of some future Haverfordian.

**A College
Duty**

Perhaps we did this, and perhaps we said we didn't know a single fellow whom we should like to see in this college.

This latter answer did not imply such a high standard on the part of certain fellows that it was impossible to find others to take their place. It implied ignorance and lack of responsibility.

It must be realized that in drifting too far from school and school acquaintances, fellows do the college great harm, and they show that they take a tremendously narrow view of our life here at Haverford.

No one who believes in college education believes in it for the learning imbibed during the four years, and for nothing else.

College life teaches the wisdom of books, but it teaches something far more important,—how we shall become men from contact with men. We pay a certain sum for the knowledge we receive, but we do not pay for the manhood we take away with us when we graduate, and we must feel it our duty to pay for this, as well as for the knowledge.

We can do it best by securing worthy successors. Let us be able to say, "I have influenced one more fellow to join the ranks at Haverford, and he is a fellow who, I am sure, will carry on the good work of fellowship which makes men."

Let us make it our duty, if we have broken off our connection with school and school affairs, to renew this connection and make it count for the college, and when we leave here we will feel the satisfaction of having left real successors, and of knowing that in a small, small measure we have repaid.

THE cry is often heard, "Do not form a judgment until you can form one from which you need never depart." That is a wonderfully pernicious doctrine.

It comes as the natural reaction from the excesses of the narrow minded theologian and the follies of the vacillating youth, who jumps at every conclusion. But what college men of to-day need is to learn *to think*, to form

judgments, but not to think them infallible. We have men enter this college every year, who have been trained to avoid decisions. They have grown up in a pleasant and healthy environment; they have developed a most congenial type of gentility. But they have always been waiting for a happy day, when they could make an absolutely correct decision. That was to be the day when they would "know enough to have a right to have an opinion." These gentlemen are the most agreeable creatures under the sun. But they have never learned *to think*.

The child, when he first encounters the world, is met by a big buzzing confusion. It is only with the utmost energy that he gradually analyzes this confusion and arranges the objects of his world into serviceable classes. He arrives at his victories of knowledge only through multitudes of defeats. He must place the color of his cat in that of every one of the primary shades before he finally rightly decides that it is maltese. But it is only by means of these mistaken conclusions that he finally arrives at the truth. Had he always waited for the happy day, when he could class correctly any particular color with the first attempt, he would have remained forever ignorant of them all. And so it is with the boy and the girl. That child, who never makes up his mind, for fear he will have to change it, must remain the most pitiable dwarf.

There have been times when it *was* considered necessary to hold to a firm belief until the end of one's days. But it is to the everlasting credit of the scientific spirit that such is no longer the case. Development we now consider the normal course of life. The unpardonable sin of to-day is not to change one's beliefs, but to think that they can never be changed. Such a doctrine demands far more wisdom, judgment, and care than did that of static faith. But the very practice of

A Great
Need

deciding gives a man more power to make his decisions wisely.

There is, indeed, still need to caution the conceited student, but there is far more need of training our men to enjoy thinking. A college degree attached to a man who does not enjoy thinking is a farce. We must all begin early to practice the advice of Emerson to "say what you think to-day in hard words, and say what you think to-morrow in hard words,

even if it contradict what you say to-day."

To Dr. Mustard, whose picture heads this issue, THE HAVERFORDIAN is indebted for its leading article. In his paper, "The Truth About Horace," Dr. Mustard presents some very interesting facts concerning that writer, who is without doubt the most generally read of all the Latin poets, and the most familiar to college men.

The West

I longed for arms. I craved for the martial peal
Of trumpet, bidding conquests' legions forth;
The hideous clang and clash of steel on steel—
I sought the North.

I longed for love; for woman's soul and form;
The gentle fingers, the bewitching warm—
The dark, mysterious eyes, the bosom mouth;
I sought the South.

I longed for knowledge; glories of the past;
The glittering pageant and the kingly feast;
The trophies of ambition piled vast—
I sought the East.

I longed for all; and over land and sea
I pushed with zeal unceasing on my quest;
When in one moment all were ope'd to me—
I found the West.

—John French Wilson, '10.

"THE TRUTH ABOUT HORACE"



It is worth remembering that the first translation of a classical author which was both made and published in America was printed in Philadelphia, in 1744. This was a translation of Cicero's "Old Age," done by James Logan, the distinguished Secretary of William Penn. It was published by Benjamin Franklin, who added in a preface the pious wish, "that this first Translation of a *Classic* in this *Western World* may be followed with many others, performed with equal Judgment and Success; and be a happy Omen, that *Philadelphia* shall become the Seat of the *American Muses*." And the first translation of a classical author which was made and published by a native-born American was also printed in Philadelphia, in 1786. This was a verse translation, or paraphrase, of the Odes of Horace. It was published anonymously; but we know that the author was Colonel John Parke, an officer in the Continental Army, and a graduate of what has since developed into the University of Pennsylvania. Many of the versions of single odes were actually made in camp; some of them were dated at the headquarters at Valley Forge, or at various other headquarters in the vicinity of Philadelphia. Many of them were dedicated to Washington, to Lafayette, and to other distinguished men of that day.

Now, if that early college graduate was especially interested in Horace, it is probable that a great many of our later alumni have shared his fondness for the

same old poet. If a man retains any Latin after his college days, it is very apt to be some portion of Horace. If a man ever returns in middle life to the reading of Latin, he is very apt to be drawn to the Odes and Epistles of Horace. Indeed, for more than three hundred years—and especially in England—Horace has been by far the most popular of all the classical poets. He has been in a large degree the poet's poet—from Ben Jonson to Tennyson, from Spenser to Swinburne, his influence is visible everywhere—but he has also been the favorite of all sorts and conditions of men—of the preacher, the lawyer, the doctor, the statesman, and the man of the world. Of one of Miss Mitford's characters we are told that "he translated Horace, as all gentlemen do." The education desired for one of Thackeray's heroes is, that he learn enough Latin to enable him "to quote Horace respectably through life." During the past century, English travelers visited the site of the Sabine Farm in such numbers and with such enthusiasm that the Italian peasants believed that Horace had been an Englishman. They knew of no saint of that name in all their crowded calendar, and they could think of no other reason, except compatriotism, for this intense interest in one who had been so long dead. At least a hundred English translations have been published of the entire body of the Odes. As for versions of single poems—translations and adaptations and imitations and parodies—they are simply countless. They began in the year 1557, when the Earl of Surrey translated the



DR. WILFRED P. MUSTARD

ode about the "Golden Mean" and dedicated it to his friend, Sir Thomas Wyatt, and they have continued in an unbroken stream all the way down to last week's journals and magazines.

And yet, when literary critics try to explain this wide-spread, this long-continued popularity, they find little reason for it all, beyond the skill with which Horace moulds common materials into exquisite forms, his felicity in the expression of poetical and moral commonplaces, or, to use one of his own phrases, his "golden mediocrity." They tell us that the Odes are largely artificial; that many of them are closely copied from Greek models; that there is no intense feeling; that his loves are shadowy and vague; that his convivialty is very graceful but very moderate; that he shows very little genuine patriotism. But they all admit the consummate grace and finish of the Odes; they all admit Horace's unfailing charm.

Now, in the first place, they don't always consider that many of Horace's commonplaces *are* commonplaces to us simply because Horace has made them so; that he has done what he himself says is the difficult thing, so to express commonplaces as to make them your own; that he has expressed many of the common truths of life in phrases which have made them his own—have made them his own for all time. And, after all, isn't it just the eternal commonplaces of life—that the bloom of the rose is brief; that the fleeting years glide by; that pale Death comes to rich and poor alike; that black Care sits behind the horseman; that we cannot escape ourselves; that the golden mean is best; that the contented mind is better than riches—isn't it just such simple and obvious truths as these, known in the experience of every man, that appeal to the average mind, and draw us back again

and again to this genial old Pagan and his cheerful philosophy of life?

And doesn't this quality of Horace—I mean the stating of the essential truths of life in phrases such as only he has coined—help to explain what has often been observed, that few people really appreciate the Odes until they have reached middle life; though after that, for some occult reason, Horace appeals more and more to the average man, the older he grows? Everyone knows Byron's line, "Then farewell, Horace, whom I hated so;" but everyone doesn't know that Byron added, "Not for thy faults, but mine," and explained that his school-boy dislike of Horace was caused by "the drill'd dull lesson" of his daily task in an author to appreciate whom one needs not only a knowledge of Latin but also an acquaintance with life—a criticism which would apply with equal force to the struggles of youthful minds with Virgil, with Shakespeare, with Milton, with the Shorter Catechism itself. For several years before Tennyson went up to the university he studied at home, under the direction of his father. During that time, he tells us, he was "so overdosed with Horace" that he hated him for many years. But, after the common experience of men, his liking for the genial old Roman increased as the years passed away, and the first Latin he taught his own son was the "O fons Bandusiae."

Indeed, it is just this fact that the Odes do reflect a knowledge of life that has commended them to one of our own poets. I mean Eugene Field's playful protest in what he calls "The Truth About Horace:"

"It is very aggravating
To hear the solemn prating
Of the fossils, who are stating
That old Horace was a prude;
When we know that with the ladies
He was always raising Hades,

And with many an escapade his
Best productions are imbued.

"There's really not much harm in a
Large number of his carmina,
But these people find alarm in a
Few records of his acts;
So they'd squelch the muse caloric,
And to students sophomoric
They'd present as metaphoric
What old Horace meant for facts.

"He was a very owl, sir,
And starting out to prow! sir,
You bet he made Rome howl, sir,
Until he filled his date;
With a massic-laden ditty
And a classic maiden pretty
He painted up the city,
And Maecenas paid the freight!"
And that is not the only side of life
which Horace knew.

Wilfred P. Mustard.

Sunset

The placid waters peaceful flow
Beneath the slant sun's ruddy glow,
While, cresting every wavelet's height,
Flash diamond-sparkling points of light.
The sky is azure overhead,
Shot through with streaks of coral-red;
While interspersed with iris-blue
And dight with many a gorgeous hue,
Above the meadows' emerald green
The richly tinted clouds are seen.
Resplendent on their purpled crest
The sun is sinking to his rest.
No strident sound of life is heard;
Nor splash of fish, nor cry of bird;
The world, adoring, bows to pray
For morrow like the blest to-day.

—*J. Carey Thomas, '11.*

REQUIESCAT IN PACE



HE bells of San José had just chimed their first summons to early mass. It was an hour or more before sunrise; the chilly mists of the night still hovered about and veiled the street lamps so that their light seemed to shine through frosted glass. The city lay asleep in dread of the penetrating dampness—a thick shroud, which seemed to muffle all noises, for even the usual roar of the breakers around Morro Castle came now as a low rumble. No breath of air stirred. The military policeman, who stood at the corner of Ballajá and Rosario Streets wrapped in his impermeable, stamped his feet and frowned at the oppressive day in store. Otro día de los mil demonios! What an infernal weather for a peninsular! Rain and more rain since August; everything damp, sticky, out of joint, yellow, dirty. The city looked like a fever patient. Ira de Dios!

From San José's belfry came the final summons to five o'clock mass. At the first stroke a dark figure stepped out from one of the one-story houses of Rosario Street and started hurriedly in the direction of the church. The uncertain light of the lamp at the street corner shone for a moment on the slender form of a girl dressed in black with a merino shawl over her head.

"Where art thou going so early, Chiquita?"

"What is that to you, Señor Marracho?"

And on she swept toward the open portals of San José, her heels beating a

rapid tattoo on the street pavement, without once turning to look again at the insolent, drowsy policeman, who had saluted her. Qué atrevido! Because he was a Spaniard! Well, she was one, too, in a way, and a señorita as good as the best; and it was uncivil of a guardia to speak to her, when she was without escort . . . Qué atrevido!

The priest had begun to celebrate mass. The girl turned from the main aisle to a side altar and knelt down, drawing out her beads. What was the matter with her? Was she angry? She was nervous, otherwise she would not have lost her temper. She was not well, no; but she must not think of worldly things there at the very feet of the Madre Dolorosa.

"Dios de salve Maria
Llena eres de gracia."

She began to recite the Virgin's salutation unconsciously. It was the prayer which she had used since she was a baby. She finished it, and began it again and again, mechanically. The Latin explosions of the priest in a nearby altar bothered her. She caught herself repeating the salutation only in snatches; then not at all. She was dreaming. This was a sin, surely. She must do better. "Ayudame, madre mia . . ."

But, no; that honest, handsome face, the large smiling eyes kept on floating about the feet of the Dolorosa, which stood there in a cold niche. The laughing eyes—she could not avoid them, she did not want to avoid them. They told worlds. But look, they were closed now,

and the smiling features were hard set; the face was covered with blood, black blood, which oozed from an ugly hole in his right temple. Jesús!

There! The features were softened again, the eyes were laughing . . .

"Oh, Gil, pobre Gil!"

She repeated the salutation, and the nightmare vanished. No, she must not allow herself that weakness. She was not well. She must pray for him, pray, pray; but—she caught her breath. Pray? What was the use? Was he not in hell? He had committed suicide—a mortal sin. She shuddered at the thought. In hell? Yes, but oh! he had been so good, so generous, so noble; he had loved her; yes, he had loved her, Paquita, and he was going to take her to Spain to his mother in the little cottage by the vineyard.

With tearful eyes she turned to the statue of the Dolorosa, as if to find an answer; to find comfort for the pain which she felt. The Virgin, transfixed by so many swords, would know. But the statue, with its stupid eyes and its tears of varnish offered no consolation, absolutely none. Even the oil lamp burning in the niche, the flickering light, seemed a vile mockery.

"No, he cannot be in hell; no, no, no no!"

And the smiling eyes hovered about and disappeared in a cloud of blood.

Paquita's cheeks were burning. The incense which filled the church choked her and increased her suffering. "No, no, no," ran in her brain, and it hurt her worse than hammer blows. . .

"He had never intended to misuse that money which the Company had intrusted to him. That evil night in the barracks, he did not know, Oh God, he did not know! One cup too many, he had gambled, had been led on, on to ruin. And the next day the idea of dishonor—*Dios*

mio, Dios mio, why didst Thou let him kill himself?"

When Paquita came out of San José the sun had already risen, but the damp, heated air was no relief from the incense-stuffed church. She walked hurriedly; she wanted to get home to bed, but she did not feel well. She noticed that crowds of people in mourning garb were beginning to stroll to the cemetery. All Souls' Day—that is why she had gone to early mass, to honor the memory of her poor Gil with prayers and vows. And what were these people going to do? They had not prayed. They were going to decorate the tombs because it was the custom. Many were servants, loaded with wreaths and crosses, entrusted to do what their masters were too lazy to do themselves. What a desecration! What a mockery! Who among them had lost a dear one? None, apparently none. What had they to offer? Nothing worth while. She would go to the tomb and offer her heart. Her heart? Why, mother had promised that heart to a suitor recently, had she not? Ah, not the heart! She has promised the hand, the carcass with its tempting curves hidden under the taffeta dress, but not the heart; that had been won by a pair of smiling eyes, long, long ago. Oh, she was ill!

By a great effort she succeeded in crossing the threshold of her home.

II.

The *campo santo*, or hallowed ground, lies outside the city limits, almost under the shadow of Morro Castle. Like the city, it is enclosed within high walls, as if the living were afraid lest the dead should attempt to force their confinement. The only entrance, facing the east, is barred by an iron gate, over which a bronze angel with a bronze trumpet stands guard.

In the mossy cement right over the gate the following words are carved:

"REQUIESCAT IN PACE."

Within the enclosure, in the very center of the grounds, rises a chapel with a huge cupola, surmounted by a massive black cross. Along the avenues which radiate from this chapel, columns, crosses and sarcophagi, amidst a wealth of tropical shrubbery, mark the resting places of five generations, who died in grace and in good circumstances; in the niches dug in the southern wall another five generations of Christians lie in peace, because they died in grace and opulence; outside the walls, in unhallowed ground, amidst a wealth of weeds and rotting bones of God knows how many generations, are buried the paupers, treated after death as they were in life; and yonder by the sea, in a swampy field, cut off from the rest of the world by an ugly brick wall with a broken glass ridge, in mud and foulness, are stored the suicides, because they did not die in grace, because their souls are in hell in eternal fire. There are eighteen graves within that ugly brick wall; there is no room for more. And when the nineteenth suicide comes in his bare pine coffin to seek a resting place, the sexton fishes out—literally—the bones of the first one, throws them out to rot, and gives his place to the new arrival. There you can find no shrubbery, no incense, no cross—only weeds, foul air, crabs. Why should it be otherwise?

The crowds that Paquita met on her way home were coming to the large cemetery. All day the tunnel, which leads through the city walls to the *campo santo* was thronged by people, whom tradition had taught to honor the dead on this second day of November. Many came, because it was the custom, mere decency; yet many others did it from the goodness of their hearts, because they had lost dear

ones and wished to honor their memory. There were rich and poor, whites and blacks, soldiers, civilians and priests; and they showed reverence and real tears and irreverence and feigned tears. Appearances were kept. He who came with an offering of a wreath of porcelain flowers, or frosted metal; he who offered a crucifix, and he who offered nothing at all—none forgot that it was the day of the dead. Some stopped before the sarcophagi of illustrious men and extolled their virtues; others went into the chapel and repeated a few Pater Nosters to help the purification by fire of some lost one; others walked up and down the avenues inhaling draughts of that atmosphere of incense and tropical blossoms. All this from morning to night, while black-frocked priests chanted requiems in the chapel for the souls of those whose bones were stored up in the niches in the southern wall.

Few, very few, came near the ugly brick wall. It is true that curious *comadres* had stopped at a distance and exchanged words of sympathy about the poor paupers. But had any one gone to honor the suicides? Perhaps a few Masons and Freethinkers, and a relative or two, who loved a damned soul more than God and the church. They could do it, of course; for they were going by the same route. Besides being sinful to go there, when there were millions of souls, who had passed away in partial grace, souls who might be redeemed from Purgatory with a few prayers and tears—besides that, the hole of the suicides was not a healthy place. It was much better for the soul, and the nerves, to go under the bronze angel and to stroll along the avenues, quite close to the shrubs and the marble sarcophagi; yes, and to inhale that atmosphere of incense, which must be the natural fragrance of heaven, the heaven of the little angels and of the

souls of those who had died properly in the bosom of the church, amen!

The day was drawing to a close. Already the priests had ceased in their chants; the avenues were slowly resuming their usual loneliness. They were going to close at six. The old sexton was losing his temper, because some *beatas*—over-pious ladies—still lingered watering with their tears graves that did not belong to them. The fact is that the poor fellow had not received the accustomed number of tips, which helped him to eke out an existence. He was brooding over the hopeless meanness and close-fistedness of the world. He stood reading the lettering on a sarcophagus, when someone pulled him by the sleeve. When he turned around impatiently he was confronted by the pale, pretty face of a young girl in black, who tugged at her merino shawl nervously and asked him for—"The keys to the suicides."

The sexton gave up the keys and looked on idiotically, while the black-garbed figure disappeared in the direction of the ugly brick wall.

"Paquita!" muttered he at last.

Yes, it was Paquita, escaped from her bed with a violent fever; she had come to honor the dead, to honor Gil, the noble, the generous, who was in hell, because he had lived and died by a severe code of honor.

"Paquita!" muttered the sexton, and he stuck there. He felt a strange mixture of pity, wonder, pain—yes, pain. What was the pretty creature going to do in that cursed field of the suicides? To honor Gil? Bah! He had committed suicide two years ago. It was time to forget. Paquita had already done her share by wearing that wretched mourning dress all this while. Now she was engaged to another man, so they said. She

would be married soon, and then, farewell to mourning, farewell to Gil, farewell to all the past. She had marked Gil's grave with a cross and a tin placard two years ago. Was that not enough, without going down there on the eve of her wedding? *Vamos, vamos!* And then, did she perchance forget that Gil was in hell, damned for all an eternity, *per omnia secula seculorum?*

The shadows were fast gathering around the grave-yard. Over the silhouette of Morro Castle the evening star had already risen with glimmerings of hope, as on the day of the birth of the child Jesus—so the sexton thought, and he watched it with almost pagan wonder. A bell tolling in the heart of the city brought him back from his reverie and reminded him that it was time to close. For a while he went about putting things in order. He locked the gate under the angel, and then started slowly "to see what that poor creature was doing at the suicides'." He stopped before the gate of the brick wall, not daring to go in. For he heard Paquita sobbing her heart out. "The poor child," he exclaimed, his eyes becoming clouded with tears.

He stood there long, watching the rising star, his lips moving in silent prayer. And when the shadows began to gather faster, and still the sobbing continued within, he took a step towards the gate and rapped gently. He heard a few indistinct words, and then Paquita reeled out of the field, giving him the borrowed keys with a mechanical "*gracias.*" The sexton followed her with his eyes until she was lost in the gloom; then he turned around and locked the gate, leaving the suicides at rest with their crabs and their foulness!

J. PADIN, '07.

Tarmur-Zal in Exile

I

Far shine thy towered walls,
 Alzamará!
O'er them the sunset falls,
 Alzamará!
Soft through the desert heat
Up to my wild retreat
Floateth thy murmur sweet,
 Alzamará!

III

Sweet is thy name to me,
 Alzamará;
Bitter thy name to me,
 Alzamará!
Why should I languish here?
Why should the desert drear
Shield him to thee once dear,
 Alzamará?

V

They were most false to thee,
 Alzamará,
They who robbed thee of me,
 Alzamará;
Crafty, they swayed thy mood,
Then, their power at the flood,
Cruel, they spilled thy blood,
 Alzamará!

II

Nurse of my infant years,
 Alzamará,
Birth of my age's tears,
 Alzamará,
Once in thy toil and care,
Once in thy pleasures fair,
Once in thy hopes I'd share,
 Alzamará!

IV

Ah, thou wert not to blame,
 Alzamará;
My grief has caused thy shame,
 Alzamará;
Thou knowest I prized thy worth
Far beyond all on earth—
My loss thy dearest dearth,
 Alzamará!

VI

And when in days to come,
 Alzamará,
Thy tyrants shall be dumb,
 Alzamará,
Oft shall thy bards relate,
Oft shall thy infants prate
Of him who made thee great,
 Alzamará!

—Howard Burt, '08.

PROGRESS AND CRITICISM



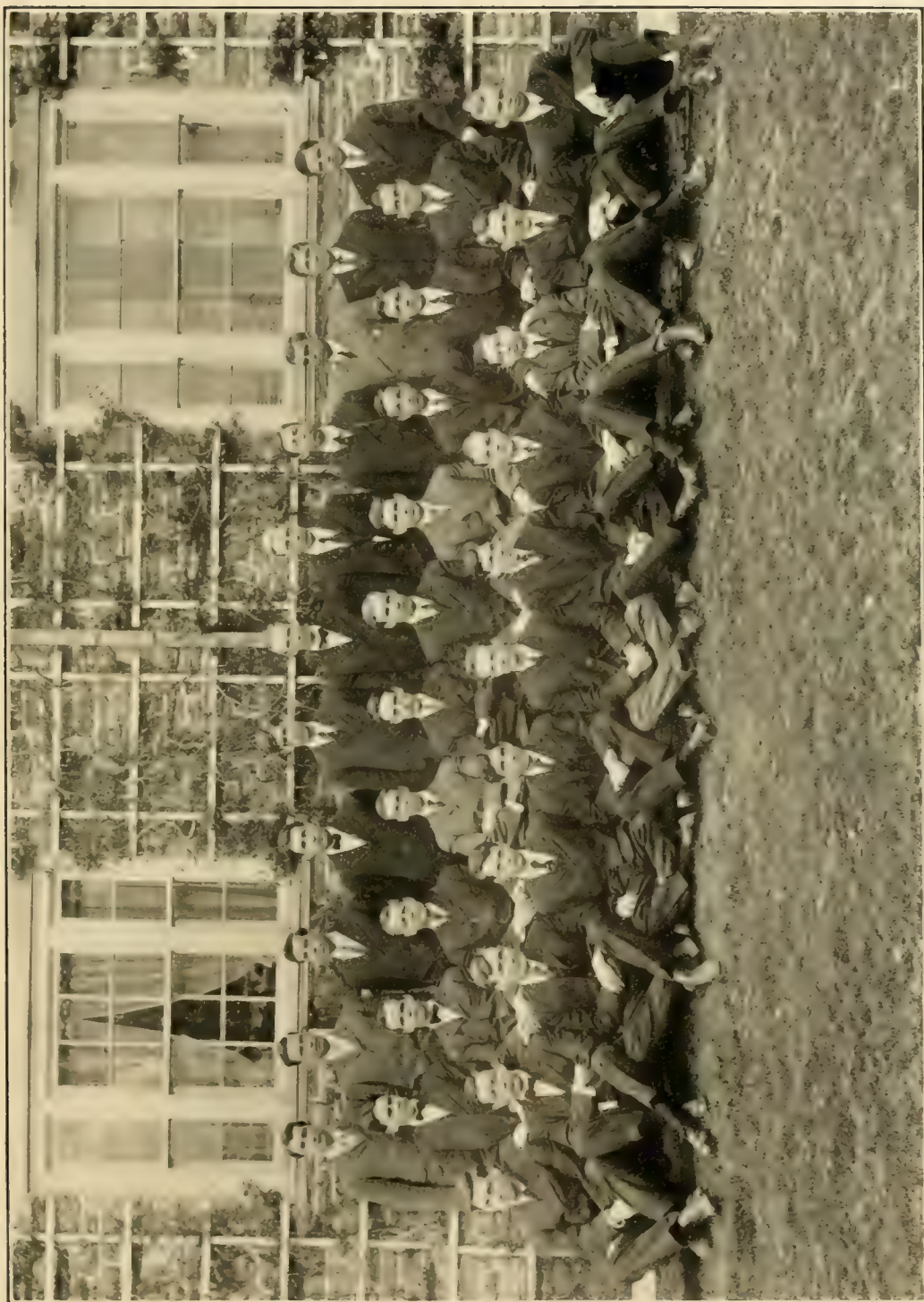
OMEONE has said that criticism is the act of talking about one's self apropos of somebody else. This definition is true in a shallow sense. Truer would it have been to substitute "appreciation" for "criticism." It has become most wearily platitudinous to say that one may only get out of an operation or art work what one puts in either. It is an excellent test of how far you are hermetically sealed to listen to a passage of fine music and discover whether there are recesses within you to yield echoes for what it utters. Deep answers deep. But appreciation, alone, is not criticism. Neither is "the wandering of a soul among masterpieces," beautiful as it is, a good definition. For criticism must be not a wandering, but a building on a sure foundation, with the eternities as a basis. The critic may bow down, he must never get dizzy.

The critic is the lion in the way for the betrayers of the soul. In this world there are many depressions and snares. The most alluring and many-faced is the art-snare. Masquerading in the guise of all that is most helpful to our developmental welfare, there passes before the eyes of the yearning this miscellany of works called art. Some are careful to be gorgeous on the exterior, concealing the inward emptiness as carefully as possible from the searching critic's eye, whose duty it is to pick out from the passing procession the humble lyric that rings true, the picture that has genuine inspiration, and the symphony that has a soul.

If that critic can discern whether these art works in review are merely death-masks or whether they vibrate with new life, elevating the level of our souls, of the age's soul, and if he can foresee that each piece has capabilities of producing a fuller existence or only contains causes for a duller stagnation, then he is a great and true critic, and is helping on the world's progress and God's plan.

For the uplift of the soul is a foretaste of the unsearchable sequence of life. Life was in the beginning; in that beginning, of which there is no end. To life we owe our being alive. We are all most interested in life. The life evermore is man's hope and refuge in the weary moments of this vale of tears. The slow revolving years have caused, with the evolution of man, the evolution of a heaven. A new step has been taken, for did not just the last generation believe in an eighteen karat heaven, when there was an eternal song-service with harp accompaniment? To-day progress is the word. Men used to live an anticipationless existence on earth; to-day they cannot be content with an anticipationless hereafter. Rest is well, but not stagnation in a tinkling caravanserai. "In my Father's house are many mansions," but they are merely resting places for higher, more extended flights of the soul. The manner is hidden from us, and it is well, for we can be sufficiently occupied with our earthly development, if we will. Our guiding will be most perfectly done, we will be preparing best for Heaven if we keep two hands on the plow and but one eye on the stars.

Our concern is with this life; materially



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in small part, as a foundation for the best; socially in part, as a means to the best; spiritually in great part, as a reception of the best. But we must have a glimpse of the promised land, the to-be-attained goal. We must have ideals. Furthermore, these ideals must be continually nourished. That which inspires ourselves with feelings dynamic and emotions vibrant with tenderness to a higher realm of being and doing, will nourish these ideals. High art fulfills these conditions. Thus, we see the critic, who is picking out, selecting the high art from the low art, and the no art at all is performing

the highest functions of man. He is moulding the impulses that launch our souls on higher levels. He is prodding progress. Only the artist is greater than he. The artist creates progress.

But the critic has the final word. It is for him to say whether the progress is real progress or a retrogression. It is for him to say whether the creation of the artist makes the world happier, wiser and better than it found it. Then may the soul that is seeking the higher level number that creation in his environment, remembering that every time he looks at it in that moment and forever he *is* more.

T. MORRIS LONGSTRETH, '08.

Sonnet

Oft have I wandered by the changeful sea,
 And oft have heard the voices of the deep,
 Borne o'er the waves, a wondrous harmony,
 The endless song of those who never sleep.
 Attired in rainbow robes, the blithsome throng
 Sport merrily upon the glistening foam,
 And with gay laughter sing their joyous song.
 Forever o'er the sunlit sea they roam.
 When giant waves traverse the angry main,
 A sadder, gloomier host, in garments gray,
 With faces pale and eyes aglow with pain,
 Chanting their doleful song, speed o'er the spray.
 But always from the ever-changing sea,
 Comes to my ears a wondrous harmony.

—James Whitall, '10.

Faculty Department

If the health of his family permits, President Sharpless will spend his vacation in Canada.

Professor Baker expects to be in various parts of New England during the summer.

Professor Barrett will go to Asquam Lake, in the White Mountain region, for the summer.

Mr. Rittenhouse will spend the summer in Brooklyn, primarily making a study of the power plants in that city and New York.

Professor Thomas expects to remain on the college grounds for the summer and devote himself to the completion of his "English History for Schools" to be published by D. C. Heath & Co.

Professor Comfort read a paper at the annual meeting of the Association of Private Secondary Schools of Pennsylvania on "The Teaching of French in the Schools, From the Standpoint of the College Instructor."

Professor Pratt will be at Cold Spring Harbor, Long Island, for six weeks following Commencement, teaching and working in zoology. In the latter part of August he expects to attend the International Zoological Congress in Boston.

Professor Mustard was one of the speakers at a recent dinner of the Phi Beta Kappa Society of the Johns Hopkins

University. He expects to spend the summer in Canada and go to Baltimore in the autumn.

Professor Gummere's book, "The Popular Ballads," was published May 15th, by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. It is the initial volume of a series, edited by Professor W. A. Neilson, of Harvard, known as "Types of English Literature." Professor Gummere will spend the summer partly at Haverford and partly in New England.

Professor Jones is to deliver the Commencement address at Earlham College on June 11th. He will attend the Bryn Mawr Summer School immediately after Commencement at Haverford, and deliver three lectures at this summer school on Mysticism. He expects to attend the New England Yearly Meeting, and following that, Canada Yearly Meeting, at both of which he will give addresses. He expects to spend the rest of the summer at home, working on a History of Mysticism.

Everyone interested in Haverford regrets that Professor Brown and Professor Mustard have decided to sever their connection with the college at the close of the present academic year. They gave a farewell dinner to the members of faculty, at the Merion Club, on the evening of May 28th.

Alumni Department

By invitation of Mr. William A. Blair, of Winston-Salem, N. C., Haverford graduates in North Carolina dined at his house on April 26th.

The table was tastefully decorated with the college colors and emblems, while miniature cricket bats at each place indicated the seating order. Mr. Blair pre-

sided at the festive gathering and called upon each of those present for a speech. Dr. W. W. Comfort represented the college and spoke of the recent changes at Haverford, of the plans and hopes for future development and usefulness. All those present spoke with enthusiasm of their college days and of their admiration for the work that Haverford is doing. The sentiment was expressed by all that an organization of Haverfordians in North Carolina and Southern Virginia should be formed, so that such reunions as the present one might more easily be held in the future. Letters were read from many who were unable to be present but who urged such action.

Agreeably to this desire, the following gentlemen were elected to form a permanent organization: President, W. A. Blair, '81; Secretary, R. N. Wilson, '98; Executive Committee, L. L. Hobbs, '76; D. H. Blair, '91, S. P. Ravenell, '89, E. N. Snipes, '04.

The following attended the dinner: L. L. Hobbs, '76, C. P. Frazier, '78, G. P. White, '78, W. A. Blair, '81, T. Newlin, '85, D. H. Blair, '91, W. W. Comfort, '94, O. E. Mendenhall, '97, S. H. Hodgkin, '98, R. N. Wilson, '98, O. P. Moffit, '98, W. E. Blair, '99, H. H. Lowry, '99, W. G. Lindsay, '06.

On Saturday evening, April 27th, 1907, the Haverford Society of Maryland held its second annual dinner at the Hotel Rennert, Baltimore.

Professor Marshall Elliot, the President, as toastmaster, introduced President Sharpless, the guest of the evening, who spoke upon "Haverford as it is, and what we want it to be." Mr. John R. Ford, who had been invited to represent the Princeton Association, followed with an address upon "Things in general at Princeton," remarking especially upon the recently established tutorial system. Addresses were also made by

Mr. Miles White, Prof. Allen C. Thomas and Mr. George C. Pierce.

The secretary then made his report, and the following ticket for officers was unanimously elected: President, Dr. Randolph Winslow; Vice-President, Francis A. White; Secretary-Treasurer, Dr. W. R. Dunton; Executive Committee, Miles White and Thomas S. Janney. Following the election the meeting adjourned.

Those present: President Sharpless, John C. Thomas, '61, Prof. Allen C. Thomas, '65, Prof. Marshall Elliott, '66, R. Henry Holme, '67, Prof. Henry Wood, '69, Charles Y. Thomas, '71, Miles White, Jr., '75, Francis A. White, '84, John Janney, '87, Dr. W. R. Dunton, Jr., '89, T. S. Janney, '90, W. W. Handy, '91, J. Leiper Winslow, '01, S. M. Whiteley, '02, George Pierce, '03, Kent Worthington, '04.

The Pittsburg Branch of the Alumni Association omitted their annual banquet this year, owing to the number of Haverford men, who have left the vicinity; but this omission will not be made permanent.

'73. James C. Comfort was married to Miss Martha Mellor, of Germantown, on June 4th.

'92. Christian Brinton has a finely illustrated article on "Herzog's Decorative Photographs" in *The Century* for May.

'96. Mark Brooke was married to Miss Anna Sturges at Scranton, Pa., on June 11th.

'97. Edward Thomas has an illustrated article on "Levens Hall, an Old English Garden," in *House and Garden* for May; also, a paper on "The Rise of the Waldenses" in *The Friends' Quarterly Examiner* for April.

'98. The engagement is announced of Richard D. Wood to Miss Louisa Lawrence Schroeder, of New York.

'03. O. E. Duerr has resigned his position with the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company

'04. Bernard Lester was recently elected a Junior member of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers.

'05. The engagement is announced of Lindley Smyth, Jr., to Miss Florence Newcomb Danforth, of Louisville, Ky.

'05. Harry G. Cox is teaching at Patillas, Porto Rico.

'05. Charles A. Alexander is with the Cambria Steel Company, Johnstown, Pa.

'05. B. H. Cates is with the Boston Woven Hose and Rubber Co., Cambridge, Mass.

'05. A. O. Andrews is teaching English at Earlham College, Indiana.

'05. Elias Ritts is in the banking business at Butler, Pa.

'05. Sydney M. Boher is a member of the firm of Boher and Phillips, furniture manufacturers, Shippensburg, Pa.

'05. Herman K. Stein is with the New

England District Office of the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Co.

'05. Charles S. Lee, E. Converse Pierce, and Benjamin Eshleman are employed at the Baldwin Locomotive Wks.

Ex-'05. Ralph G. Libby was recently made a member of the firm of J. R. Libby Co.

'06. Henry Warrington Doughten, Jr., played the part of Samuel, as a member of the caste of the "Pirates of Penzance," presented by the Savoy Company in May. Francis B. Morris was in the chorus.

'06. William Kennard, Jr., is to be married in June, after which he intends to go abroad for the summer and then take up his residence in Moorestown, N. J.

'06. James Monroe has been elected an Associate Editor of *The Cornelian*, at Cornell University.

'06. Frank G. Sheldon is in the employ of the Western Lumber Company, at Newton Falls, N. Y., in the northern Adirondack region.

College Department

THE JUNIOR PLAY

The Class of 1908 gave its Junior Play, "773 H," in Roberts Hall, Friday evening, the 17th. To gain an idea of the significance of the title, the reader must stand on his head, when the meaning of it will suddenly appear.

"773 H" is a comic opera in two scenes. The curtain rises upon an ordinary college class-room scene; the venerable and voluminous professor enters, sits at his desk, and, awaiting the arrival of his class, reads a morning paper. Between his soliloquy and the news items which he reads aloud, the various professors, col-

lege customs, and doings in general are "taken off" in the usual good natured manner. Then the class enters, the professor grows eloquent, the class more and more turbulent, until Pluto himself grows angry at the clamor which presumably penetrates even to his subterranean kingdom, and sends an imperial imp to conduct them, through a spell of slumber and darkness, to the realms below. The curtain rises again, upon one of the innumerable galleries of Hades, glowing dim and ghastly in red light. The Haverfordians are gratified to find that Bryn Mawr is not without representatives in

the underworld. Two accomplished and beautiful maidens wander in among them, having come to escape the tyranny of President Thomas. Between the remarkable acrobatic stunts of one of them, and the melodious voice of the other, the entire Haverford delegation, including the staid professor, is carried off its feet. Confusion reigns. Cerberus enters to frighten the love makers, but his efforts are wasted. Proserpina, grown tired of Pluto, comes into the general chaos and flirts with the "Officer of the Board of Hellth." Two highly efficient devils ply their pitchforks industriously amid the throng, but failing to produce any particular result, call in some other fellow-devils and join in dance and song for the benefit of their erstwhile victims. Pluto in an impassioned speech curses the culinary department of his palace and threatens to eat everyone alive, but thinking better of it, rides cheerfully in on the back of Cerberus, to form the centrepiece of the grand finale.

The play as a whole, was clever in plot and execution, especially Browning Clement as the Professor, Frederick O. Musser as the Senior from Bryn Mawr, and James Carey Thomas, as Pluto, did highly commendable acting. The play will be given again in the Casino of the Merion Cricket Club, the evening of May 31st.

On May 7th, William Bell, a Haverford graduate of the Class of 1900, gave an interesting talk to the students on Municipal Problems, especially as reflected in the government of Atlantic City. Mr. Bell is now legal adviser to the Mayor of Atlantic City, and has had ample experience in the practical side of local government. Atlantic City, too, owing to its metropolitan character, reflects peculiarly well the characteristic problems of municipal government.

The machinery for government in Atlantic City, as in most cities, consists of a Mayor and City Council, and the point which Mr. Bell emphasized particularly was the division of responsibility in the latter. The Council consists of an alderman and four councilmen from each ward, and possesses legislative and executive functions. Any particular duties are usually assigned to a committee of three, each alderman being a chairman. There are sixteen committees, which hopelessly divides the responsibility, and the size of the council makes the progress of administrative work very slow. Large committees should be confined to legislative work. This division of responsibility makes the whole government likely to be conducted loosely.

Mr. Bell also suggested that there are too many elective offices in most city governments: as far as possible it should be made a choice by the people between a very few men.

Mr. Bell also gave a very interesting account of the various problems he has had to combat while at Atlantic City. The authorities there are trying to cut down all unnecessary expenditure, and devote all the income to constructive work: bettering and beautifying the city.

The Glee and Mandolin Clubs gave a concert at Moorestown, May 1st, 1907, and one at the Frankford Asylum on May 3rd. The attendance was good at both of them, and contributed much to the financial success of the season.

In the Everett Medal speaking contest, Lutz, '09, won first place, Loewenstein, second. The Class of 1910 received the decision as a class, the judges feeling that its inferiority in form was counterbalanced by the superiority of the thought developed.

Room choosing for the coming college year is completed. The Seniors are divided between Merion and Lloyd. A few of the Juniors have gone to Lloyd, the rest being divided almost evenly between Merion, Barclay and Founders. The Sophomores are grouped almost entirely on the second and third floors of the north end of Barclay.

Many improvements are to be made in Founders during the vacation. Rooms are to be remodeled, toilet facilities increased, and the condition of the hall generally bettered.

A resumé of the college year is productive of perhaps more than ordinary satisfaction. The season has been unusually successful throughout the athletic departments, particularly in track and football. The Y. M. C. A. has enlarged its sphere of activity with gratifying results. Improvements have been carried on upon the grounds and buildings, and the college promises to open the coming year in a state of better all-round equipment than ever before.

On the evening of Friday, May 24th, at 8.00 o'clock, the annual contest for the Alumni Medal in Composition and Oratory took place. Mr. Parker S. Williams presided, and the judges were Messrs. Philip Godley, Frederick Strawbridge and William H. Futrell. The speakers and their subjects were:

R. A. Ricks, '07.....The Cry of the Children
J. C. Thomas, '08.....The Incarnation of Man

C. K. Drinker, '08.....The New American
I. J. Dodge, '07.....Nature and Civilization
J. P. Elkinton, '08.....

The Task of the True Reformer
R. C. Lindsay, '07

The Senator from South Carolina

After considerable debate, the judges decided to award the medal to I. J. Dodge, '07, and honorable mention to J. C. Thomas, '08.

Thursday, June 13th, will be Class Day. The following program has been arranged:

6.00 P. M.....Gymnasium Steps
Singing by the Class.

6.30 P. M.,.....The Quadrangle
Supper.

8.00 P. M.....Roberts Hall
Presentations.

Award of the Spoon.

Promenade Concert on the Campus.

Friday, June 14th, will be Commencement Day. The program for the day is as follows:

A. M.

11.00—I. Commencement Exercises in Roberts' Hall.

1. Introductory Remarks, by President Sharpless.

2. Announcement of Honors and Prizes.

3. Conferring of Degrees.

4. Address to the Graduates, by Ernest W. Brown, Sc.D., F.R.S.

II. Presentation of Cricket Prizes in front of Founders' Hall.

P. M.

2.30—III. Cricket and Base Ball Games.

5.30—IV. Alumni Business Meeting in Roberts' Hall.



Athletic Department

WESLEYAN TRACK MEET

The Haverford Track Team defeated Wesleyan in a dual meet on Walton Field, May 4th, by the score of 70½ to 41½. In spite of a strong wind, which made record-running difficult, the races came off with the snap that characterizes an important meet.

Palmer was the star, winning first place in three events, and breaking the college record in the quarter-mile by nearly a second. Jones was the mainstay of the weight events and Leonard, with a vault of 10 feet 4 inches, broke the pole vault record formerly held by Bushnell.

The score:

120-Yard Hurdles—First, Bacon, W.; second, Bushnell, H. Time, 17 seconds.

Half-mile—First, Gray, W.; second, Langsdorf, H. Time, 2 minutes 7 1-5 seconds.

100-Yard Dash—First, Palmer, H.; second, Bacon, W. Time, 11 2-5 seconds.

Two-mile—First, Williams, H.; second, Morris, H. Time, 11 minutes 3 4-5 seconds.

220-Yard Dash—First, Palmer, H.; second, McCormick, W. Time, 24 seconds.

220-Yard Hurdles—First, Kent, W.; second, Shultz, H. Time, 28 3-5 seconds.

Mile—First, Baker, H.; second, Tatnall, H. Time, 4 minutes 54 1-5 seconds.

Quarter-mile—First, Palmer, H.; second, Bacon, W. Time, 52 3-5 seconds.

High Jump—First, Bard, H.; second, tie between Kent, W., and Cary, H. Height, 5 feet 1½ inches.

Pole-vault—First, Leonard, H.; second, Bushnell, H. Height, 10 feet 4 inches.

Broad Jump—First, Finley, W.; second, Kent, W. Distance, 20 feet 2½ inches.

Discus-throw—First, Jones, H.; second, Woodhead, W. Distance, 96 feet 2 inches.

Shot-put—First, Jones, H.; second, Bird-sall, H. Distance, 36 feet 1 inch.

Hammer-throw—First, North, W.; second, Jones, H. Distance, 115 feet 10½ inches.

HAVERFORD DOWNS LEHIGH

In a dual track meet held on Walton Field, May 8th, the Haverford team defeated Lehigh by the score of 64 to 40. Two college records were broken. Baker ran the mile in beautiful shape in 4 minutes 35 seconds, and Leonard broke his record of the Wesleyan Meet in the pole vault by 1½ inches. Palmer ran in his usual form, winning the 220-yard and 100-yard dashes and quarter-mile run, equaling the college record in the 100 yards.

Jones and Bard also were good point winners.

The score:

100-Yard Dash—First, Palmer, H.; second, McNally, L. Time, 10 2-5 seconds.

120-Yard Hurdles—First, Aman, L.; second, Bard, H. Time, 16 4-5 seconds.

440-Yard Dash—First, Palmer, H.; second, Langsdorf, H. Time, 54 1-5 seconds.

Mile—First, Baker, H.; second, McQueen, L. Time, 4 minutes 35 seconds.

Two Mile—First, Morris, H.; second, Williams, H. Time, 10 minutes 48 seconds.

Half-mile—First, Langsdorf, H.; second, Smith, L. Time, 2 minutes 6 seconds.

220-Yard Hurdles—First, Aman, L.; second, Shultz, H. Time, 29 seconds.

220-Yard Dash—First, Palmer, H.; second, McNally, L. Time, 23 2-5 seconds.

High-jump—First, Reilly, L.; second, Bard, H. Height, 5 feet 4½ inches.

Pole-vault—First, Leonard, H.; second, Bushnell, H. Height, 10 feet 5½ inches.

Broad Jump—First, Desh, L.; second, Smith, L. Distance, 20 feet 8 inches.

Shot-put—First, Sehridan, L.; second, Jones, H. Distance, 38 feet 9 inches.

Hammer-throw—First, Jones, H.; second, Ramsey, H. Distance, 118 feet 8 inches.

HAVERFORD VS. NEW YORK.

At New York, May 18th, the track team of New York University suffered defeat at the hands of Haverford. By the good work of Jones, Langsdorf and Palmer, the visitors ran up a score of 61 to their opponent's 51. Sullivan, N. Y. U., was the biggest individual scorer of the meet, winning 3 first places and one second.

The events were as follows:

120-Yard Hurdles—First, Sullivan, N. Y. U.; second, Bushnell, H. Time 16 4-5 seconds.

Half-mile—First, Roberts, H.; second, Langsdorf, H. Time, 2 minutes 8 seconds.

100-Yard Dash—First, Sullivan, N. Y. U.; second, Palmer, H. Time 10 1-5 seconds.

Mile—First, Baker, H.; second, Davenport, N. Y. U. Time, 4 minutes 47 seconds.

220-Yard Hurdles—First, Johnson, N. Y. U.; second, Brown, N. Y. U. Time, 28 1-5 seconds.

220-Yard Dash—First, Palmer, H.; second, Sullivan N. Y. U. Time, 23 seconds.

Two-mile—First, Williams, H. (on a foul); second, Smith, N. Y. U. Time, 10 minutes 53 seconds.

440-Yard Dash—First, Langdorf, H.; second, Palmer, H. Time—52 4-5 seconds.

High Jump—First, Perry, N. Y. U.; second, Bard, H. Height, 5 feet 5 inches.

Pole-vault—First, Bard, H.; second, Leonard, H. Height, 10 feet 6½ inches.

Shot-put—First, Jones, H.; second, Schwartz, N. Y. U. Distance, 35 feet 7 inches.

Discus-throw—First, Sullivan, N. Y. U.; second, Jones, H. Distance, 100 feet, 5 inches.

Hammer-throw—First, Jones, H.; second, Brown, N. Y. U. Distance, 120 feet 1 inch.

Broad Jump—First, Butler, N. Y. U.; second, Jones, H. Distance, 20 feet 5½ inches.

The track team can look back on the season, which is about to close, as one of the most successful in the history of the college. They have won all their meets this season with little difficulty, and it only remains to be seen whether our representatives at the Intercollegiates will keep the record unsullied. The Freshmen have exhibited unusually good form,

and the success of the team is largely due to their efforts. This has been an exceptional year for record-breaking. Bard, '09, now holds the pole-vault record of 10 feet 9½ inches. Palmer, '10, holds the record in the 100-yard and 440-yard dashes and has equalled it in the 220-yard dash, while Baker, '10, has broken the college record in the mile run by 8 seconds.

CRICKET

FIRST ELEVEN VS. FRANKFORD.

The first eleven opened their season on April 27th by playing a draw game with Frankford at Haverford. The visiting eleven made 80 runs to the college team's 57 for eight wickets. Garrett, of Frankford made top score with 22. Gummere and Furness handled the bat best for Haverford, each of them making 14 runs, the latter not out. Singer, Frankford, had the best bowling average, 4.0, although Godley, Haverford, obtained more wickets.

The score:

Frankford.

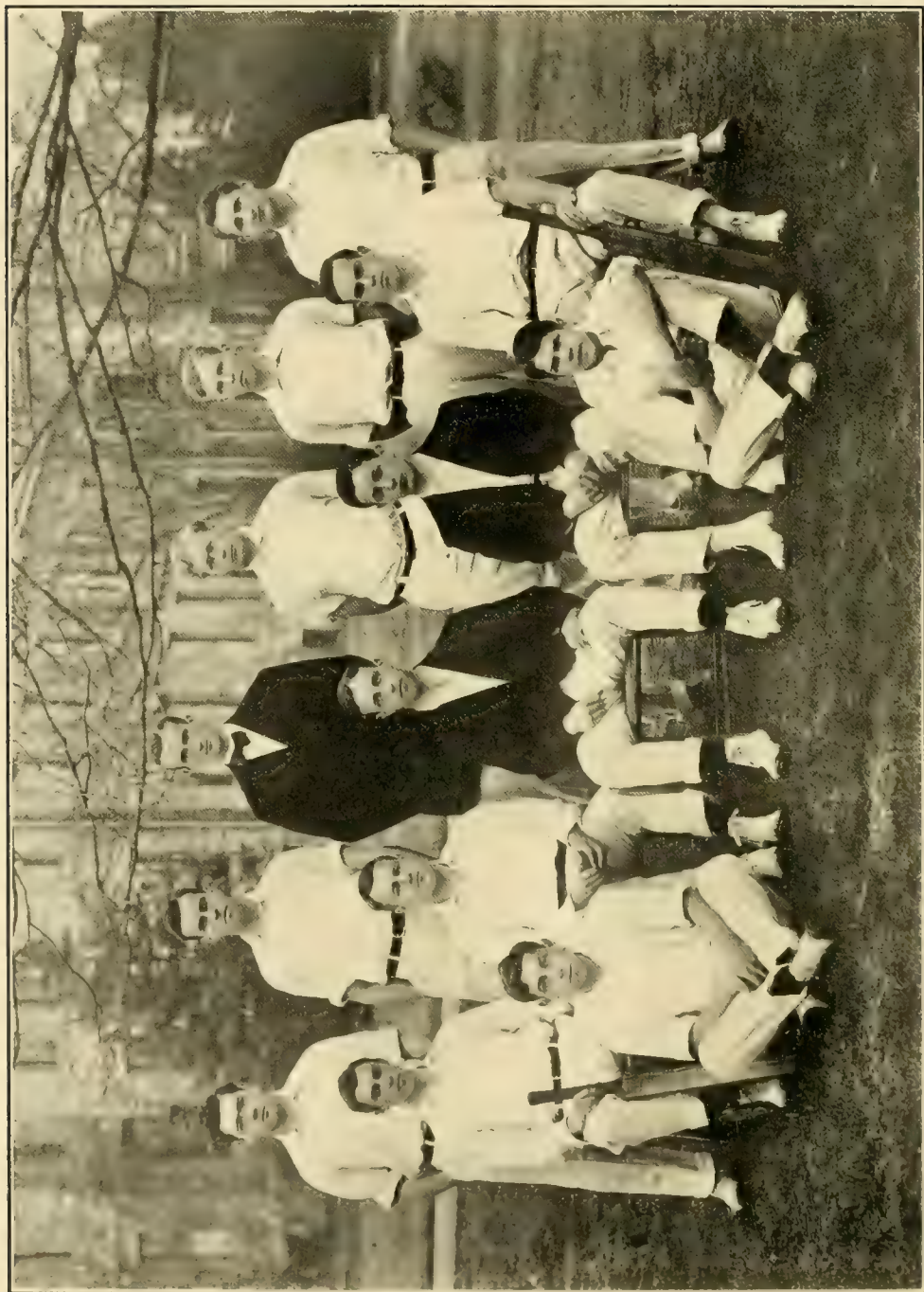
Foulkrod, run out	4
Dawson, l. b. w. Godley	6
Pacey, c. Edwards, b. Godley	10
Potts, c. Hutton, b. A. Brown.....	0
Garrett, run out	22
R. Hilles, b. A. Brown	2
Hansell, b. A. Brown	15
A. Hilles, Jr., c. Furness, b. A. Brown....	7
Singer, not out	5
Winter, c. Evans, b. Godley.....	1
Fellows, b. Godley	1
Extras	7
Total	80

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	O.	M.	R.	W.	Av.
A. Brown	23	4	41	4	10.25
Godley	17	7	19	4	4.75
Clement	6	1	14	0	

Haverford.

Godley, b. Pacey	11
Magill, run out	4
Evans, b. Pacey	7
Furness, not out	14



CRICKET TEAM, 1907

C. Brown, st. Winter, b. Pacey	0
E. A. Edwards, b. Pacey	0
Hutton, b. Pacey	1
Gummere, run out	14
A. Brown, b. Singer	0
Sharpless not out	3
Clement, did not bat	
Extras	3
Total (8 wickets)	57

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	O.	M.	R.	W.	Av.
Pacey	16	2	23	5	4.6
Potts	7	1	14	0	
Fellows	4	1	11	0	
Singer	5	2	4	1	4.0

FIRST ELEVEN VS. GERMANTOWN.

The first eleven suffered their first defeat of the season at the hands of Germantown at Manheim, May 11th, by the score of 113 to 63. Bohlen, with 25, and G. White, with 17, batted best for Germantown, while Godley, with 19, was the Haverford eleven's top-scorer. Godley and Edwards showed up well in the field, each making two good catches. A. Brown and Godley attended to the Germantown wickets, each of them getting a bowling average of 11 and a fraction. For the home team Green and Middleton excelled with the ball.

The score:

Germantown.

F. White, c. Edwards, b. Godley	14
Bohlen, c. Godley, b. Brown	25
O'Neill, c. and b. Godley	0
Henry, c. Edwards, b. Brown	10
Jordan, l. b. w. Brown	0
Freland, b. Godley	9
Newhall, run out	2
Middleton, b. Haines	16
G. White, c. Gummere, b. Godley	17
Green, not out	7
Extras	13
Total	113

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	O.	M.	R.	W.	Av.
A. Brown	15	2	34	3	11.3
Godley	14	4	46	4	11.5
Clement	4	0	9	0	
Haines	4	0	11	1	11.0

Haverford.

Godley, b. Green	19
Furness, l. b. w. O'Neill	2
Magill, l. b. w. Clark	3
Evans, st. Jordan, b. O'Neill	6
Gummere, c. O'Neill, b. Green	3
Sharpless, b. Green	0
C. Brown, not out	12
E. A. Edwards, b. Green	9
Haines, b. Green	2
A. Brown, b. Middleton	0
Clement, b. Green	3
Extras	6
Total	63

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	O.	M.	R.	W.	Av.
O'Neill	11	1	24	2	12.
Clark	6	1	19	1	19.
Green	8	3	12	6	2.
Middleton	4	0	6	1	6.

FIRST ELEVEN VS. MOORESTOWN.

The first eleven played a drawn game with Moorestown on Cope Field, Haverford, May 18th. The visitors batted first and piled up a score of 158 runs. Richie with 41 runs, and Smith with 54, top score, held down their wickets for so great a part of the afternoon that when their colleagues had finished batting there was but a scant hour left for the college team's innings. Godley opened up for Haverford with Furness as his partner. The former was bowled for 9 and the latter caught for 29. When stumps were drawn Magill and Edwards were at the bat with 18 and 13 respectively.

Smith, Moorestown, reached the best bowling average, 7.66, and Clement, Haverford was second with 8.66.

The score:

Moorestown.

Guest, c. Haines, b. Brown	6
D. Richie, b. Furness	41
Doughten, c. Haines, b. Godley	2
Wood, c. and b. Brown	3
Smith, c. Magill, b. Clement	54
J. Nicholson, b. Clement	12
Stokes, c. Furness, b. Brown	12
W. Richie, b. Brown	5

Roberts, not out	4
Maule, b. Clement	1
McAllister, b. Brown	3
Extras	15
Total	158

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	O.	M.	R.	W.	Av.
A. Brown	28	5	70	5	14.
Godley	14	5	28	1	28.
Clement	12	4	26	3	8.66
Haines	1	0	6	0	
Furness	3	0	15	1	15.

Haverford.

Godley, b. Smith	9
Furness, c. Guest, b. Maule	29
Magill, not out	18
Evans, c. Guest, b. Smith	0
Gummere, b. Smith	1
Edwards, not out	13
Sharpless, C. Brown, Haines, A. Brown, Clement, did not bat	
Extras	6
Total (4 wickets)	76

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	O.	M.	R.	W.	Av.
Smith	14	4	23	3	7.66
W. Richie	5	2	11	0	
Wood	2	0	16	0	
Maule	6	2	20	1	20.

FIRST ELEVEN VS. ALUMNI.

The Alumni proved to be little trouble to the first eleven, on Cope Field, May 22d. The old scholars went to bat first and made 106 runs. The undergraduates then found small difficulty in piling up 180 for 8 wickets. Godley, Furness and Gummere retired with 66, 30 and 28 respectively. Godley and A. Brown, as usual, obtained the most wickets.

As only five Alumni appeared on the field, their team was patched up to a large extent by second eleven undergraduates.

SECOND ELEVEN DEFEATS FRANKFORD.

The Frankford summer team suffered defeat at the hands of the second eleven, at Frankford, on April 27th.

SECOND ELEVEN VS. GERMANTOWN.

The second eleven added another victory to its list, by defeating the Germantown summer eleven at Haverford, May 11th, by the score of 87 to 67.

1907 vs. 1910.

The Class of 1907 won the inter-class cricket championship for the current year by defeating the Class of 1910 by a score of 248 (6 wickets) to 54.

NOTES

The following men have been awarded cricket numerals: Warner, '07, Morton, '07, Thomas, '08, Scott, '08, Lewis, '09, Brey, '09, Cadbury, '10, Mason, '10, Baker, '10, David, '10, Judkins, '10, Haines, '10, Edwards, '10, Palmer, '10, Kerbaugh, '10, Hutton, '10, Furness, '10.

Carroll T. Brown, Captain of the foot ball team for next season, announces that all candidates for the team are to report on Walton Field on September 23d. Haines, '07, will be head coach next season.

The Freshman base ball team defeated the Blight's School nine at Westmoreland, May 22d, by the score of 7 to 5. Neither team played in good form.

The Interscholastic Track Meet, held on Walton Field, May 11, was a success. Central High won, with Episcopal second.

Cecil K. Drinker, '08, has been elected Captain of the soccer team next year. Drinker played a good game at left half back last season, and is well qualified to fill the captaincy. Clement, '08, was elected manager, and Spaeth, '09, assistant manager.

The management of next year's foot ball team has been given to C. K. Drinker, '08, who was assistant manager last season. He will be aided by Spiers, '09, and Hill, '09.

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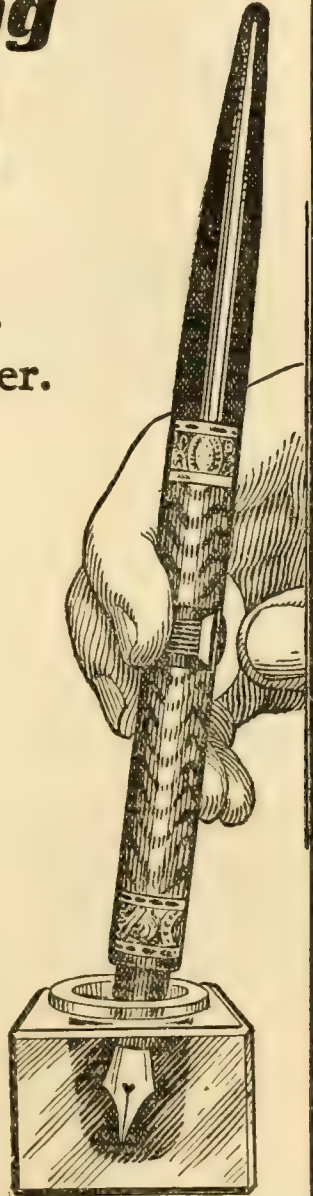
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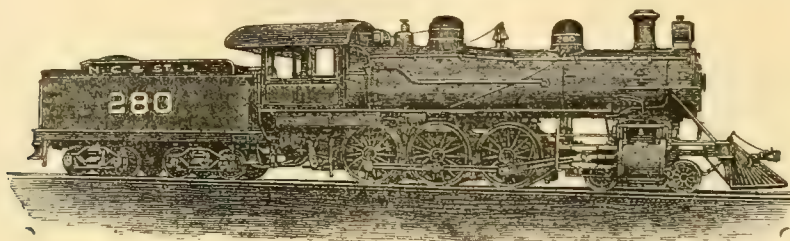
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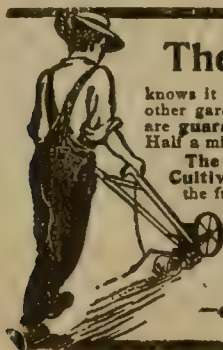
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To interest on De- posit Account....	16.61						
To Appropriation from Skating Pond	300.00						
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THE HAVERFORDIAN

WINTHROP SARGENT, JR., '08, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

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HOWARD BURTT, 1908

ALFRED LOWRY, 2D, '09

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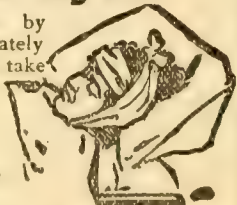
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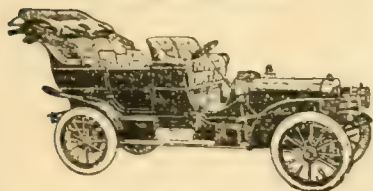
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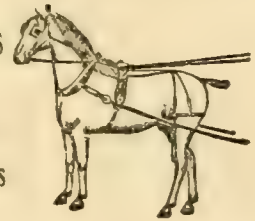
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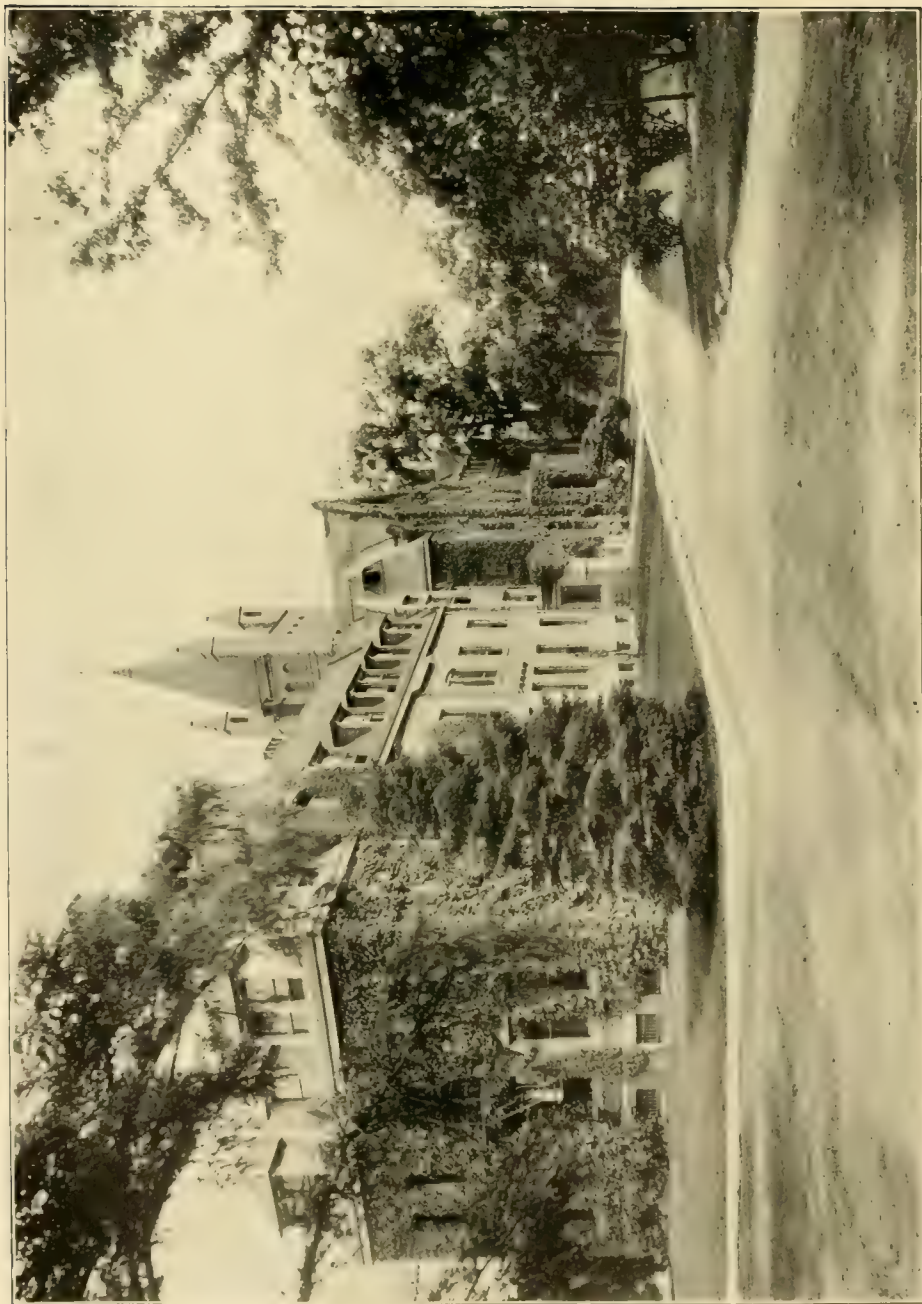
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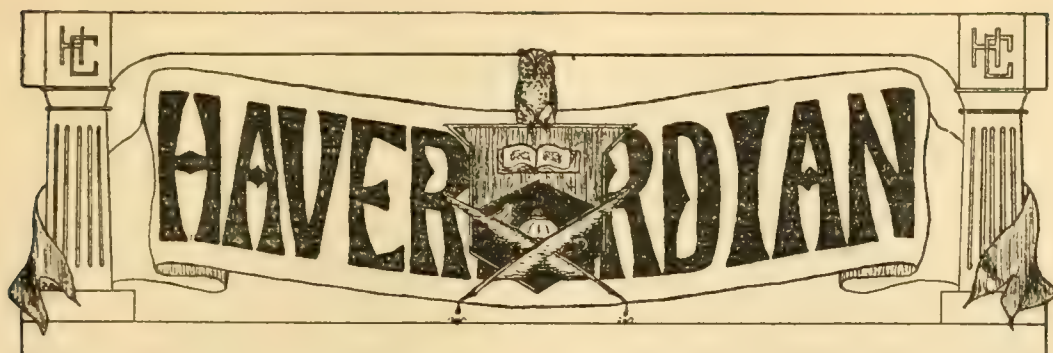
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VOL. XXIX

HAVERFORD, PA., OCTOBER, 1907

No. 5

THE beginning of a new college year makes us call attention to certain necessities under which THE HAVERFORDIAN labors. We welcome the old men back to college and we welcome the new men who have yet to become Haverfordians. We do this, among other reasons, in hope that the editors of THE HAVERFORDIAN board themselves and, hence, the readers of the paper will have something to thank them for, and that in the near future.

**The
New Year**

We understand, of course, that there are certain duties connected with the opening of college which engross the attention of the students, especially Sophomores and Freshmen. We have not, however, as can be seen by this issue, given our editors an entire leave of absence. We would like to have lessened our arduous labors were it not for the fact that the supply of good material furnished by ancient prize competitions has run short, and the influx of new material has been nil.

It was not long ago that we called attention, as strenuously as we dared, to the fact that THE HAVERFORDIAN cannot be published on nothing. We emphasized this through the kindness of certain friends of the college by establishing

prize competitions, the material from which, eked out as economically as possible, served us for the time. But this is a new year; we do not wish to use dust-covered, second-rate manuscript from the recesses of the editorial drawer; we wish to run THE HAVERFORDIAN this year on material furnished by talent that is now in the college. There are some men now in college—old men—who have never given THE HAVERFORDIAN any products of their genius; there are new men whose work we have not seen and whose ability we have not tried. Let these men, now, without delay, together with those old men who have helped us in the past, aid us in bringing out THE HAVERFORDIAN as the organ of the men now in college, as a paper that will mean something to those who read it here.

We need stories, essays, poems (verse) and editorials. If there is any other sort of composition not included let its author not be afraid to stand forth. The editors want the assistance of the college in bringing out THE HAVERFORDIAN. Let us find the slip in our office door used enough to cover the bottom of THE HAVERFORDIAN waste basket with papers from Seniors, Juniors, Sophomores and Freshmen.

THE HAVERFORDIAN has recovered its old time dignity of an office. Through the kindness of the college we now have the room in Barclay Hall, long known as

Sanctum THE HAVERFORDIAN Room.

Sanctorum This we are endeavoring to equip in such a way as to

furnish a suitable place for work on future numbers of the paper and a reading room for the editors and others who may be interested in the work. Exchanges will be kept on file in this room, where all business connected with the paper will be carried on.

We are also endeavoring, now that we have a room, to secure a complete set of all HAVERFORDIANS that have ever been published, since and including the prospectus in 1879. Our search of old closets and other places of the sort has been well rewarded. We have succeeded, among other things, in bringing to light all but two issues, July and October of 1883. We hope through the kindness of some alumnus to secure these two copies, and so have a complete set of THE HAVERFORDIAN, bound, to be kept in the office. It is unfortunate that such a set has never been kept, and it is our intention that, from this time on, each year, the volume shall be bound and added. The room is being fitted up with various relics of its former glory. We shall be very glad to receive any members of old HAVERFORDIAN boards who may chance to revisit the scenes of their labors. As yet, the conventional dust has not collected on the walls nor on the shelves of the new bookcase which we have had installed, but we hope to remedy these slight defects in time.

By such surroundings we feel sure THE HAVERFORDIAN will be greatly benefited and, and we also feel sure that the

college has done more than "given an airy nothing a local habitation and a name."

IN opening a new college year it is well for us all to turn toward the Y. M. C. A.

This organization, established many years ago in our college, is one of which we may be justly proud. Almost since the day of its founding it

Y. M. C. A.

has had more members in proportion to the size of the college than any Y. M. C. A. in the country, and the same record was true of its Northfield delegation last summer.

But numerical results are a very poor basis upon which to place the flag of success. At best they are deceptive. We would impress upon all the college that membership in the Y. M. C. A. must mean something more than the payment of a fee and the receiving of a card certifying that so and so, by virtue of his authority, declares you a member.

The Haverford Y. M. C. A. does not want paper members. It wants live ones.

With this end in view, those in charge have decided to postpone the regular work of organizing the membership list until late in the first quarter.

It is not, as was said in the first meeting, their desire to impress upon anyone that he is taking a step, such as joining a church, in entering the Y. M. C. A., but it is desired that every man who takes a membership card do so with a whole hearted interest in the body he is joining.

We advise new men to go into this branch of Haverford life sincerely and thoughtfully, and as old members, assure them of the value and help it will prove.

ALTHOUGH the subscription list of THE HAVERFORDIAN has increased during the past year, the funds which publish the magazine come in the main from the advertisers.

Advertisers

Though many people give schools and colleges advertisements for love, all do not. In order to better the paper in a literary way it is necessary to have a solid financial basis. This we can do only by giving our advertisers faith in our ability to increase their sales among our readers. Various improvements in our paper during the past year have been due to the increased trust of our advertisers in this power. Hence, in order to aid THE HAVERFORDIAN in becoming the paper it should, our advertisers should be patronized whenever possible. In certain instances the advertisers make special rates to the students of the college. The names of these advertisers and their rates will be posted on the bulletin board by the managers from whom further information may be obtained.

AT a meeting of THE HAVERFORDIAN Board held June last, James Whitall, '10, was chosen associate editor. J. D. Kenderdine, '10, was chosen assistant business manager. We

Haverfordian Elections

regret to announce that we have lost the services of Meigs O. Frost, '10, who has left college and entered business. There are vacancies in the board, which will be filled from time to time from the four classes in college as candidates show their ability. There will be several additional vacancies on the board in February, when the Senior editors will retire. In order that these vacancies may be given to men with as much ability as possible, we desire that all who have done any literary work or expect to do any literary work, should announce their intention to become candidates to the editors. Those who are interested in the business management of the paper should apply to J. D. Kenderdine or W. W. Whitson, who will gladly supply further information.

Sweet My Heart

Sweet, my heart, 'tis a dreamy day,
And hand in hand by the stream we stray;
It babbles love beneath our feet,
Dew-spattered by its silver spray.

Sweet, my heart, the stream has seen
Our foot-steps on its lip of green,
And gently wondering, kissed the spot
Where such a miracle has been.

Sweet, my heart, the snow white rose,
Where'er the stream has kissed, upgrows;
And by this chaste, pure bower of love
The envious stream sighs as it flows.

J. Carey Thomas II., '08.

NATURE AND CIVILIZATION

ALUMNI PRIZE ORATION FOR 1907



THE influence of Nature has always been a tonic to the imagination and the spirit of man. Civilization has developed as men have learned to appreciate her beauties and to utilize her forces. The heights of magnificence have been reached only when men have clothed their meagre personalities with the charms of nature; have learned to appreciate the beauties of her oceans and her mountains, to build themselves hanging gardens, to sculpture her marble into Parthenons.

Far back in the dusky past man dwelt naked in caves, living in terror of wild beasts, cowering in abject worship before the mysterious forces of nature. Sometimes his Earth Mother revealed herself to him in the hurricanes or reverberating thunders; sometimes, more benignly, in the brooks, the sunset or the sombre beauties of the world by night. Even then these different phases must have touched his spirit and he grew to see in the visible appearances about him the manifestation of his God.

Since then the material world has not changed in its beauties or in its forces. The stars shine with the same lustre they possessed when they first began to chant the music of the spheres. The lilies of the field are yet arrayed finer than Solomon in all his glory. As in the days of the Hebrew poet, the rainbow still cheers us after the storm; Nature remains the same. There is nothing temporal about her laws. For her no new forces or capacities are discovered.

But such a passive destiny does not

belong to human institutions. Civilization has grown vastly complex and materialistic. The problems man now has to solve are not those to inspire romance and imagination. No longer does he cross unknown seas or penetrate new countries. The problems of the day are connected with discoveries in electricity, the structure of ions, the equilibrium of economic conditions, and the problems of the great cities.

Philosophy has been so destructive and so materialistic that men's minds, steeped in doctrines of evolution and heredity, have grown indifferent to the vital problem of immortality which so potently influenced the world in the past.

Religion has emerged from imaginative mythology, passed through the worship of the omnipotent Jehovah, and Calvin's divine Sovereign, and is now groping in the half-light of modern thought to find a Truth reconcilable at once with our scientific data and man's innate craving for God. And yet religion is more natural than ever before, and though the achievement seems far distant we are in the process of understanding Christ's religion of Nature and Life. Like the men of the caves, we are beginning to see the manifestations of God in the visible appearances about us.

Our literature, too, reflects the materialism of the age. When a national poetry springs up in this country, we may expect a poetry of iron and steel, of railroads and electricity.

Our national civilization is growing as corporate wealth becomes more powerful

and more complex, as life is congesting in great cities, as wealth and its influence are striven for instead of the influence of culture. Nature and Civilization are separating.

That the national ideals should be in danger of deteriorating is a menace, but more immediate is the danger of overcrowding our great cities. Where is the inspiration of nature for the tenement dwellers? What is to be the tonic to the spirits of the men and women in our large municipalities, who live where dingy courts exude filth and where everything is foul with vice and decay? What shall become of the children, whose vale of life leads them through an inferno permeated with disease and loathsome squalor, and poisonous pens of sin that too often prove fatal?

I do not decry our prosperity, our power, our civilization. The processes of time are too vast to be judged by one cycle; a manifest destiny is too apparent for any abortive products of its course to cause pessimisms. But I do decry the separation from nature, when it carries with it cruel poverty and deprivation; or when it threatens to shatter our broad national ideals and attempts to substitute in their stead a low and vulgar materialism and an imperialistic love of wealth and power. Then, indeed, may we cry:

"God of our fathers, known of old;
Lord of our far-flung battle line,
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine;
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget."

I have said civilization is not static, is not passive—that each new generation adds some contribution to the heritage handed down from a long line of sha-

dowy progenitors. But through it all there has remained in man one fundamental element—his spirit. Something that made the Egyptians embalm their dead so carefully, and caused the Vikings of the North to welcome death as the crossing to Valhalla. Something that causes the eastern worshipper to throw himself beneath the wheels of the Juggernaut, and the thoughtful man of to-day to assume the "white man's burden." The spirit of man! That grasp toward something higher, which we believe is the thrill of the Divine present in every man. It is this faculty that shapes our ideals, and it is this faculty that should ever be kept in the realm of the purest and noblest, for:

"A wanderer is man from his birth.
He was born on a ship,
On the breast of the river of Time:
Brimming with wonder and joy,
He spreads out his arms to the light,
Rivets his gaze on the banks of the
stream.
As what he sees is, so have his thoughts
been.
Whether he wakes
Where the snowy mountainous pass,
Echoing the scream of the eagles,
Hems in its gorges the bed
Of the new-born, clear flowing stream;
Whether he first sees the light
Where the river in gleaming rings
Sluggishly winds through the plain;
Whether in sound of the swallowing
sea—
As is the world on the banks,
So is the mind of the man."

That is why we should have more of nature in civilization. This is why we should keep our spirits in the realm of the purest and the best. The "Return to Nature" does not mean a return to a

primitive state; it means such communion with the vastness and the unexplainable in nature as will clear and broaden our vision, will lengthen our perspective of life, and will ultimately deepen and strengthen our civilization. The process will be slow. We must begin by furnishing parks and playgrounds to the poor in the cities, and by teaching them to substitute cleanliness and fresh air for squalor and unhygienic conditions. Then they will learn that life is something more than merely a pain-racked pilgrimage from birth to death.

Some men may have to content themselves with art and literature—nature transmitted through another's mind—to furnish the inspiration for their spirit.

But wherever possible, let us seek nature in her solitudes. Let us join the company of the strongest and the greatest characters in the world's history—the men who have known the value of solitary introspection, who have felt:

"The world is too much with us late and soon.

Getting and spending we lay waste our powers.

Little we see in nature that is ours.
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon."

Who long can have doubts about immortality, as he gazes into the infinity of the sky, or standing on the edge of the ocean, sees far in the distance where the arch of the heavens seems to meet the vast waters, whose eternally throbbing waves uproll then break at his feet? Science may explain the tides, may analyze the hues of the sunset, but only something beyond can tell

"From what urns of pain and pleasure
Their pensiveness is poured."

Who can avoid facing the reality of it all when, alone in some great forest,

away from the hum and the throb of life, he stands like an intruder in the most sacred temple of nature; or at night, when the fire illumines the pillar-like trunks of the trees and flickers upon the dark green roof of the branches above, before it is lost in the darkness, a man knows better than ever before his littleness and his dependence on the world. Such introspection opens to him:

"A world above man's head to let him see
How boundless might his soul's horizon be,

How vast, yet of what clear transparency!

How it were good to live there, and breathe free."

Or, best of all, let us ascend the mountains! There we shall cry from the depths of our hearts, like the Hebrew singer, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my strength." They stand there strong, silent, everlasting! Our pulses throb and quicken. We no longer dream, and like the prophet on Horeb of old, we bare our heads in awe and put the shoes from off our feet. As we climb we absorb the strength of the rugged crags. Then, indeed, do we see the world as it is! Then, indeed, do we shape the broadest ideals; and as we return to our duties and to civilization we feel better able to face the rugged hills of Fate.

For there are hills of Fate that appear constantly in our lives. A man must not only be strong to conquer, but he must be strong to suffer for an ideal; to endure the vicarious sacrifice always required of those of highest aim and clearest vision. He must be willing to justify before the eyes of the world, his divergence from the average sensual man. Isaiah, Socrates, St. Paul, Giordano, Bruno—each has suffered for the idea he advocated.

We have learned to do away with forms of physical torture, but the rack of ridicule and contempt and the lash of misunderstanding are almost as hard for the advancing leader to bear as the earlier, cruder forms of persecution.

And too often for us, the hills of life we have to face are hills of solitude! Friends are no longer friends; not comprehending our visions, looking askance, they turn away, leaving us to solitary communion.

We need a renewed awakening to the strengthening influence of nature. We need to feel more keenly the importance of culture and æsthetic appreciation, as compared with dollars and cents. We need better to understand the condition of the poor. We must verify our national and social ideals, and purge out the dross and the sham. We need some of that mountain strength to-day. We trust too much to some divinity to shape our ends. We forget that we have wills and personalities or else we bend them into the

common moulds of habit and convention. Let us loose ourselves from the soft blanketing folds of an enervating philosophy that refers all things to heredity and environment. That says a man's religion depends upon the condition of his digestion. That men must succumb to habit or disease, because they are inherited tendencies. Is it our life to follow with the crowd? Seeing the goal, shall we be content to fall short.

These are the times we need to return to nature; when we should contemplate her beauties and her unchanging powers. The flowing tides of the ocean still rise and fall. The temples of the forest are yet grand in the silence of countless centuries. The mountains have not been moved by the transient storms, but stand there, grand and ennobling, resplendent in the light of the newly appearing sun—and all nature calls forth her message to the spirits of men. Believe and be strong.

I. J. D., '07.

Sonnet

Love, come with me across the landscap rim,
 Where all the world slides downward to the west
 And towards the ocean, where cloud galleons swim
 So slowly that the waters are at rest
 Under their very bows; while from the breast
 Of the mute, motionless sea, great islands rise
 In craggy grandeur, on whose sunlit crest
 The glory of perpetual silver lies.
 There shall the night live only in your eyes;
 There shall your hair gleam dull gold in the sun;
 There shall you listen with a sweet surprise;
 To all the deeds I could or would have done,
 Nor tremble, lest the evening come too soon;
 There in the land of endless afternoon.

J. F. Wilson, '10.

BIRDS OF A FEATHER



It is not often that I take a night off. You see, I'm rather regular in my habits. One has to be to make any success in law, unless one is a genius. I am not a genius; I just plod. I never would have studied law at all if it had not been for my aunt. My mother's sister she is, and she seemed to want me to, and I hated to disappoint her. Besides, she's the only one of our family that has any money. But I'm afraid I'll never make much success as a lawyer, for I am by nature rather shy. Sometimes I feel that I could overcome my diffidence long enough to address a jury if I were ever so fortunate as to be retained in a case; but ordinarily, I keep alone and really care very little what people are doing. However, on this particular night the "wanderlust" seized me. I wanted to get away from Hayes' "Precedents in Criminal Law," and see what the gayer, more careless, reckless people were doing. Not that I had any desire to share their fun; I just wanted to watch them fling themselves into reckless pleasure with all the daredevil abandon I have read about. Where should I find this? Well, naturally, I thought of Leeton-on-the-sea. True, it was a little late in the season and many of the elite had already returned to the city, but I had imagined I could see enough gaiety in a night to make me glad to return to Hayes.

But for the time, you know, I was glad to leave him. I remember I closed down my desk with a slam, put Hayes back on the shelf, waved my hand to him, took

a light hat and my most jaunty walking-stick and left my office fully two hours earlier than usual. Indeed, I reached Leeton-on-the-Sea shortly after seven, and the western sky was still glowing. I decided to walk while it was light and dine later. So, with the ocean on my right hand and the sky, with its fading gleam, on my left, I walked along, and watched, almost like a person from another world. And as I saw the early evening bathers, the promenaders, and heard the laughter and the jokes, it seemed to me that I was lost; and when two girls walked by and smiled, one of them waving her hand to me—well, you know, I felt as if some of my education had been sadly neglected, and to overcome my nervousness I lighted a cigar, though, as a matter of fact, I very seldom smoke before dinner.

Dinner! This was very foolish of me. Half-past seven and no dinner yet. I'd be spending Sunday in bed if I were not careful. A clock that has been steadily keeping mean solar time for twenty-four years can't be expected to keep rag-time without damaging its works. So I began to look out for a restaurant. I passed by "Bement's Coffee House." I was a little too ambitious for that. I also passed by "The Colonnade." That was a little too ambitious for me. And then, suddenly, I came opposite the "Bohemians' N. C." The front of the building was brilliantly white, and the arc-lamps flared up just as I went by, spelling out the name in fire. Well, in the first place, I didn't know what "N. C." meant. In the second place I remembered reading in a novel called "The Queen of the

Plunge," that Bohemia can only be found by Bohemians. So, for two good reasons I doubted that this gaudily-be-decked building would satisfy my inner longings to see people who never applied the brakes; but, on the other hand, it would perhaps satisfy my other inner longings for dinner; so, tossing my cigar to the waves, I passed over the inviting threshold.

I don't know much about the difference between a café and a spa. This place I entered may have had something of the nature of both. I stepped first into a large hall, resplendent with mirrors, and while I was wondering what to do, a man dressed like a circus-rider came up and calmly walked away with my hat and stick. I waited patiently for a check until I imagined I saw people smiling at me, and then I followed a man who just came in, resolved to keep him in view for a sort of pattern. He was a graceful man, lithe and active, with rather long, wavy hair and a smooth face. He and I went down the hall and through a door at the other end, into a gorgeous garden. Tables were arranged here and there under trees, and rugs and couches were scattered about in a comfortable looking way, that would have given my Aunt Cathie fits. Paper lanterns were strung from tree to tree, for it was getting darker now, and the moon and one bright planet were already visible. Low music came from somewhere, fitting a sort of harmony to the voices and laughter of the people, and there was a heavy odor of roses, though I could see no flowers, but some saffron-colored ones strewn on the paths. Men were lying comfortably in the easy chairs and on the couches, smoking cigarettes and laughing. Well-groomed men they were—and, by the way, without hats, so that I felt less uneasy about mine.

The man whom I was following walked rapidly to the far end of the garden, and then suddenly stopped, so that I almost ran into him. I felt ashamed of myself, but he turned a pair of flashing eyes on me, and said, "Monsieur le Bohemian, may I ask you to dine with us?"

He waved his hands toward a serious-looking man at a secluded table near him, and bowing and smiling, led the way. Now, I must protest that I did not intend to follow. I had a notion he wanted me to be the goat for the jokes of himself and his friend, for his eyes seemed to keep laughing and twinkling; but somehow or other his easy way seemed to brook no interference, and I followed.

"Paul," he called, and the thoughtful man stood up. "Paul, my friend, Monsieur Le Fou; Monsieur Le Fou, Monsieur Ardens," and with that he dropped gracefully into a chair, and lighted a cigarette.

"Pray, be seated, M. Le Fou," said his friend, and I sat down, wondering wherever the Frenchman got that name for me, and beginning already to wish I had not forsaken Hayes.

The Frenchman looked at our grave companion. "Well, Paul, is it that you are still sad? Come, man, brace up and—ze waiter, where is he?" and he turned and spoke many French nouns to a waiter who had glided up. Now, it seemed to me I might have been consulted when he gave the order; but I remembered the place was a "Bohemians' N. C." and I could expect little conventionality. So I said nothing, and prayed that there would be some food more substantial than those words of his sounded. But I was disappointed, for there was no food at all, the order bringing only long-necked bottles and glasses

filled with cracked ice. The Frenchman filled a glass and stood up, holding it out. Then he looked at the thoughtful man he had called M. Ardens, and turned to me with his eyes dancing. "Paul is sad," he said. "He is a lover, and so, of course, he is sad. See how he looks at ze moon!"

The lover poured himself a glass from one of the bottles and put it to his lips. The first touch of the wine seemed to change him, for his face lost its solemn aspect, and, holding the glass out like the Frenchman, he began to recite to the moon:

"Thou mistress of——"

"Hold, hold!" called the Frenchman. "Would you make a poem when I, François, am here? No; listen:

"Thou mistress cold, who rules above,
Thy phases do but show
The fickle changes in my love,
Who rules me here below!"

"There! Can you beat me? Come, try it, my frien'. You are a lover and ought to make a verse better than a spendthrift po-et. Try it!"

The lover shook his head. "I must think it out," he said, and began to scribble on a menu, keeping time with his left hand. "Let M. Le Fou make the second verse," he added.

"Yes!" François (or whatever his name was) laughed merrily, and leaped upon a chair, raising his right hand as if proclaiming silence. Indeed, several people were watching him curiously. "Yes, Monsieur Le Fou, will you make a second verse," he said, and came and took me by the shoulders.

Now, I had only tasted the wine, but somehow or other, I seemed to enter into the spirit of the thing. It was what I wanted, just careless fun-making. After

all, Aunt Cathie could never hear of it, for François did not have my name, so what difference did it make? I leaped up, too, held my glass toward the moon, and began:

"Thou moon——"

"Bravo, bravo!" called the Frenchman, clapping his hands.

I tried again: "Thou moon——"

"Ah, an encore!" Monsieur Le Fou, you can——"

"I am ready now," announced the lover, springing up and overturning his chair. François pulled me back, and the lover turned his face toward the moon and began in a merry, yet half-appealing, way:

"Thou silent mother of emotion,
Whose gentle rays e'en move the ocean,
Although it's cold and wild,
Grant me a portion of thy might
To win my love for me this night,
Take pity on thy child."

The lover, who was more serious than I thought, seemed abashed now that he had spoken, for all the men in the garden were collected around us by this time. I too drew back under the tree. Not so François. Scornfully tossing back his hair, with his eyes ablaze, he leaped upon the table and stood there gracefully.

"Bravo, my frien'," he called to the lover, "and you too, Le Fou," he said to me. "Now, let François, a namesake of the great François, let him make ze—make ze—wat you call him? Ah, yes! Ze climax, ze gran' climax:

"François, ze great, makes verses to ze moon;

Le Fou, ze moon-struck one, cannot reply;

Ze lover's lyre is naiver out of tune,

An' he can praise ze mistress of ze sky.

You' Shakespeare used to say (Ah, yes,
I know it!

We prove' to-night it cannot be re-
tract') :

'Ze lunatic, ze lover, an' ze poet

Are of imagination all compact!' "

As the Frenchman said the last two
lines he pointed first right toward me,
screaming out "ze lunatic!" then he
waved his hand graciously toward Mr.
Ardens, "ze lover," and finally he tossed
his head back, stood perfectly straight,

and touched his own breast—"ze poet—
are of imagination all compact!"

Then, bowing gracefully to me, he said,
"Adieu, Monsieur Le Fou! I ha' very
much anjoy' you. Ze waiter will pre-
sen' you wi' ze bill!" With one more
bow he leaped lightly off the table and
ran skipping and laughing merrily to the
door. I turned to Mr. Ardens, but he,
too, was gone.

I—well, I got my hat and stick back,
anyway.

W. S. ELDRIDGE, '07.

Forgetfulness

What rest to float above the toils of life;
To note with eye of triumph, flowing by,
Phantoms of things forgot, the ghosts of strife,
Each one a pain, each one an earthly cry.

Often to drift on wings to desolate lands,
Far through the darkening twilight of the past,
Where memories lurk with eager outstretched hands;
Each an unpardoned sin forgot at last.

And then, as if defying fate, to glide
Down to the dismal regions of the dead,
A willing captive of the uncertain tide,
To triumph o'er those whose hour of joy has fled.

What rest to float aloft and see that throng,
The ghosts of things forgotten long before,
Each one the token of an earthly wrong;
And gaze on them as phantoms, nothing more.

JAMES WHITALL, '10.

Two Moods

When I remark with what glad melody
The sweet birds hasten the reluctant spring,
With what complete and utter harmony
All earth doth tune her notes of welcoming.
When I drink deep of earth's delirious wine,
Vinted of sun and flower-laden air,
When all earth's pulses beat and throb to mine
And my lips smile to feel her warm lips there;
When the old gods of river, grove and plain
Arouse from slumber (for they do not die),
But linger, till their ancient shrines again,
Smoke white against the quivering azure sky;
I know that life is love, and only hate
Can steal my love, and leave me desolate.

When I observe how dear old bonds must loose
That newer ties may find some room to cling,
How dear old friendships perish from disuse,
Or live to mock their former flourishing;
When I consider the most welcome shower
Falleth accurst by them that pray for sun
That no harm is, but has some healing power
And no good is, that bears not ill to one;
Or how the fairest and the foulest weather
Turn comrades in Life's transient loss or gain,
Or joining hands with Death, work well together
To bleach men's bones in changing sun and rain;
I know that Life is *Law*, that needs not hate
To snatch my Love, and leave me desolate.

JOHN FRENCH WILSON, '10.

THE BLOOD



HE parade field in the outskirts of San Juan was singularly deserted on a certain Sunday afternoon. The place which, during the old dominion, had always been as gay as the plaza on concert nights was now as silent as the cemetery which adjoins it. Americans do not drill their battalions on consecrated days, so the grounds had ceased to be a centre of attraction for the pleasure-loving population. The old gray fort sunk in its moat in the distance, frowning as ever, seemed to partake of the gravity of the afternoon; the stars and stripes fluttered lazily from its flag-pole.

An aged couple were sitting by the walls, not far from the eastern battery. She, plainly clad in cheap cotton, with watery eyes, which looked out of a very wrinkled face, surveyed the scene wistfully, as if she would conjure up a past which the deserted field treasured. He, a parchment figure bent down by years, listened attentively to sounds which conveyed meaning only to him. The day was rapidly changing to dusk.

"Juan, how lonely it is here!" she exclaimed, after a prolonged revery.

"Like the grave, Tonia," he replied. It was difficult to determine whether he meant that for an answer, or whether it was simply one of his thoughts expressed aloud.

After a pause he spoke again.

"It is no longer as it used to be. The good old days are dead, Tonia, and we are like lost souls—we belong to the old days."

His eyes wandered to the flag yonder over the ramparts.

"But it is better for the country that the old days are no more," she said. "It is better for the young. They are happy, Juan, and they used to be very unhappy then."

"You are right, Tonia, it will be best in the end. I was glad when the Yankees came, but——"

That "but" had its own peculiarly expressive meaning, and the couple did not find it necessary to say more.

From the fort came the sound of a trumpet; then the report of a gun, and as the band of the Ballaja barracks struck up the "Star Spangled Banner," the Morro flag was pulled down slowly from its mast. The old man took off his hat respectfully, and listened with as much attention as if the priest had been raising the host. As the echoes died away, he mused. Then, half-speaking to himself, he said:

"The old flag used to wave over that pole always; they never took it down, except in rags, to put up a new one. They blew no trumpet, played no music, Tonia, I used to hate that red and gold flag."

"Yes, you used to hate it, Juan."

After a pause he continued:

"Then, one day they took it down and put up a white one. The Americans had captured the southern part of the island; Spain wanted peace. And then the white flag went down, and that one went up with music and cheers. The soldiers took ship and returned to Spain with it. I miss the old flag, Tonia. The day the Yankees landed at Guanica I was happy

and got drunk celebrating—but, Tonia, I miss the old flag.”

The short twilight gathered slowly, then night, before the old couple left the field.

II.

A month or so later, on an afternoon, a gaunt American soldier walked into the office of Reverend William Otis, the agent for the American Relief Society.

“I come to tell you,” he said, addressing the agent, “that there is an old couple living near the barracks who are in need. The old fellow is dying; hunger, I think. The neighbors are helping some, but I thought you’d better take a hand in it. They’ll never send for you; awfully sensitive about that, they are.”

It was a very long speech for a gaunt soldier, and the agent listened attentively. After a few questions he left the office accompanied by the military man.

In one of the wretched houses near the barracks, on a scissors bed, lay an old man—parchment and bones. When the soldier and the agent entered they found an old lady sitting by the side of the patient rubbing his hands. She stood, and after saluting, courteously offered the strangers the use of the hovel and all it contained, with characteristic politeness.

“My good woman,” said the agent in his peculiar Spanish. “I come to give, not to take. How is your patient?”

She pointed to the bed. At a glance the minister discovered that the soldier had diagnosed the case correctly.

“Why didn’t you send for me?” he asked reproachfully, turning to the old lady. I have often been around this neighborhood. You must have known.”

“Juan and I love the Spaniards,” she exclaimed, “and we thought that we had no right to appeal to an American.”

The agent laughed.

“My good woman,” he said, “it isn’t a crime to love the Spaniards. The society I represent does good to humanity, independent of color or race.”

It was her turn to be surprised.

“But you hate the Spaniards, you must hate those who sympathize with them. Everybody in this country hates them.”

“I am a minister of God, Madam. As for the rest I know that my countrymen, at least, do not hate very long.”

He turned to the sick man; after propping him up he gave him a cordial to drink. Juan opened his eyes and stared at his benefactor.

“How do you feel, my man?” the agent asked.

The patient shook his head.

“Shall I send for a priest?” he inquired, realizing that it was a case beyond material aid.

But again Juan shook his head. By a superhuman effort he managed to open his lips and utter the word “consul.” Rather surprised, the minister turned to the lady.

“What does he mean?” he asked. Immediately he realized that she knew, but did not care to tell.

“Can the consul, whoever he may be, do anything for him?” he demanded.

“It is too late,” she answered evasively.

“Who is this consul,” the agent persisted.

Then she broke out crying.

“Senor, you must not think bad of poor Juan. He never meant any harm. He wants the Spanish consul, to die a subject of the old flag. You see, he never knew who his father was, but his mother told him that he was the son of a Spanish soldier. Juan never hated the Americans. Indeed, he got drunk once celebrating for them, Senor, and I scolded him. He always wanted the Americans to come. If it had not been for me he

would have gone to Cuba to fight for the insurgents three years ago, but he would not leave me alone, because I am poor. And then, Senor, when you Americans came, and the Spaniards went away, he got a-longing for the old days. Two weeks ago he went to the Spanish consul and—"Oh, you must not think bad of him," she pleaded.

"Continue," begged the moved minister.

"But the consul would not listen to him. The consul told him that Spain would not recognize treacherous negroes as her subjects. You see, we are white, Juan and I, but Spaniards always called the islanders negroes, when they wished to insult us. Juan is poor, and would not be of any account to Spain, so the consul sent him away. And, Senor, that broke his heart, and there he lies now. Oh, he never meant any harm."

All three turned and gazed at the drawn face, the woman tearfully, the Americans sympathetically.

"He will soon be a subject of the best kingdom," said the minister softly.

Juan moved. Then he had one of those moments of strength and enlightenment which herald the end.

"Thank you, Senor Americano, thank you," he said; "thank you for having taken the trouble to come to visit me."

"Shall I send for a priest?" the minister hastened to ask.

"No, thank you," answered Juan. "I am right with God. I need no priest. I want the consul, but he will not come."

"Perhaps I——"

"No, he will not come," interrupted the patient. I am satisfied."

When he spoke again, he asked to be propped up in an armchair and taken to the front door. He wished to see Morro Castle before he died. With the aid of the soldier, who had stood by respectfully, the minister gently accommodated the dying man.

It was late. The gun had been fired from Morro Castle, and the band was playing the "Star Spangled Banner," and Old Glory was being pulled down slowly from its mast.

"The old flag was never taken down," said the patient.

The minister turned to the soldier with a look of inquiry, and the gaunt military man said:

"It is the blood, sir. The blood that we admired when we read Prescott and Irving at school, before the yellow journals began to publish their stories. That blood isn't half bad, sir. I found that out at the battle of El Caney, in Cuba."

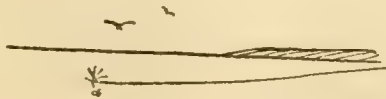
"It isn't half bad," he repeated after a pause.

As the Stars and the Stripes disappeared under the ramparts, and the last strains of the national hymn died away, Juan, by a sudden effort, stood up and cried:

"Long live——"

"Spain," put in the soldier, religiously, as the sick man choked and fell back in the chair dead.

JOSE PADIN, '07.



Faculty Department

At the time THE HAVERFORDIAN goes to press the number of students in the college stands as follows:

Graduates	4
Seniors	31
Juniors	33
Sophomores	36
Freshmen	39
<hr/>	
Total	143

It is gratifying to record that the number of men who have taken preliminary examinations to the present date is greater by one-half than ever before at a corresponding time.

At the faculty meeting held on September 26th, Dr. W. H. Jackson, Dr. R. M. Gummere, Mr. T. K. Brown, Jr., and Dr. W. M. Mitchell took their places for the first time as regular members of the faculty.

Associate Professor Jackson will give (with few alternations) the courses as formerly given by Professor E. W. Brown. Dr. R. M. Gummere takes up the work as heretofore given by Professor Mustard, with the exception that he has exchanged a Latin course with Dr. Baker for a course in Greek. Dr. Mitchell will offer a course in Astronomy and one in Surveying, giving Mr. Palmer an opportunity to offer a new course on Electric Waves and Wireless Telegraphy. Mr. Brown will have charge of all of the German heretofore given by Professor Gummere and Professor Hancock, with the exception of the Faust course, which is still retained by Professor Gummere. Some new duties relating to the cut system and the Student Employment Bureau

have been handed over to Oscar M. Chase, who has been given the new title of Registrar instead of that of Secretary of the College. Miss Helen Sharpless has been appointed Assistant Librarian, and Miss Edith A. Chandlee has been given the appointment of Secretary to the President.

John Grimes, who has been connected with the college grounds and farm for a period of twenty-five years, has severed his connection with the institution, and Herbert Barker has been installed in his place as the College Farmer.

The central part of Founder's Hall, formerly occupied by servants, has been thoroughly renovated and fitted up with pleasant rooms and a shower bath, for student quarters. With the exception of two single rooms, the arrangement is for a study and an adjoining bedroom for two men. The servants now occupy the southwestern end of Founder's Hall on the third floor.

During the summer the gymnasium, originally occupied by the Haverford Grammar School, and adjoining Merion Cottage, has been fitted up for students whose total expense for the year will be in each case \$375. These rooms are very comfortable and popular, several upper classmen having moved there from Barclay Hall. All of the dormitories of the college are now in excellent condition, with the exception of Barclay Hall. President Sharpless urges that this building is radically wrong in its arrangements and should be divided into three separate buildings, thoroughly renovated and provided with ample bathing accommodations on each floor of each section.

In his forthcoming annual report, President Sharpless will refer to a pension fund for retiring professors. It is believed that the establishment of such a fund will be one of the necessary requirements to induce those men whom Haverford most desires to retain to re-

main permanently with the college. The sum of \$6000 has already been paid into the treasury by interested friends as a nucleus of such a fund, with the one condition attaching that the income shall not be available until the fund reaches \$50,000.

Alumni Notes

A reunion of the Class of '99 was held in the dining hall, on the evening of June 12th. The following men attended: Butler, Carter, De Cou, Evans, Arthur Haines, Lycett, Maule, Mellor, Mifflin, Morris, Richie, Shipley and Wild.

During the dinner, letters and messages from several of the absent members were read and enjoyed. New officers were elected: President, F. A. Evans; Vice-President, A. C. Wild; Secretary and Treasurer, B. S. De Cou.

The reunion was very successful and the whole occasion much enjoyed.

'89. F. B. Kirkbride has been appointed, by Governor Hughes, "a Commissioner to select a site for the Eastern New York State Custodial Asylum."

'94. F. P. Ristine and F. H. Conklin, '95, trading under the name of Ristine & Conklin, have removed their offices from the Mariner and Merchants' Building to room 1003 Girard Building, Philadelphia.

'95. Dr. Joseph E. Evans, Jr., who was married last spring, is now located at 2018 Locust Street, Philadelphia.

'99. A. C. Wild is now living at The Clinton, Tenth and Clinton Streets.

'99. The Reverend Rufus Horton Jones died this summer at Biddeford, Maine, from an accident which caused a fracture of the skull. He was born in 1877, and was therefore thirty years old at his death and in the midst of a brilliant career in the ministry.

'99. A son, Alfred 2d, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Mellor, at Staunton, Va., June 8th. Mr. Mellor has been for two years in the employ of Mr. Charles F. Squibb, of New York.

'00. John T. Emlen has been elected a director of the Provident Life and Trust Company, of Philadelphia.

'00. John E. Lloyd has removed his residence from Germantown to Downingtown, Pa.; he is still with the Lloyd Lumber Company.

'00. Walter S. Hinchman, who is a master at Groton School, is building a residence into which he will move about November 1st.

'00. Dr. Horace H. Jenks finished his service at the Pennsylvania Hospital this summer and is now abroad. On his return he will open his office at 920 Clinton Street, Philadelphia.

'00. A son was born to the Rev. Dr. and Mrs. J. Kennedy Moorhouse at their home in Bristol, Pa., on September 10th.

'00. Grayson P. Murphy, 2d Lieutenant 17th Regiment Infantry, who was recently stationed at West Point as Instructor at the Military Academy, has resigned from the army. He is now in charge of the Sales Department of the Electric Cable Company, 17 Battery Place, New York.

Ex-'00. Schuyler F. Seager was married in London, England, on July 6th, to Miss Mary M. Goodell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Rufus R. Goodell. They will

be at home in Saginaw, Mich., after Jan. 1st, '08.

'01. William H. Kirkbride is in the nursery business at Clarkston, Washington, where F. W. Sharp, '01; J. W. Reeder, '02, and H. G. Jones, '02, are also located.

'01. R. H. Patton has left the Pennsylvania Railroad and gone into the wool business with Willett and Co., of Boston, whose Philadelphia office is at 135 South Front Street.

'03. E. P. West has gone into the automobile business, and has the Philadelphia agency for the Pennsylvania and Mercedes cars.

'03. Israel S. Tilney and Miss Augusta Munn, daughter of Mrs. Henry N. Munn, were married on the 5th of October, at Llewellyn Park, Orange, N. J.

'03. George Pierce graduated last spring from Johns Hopkins Medical School and is now the resident surgeon at Dr. Greenville's Hospital, St. Anthony's Bay, Newfoundland.

'04. W. P. Bonbright is in the Contract Department of the Yale & Towne Mfg. Co., No. 9 Murray Street, New York City.

'04. D. L. Burgess, after vacation walking trips in the Tyrol and the English lake district, has entered upon his third years' work as master in the Boot-ham School, York, England.

'04. G. K. Helbert is New York City salesman for the Mercer Rubber Co.

'07. W. S. Eldridge is confidential clerk to Chief of Board of Public Charities, Philadelphia.

'07. Cornell March has gone into March-Brownbach Stove Foundry, Pa.

College Department

CLASS DAY

The Class Day exercises took place on Thursday evening, June 13th. They were opened with singing on the gymnasium steps. I. J. Dodge then delivered the Ivy Oration. After a lawn supper, H. H. Shoemaker, as presenter, conducted the exercises in Robert's Hall, most wittily. The evening was closed with an address by M. H. March, Class President, presenting the Class Spoon to E. F. Jones.

COMMENCEMENT DAY

President Sharpless opened the exercises at 11.00 A. M. Ernest W. Brown delivered a farewell address, contrasting university and college educations.

Diplomas and prizes were then awarded.

The Clementine Cope Fellowship (\$500) for 1907-08—Roderick Scott.

Two Teaching Fellowships (\$300 each) for 1907-08—Thomas K. Brown, Jr., and José Padin.

The John B. Garrett Prizes (in books) for Systematic Reading during Sophomore and Junior Years:

First Prize (\$40)—Winthrop Sargent, Jr.
Second Prize (30)—Howard Burt.
Third Prize (\$20)—W. Haviland Morriss.
Fourth Prize (\$10)—Carroll T. Brown.

The Class of 1896 Prizes (in books) in Latin and Mathematics for Sophomores:

Latin (\$10)—Robert L. M. Underhill.
Mathematics (\$10)—Robert L. M. Underhill.

The Class of 1898 Prize in Chemistry (\$10 in books) for Seniors and Juniors—Walter L. Croll.

HONORS.

The following were elected to the Phi Beta Kappa: Harold Evans, George Hallock Wood.

ALUMNI DAY

Alumni Day of 1907 was a marked success. In spite of the inclemency of the weather a good crowd turned out. A cricket game on Cope Field and a base ball game in front of Barclay Hall were much enjoyed. There was also a base ball game on Walton Field, in which, it is rumored, many Haverford belles participated. An excellent dinner closed the occasion, the success of which augurs well for the future.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

The Preston reading room work, under the direction of J. J. Guenther, began on Sunday evening, October 6th. The large attendance was very encouraging and augurs well for this branch of the Y. M. C. A. work. Prof. Green, of West Chester, led the meeting.

The Y. M. C. A. work in Coopertown, in connection with the Coopertown Christian Endeavor, started winter's work with a meeting on Wednesday, October 9th. Here, again, the good attendance and enthusiastic co-operation of the people round about promises a most successful year.

The regular Bible Study Classes met for the first time, on Monday, September 30th.

The Y. M. C. A. reception to new men came off Wednesday evening, October 2d. Dr. W. W. Comfort addressed the meeting, following which refreshments were served.

CANE RUSH

The annual Sophomore-Freshman cane rush took place on September 25th, on Walton Field. The Class of 1910 won by the score of 14 to 13. Brown, '08, was referee of the struggle and was as-

sisted by Jones, '07. The Sophomore cane men were Wilson, Hutton and Palmer. The Freshmen were represented by Gallagher, McCann and Gardiner.

Immediately after meeting on Thursday, October 3d, the bridge-rush took place with C. T. Brown, '08 and J. B. Clement '08, as timekeepers. The Sophomores were successful during the four-minute struggle in keeping the Freshmen from breaking through their ranks, but only by hard fighting. It was generally conceded to have been the best bridge-rush for several years.

The Freshman entertainment which occurred Tuesday evening, October 1st, proved enjoyable to all spectators. There were several novel stunts as well as the time-honored favorites, well-executed by the Freshmen and well-arranged by the the Freshmen and well-managed by the Sophomores.

CLASS ELECTIONS

Class officers for the ensuing year are as follows:

1908.

President—Carroll T. Brown.
Vice-President—M. Albert Linton.
Secretary—J. Jarden Guenther.
Treasurer—W. Haviland Morriss.

1909

President—Frank McC. Ramsey.
Vice-President—Thomas K. Lewis.
Secretary—Percival B. Fay.
Treasurer—J. Warrington Stokes.

1910

President—John F. Wilson
Vice-President—Earl S. Cadbury.
Secretary—John D. Kenderdine.
Treasurer—C. Mitchell Froelicher.

1911

Temporary Chairman—William Gardiner.

Athletic Department

FOOT BALL SCHEDULE, 1907

October 5th—Medico-Chi, at Haverford.

October 12th—Delaware, at Haverford.

October 19th—New York University, at New York.

October 26th—Ursinus, at Haverford.

November 2d—Lehigh, at Haverford.

November 9th—Rutgers, at New Brunswick.

November 16th—Franklin and Marshall, at Haverford.

November 23d—Trinity, at Haverford.

FOOT BALL TRIP

On September 16th, at the head of a band of thirteen warriors, came Captain Brown to the quiet town of Beach Haven.

Here, for a week under the direction of Coach Haines, the men drank in fresh air and health, becoming exceedingly mighty for battle.

Breakfast at eight, with a little rest and then one hour's light practice, followed by a bath in the ocean, constituted the work of the day. In the afternoon the men sailed or amused themselves as they wished.

It was a quiet week, but a profitable one. The men grew to know one another well, and while the work in the way of foot ball knowledge could not prove of much assistance, it aided the coaches in getting fairly into the work of the fall, enabling them to do away with much preliminary practice at the opening on Walton Field.

Those who took the trip were: Coach Haines, Captain Brown, Leonard, Miller, Clement, Edwards, Emlen, Spaeth, Hutton, Roberts, Judkins, Myers, Gardiner, Gallagher, Assistant Manager Hill, and Manager Drinker.

On reaching college in the fall the very first thought of every undergraduate turns toward the foot ball team. How good will they be this year, is the question asked by all?

It is never possible to give much of an answer until Thanksgiving, for the ups and downs of a season are many, and unforseen.

At present, indications point to a light, fast team.

C. Brown, Leonard, Ramsey, Bard, Spaeth, and Sharpless of last year's team form a good building nucleus.

Brown and Bard will undoubtedly be found in their old positions in the back-field, while Leonard and Sharpless should again hold safe the ends.

At center, Spaeth was strong last year, but it is probable that he will take Jones's place at tackle, leaving this position open.

Ramsey, a veteran and worthy partner of Jones, should again be found at tackle.

Two new guards and a center will finish the line. Emlen, Wright, Wilson and E. A. Edwards are available from last year's scrub, as is also Green. Crites, a new man, should also make a strong bid for one of these positions.

The loss of a quarterback is always serious. Promising candidates for this position are found in Woodard, Garliner, Judkins and Myers. The last named has the benefit of long experience on the scrub, but the others are new men.

Clement, Miller, Hutton and Gallagher, all halfback candidates and all good men, should attend to the remaining backfield position. With anyone of these the backfield should be well above the average.

Upon the whole, we should declare the prospects bright.

It will, of course, be hard to keep the pace set by last year's team, but with conscientious, able leadership insured in Captain Brown, and with a better arranged coaching system, it is impossible to fall off very much. Couple these two vital factors of foot ball success with the strong support of all Haverfordians, and why should we not again round out a season of "no defeats"?

The Sophomore-Freshman foot ball game will be played on Wednesday, October 16th. Arthur W. Hutton was unanimously elected captain of the Sophomore eleven.

ATHLETIC PRIZES

The following athletic prizes were awarded in June:

Tennis Cup—Winner of annual tournament to Harold Evans, '07.

Track Prizes—Cups to men winning first place in spring inter-class track meet, to Bird-sall, '07; Bushnell, '08; Leonard, '08; Bard, '09; Williams, '09; Palmer, '10; Baker, '10; Shultz, '10; Langsdorf, '10; Cary, '10.

Record cups to men breaking college records—To G. S. Bard, '09; Walter Palmer, '10; P. J. Baker, '10.

C. S. Powell Athletic Cup—Annal inter-class athletic meeting, to Class of 1910.

Class of '85 Prize Ball—Inter-class cricket championship, to Class of 1907.

CRICKET PRIZES

On Commencement Day last June the cricket prizes were awarded as follows:

Cope Prize Bat—1st XI batting average to A. W. Hutton, '10, average 31.66.

Congdon Prize Ball—1st XI bowling average to J. B. Clement, '08.

Haines Prize Belt—1st XI fielding average to J. P. Magill.

Class of '85 Bat—2d XI batting average to J. C. Thomas, '08, average 14.66.

Class of '85 Ball—2d XI bowling average to J. W. Nicholson, '07, average 6.5.

Class of '85 Belt—2d XI fielding average to T. K. Lewis, '09.

Improvement Bat—Sophomores and Freshmen, to S. Mason, '10.

Shakespeare Bat—Freshman making highest average in inter-class games, to Mason, '10.

Prize Bat—Best Freshman batsman, to H. A. Furness.

Prize Ball—Best Freshman bowler, to E. S. Cadbury.

Prize Cup—Best all-around Freshman, to H. A. Furness.

C. R. Hinchman Bat—Intercollegiate batting average, to A. W. Hutton, average 67.

Christian Febiger Ball—Intercollegiate bowling average, to Clement, '08, average 7.77.

The Haverford batsman to obtain the highest average in the intercollegiate cricket matches was Hutton, '10, with an average of 67. Clement, '08, with an average of 10.33 was the best bowler.

PENN VS. HAVERFORD.

The Intercollegiate Cricket Season was opened at Manheim, May 28th, with the University of Pennsylvania. The University of Pennsylvania was victorious in an interesting game. H. H. Morris, Graham and Goodfellow excelled for the champions in batting. For Haverford, Furness, Gummere and Hutton did the best work in this line. In bowling Keenan and Clement were the most efficient.

The score:

<i>Penn.</i>	
H. H. Morris, b. Clement.....	47
C. Graham, b. A. Brown	26
Keenan, c. Godley, b. Clement.....	17
D. Graham, b. Godley.....	11
W. Evans, b. Clement.....	4
L. Lee, not out.....	19
Goodfellow, b. A. Brown.....	21
R. Lee, run out.....	11
Baker, c. Haines, b. Godley.....	4
Hordern, not out.....	2
Hales, did not bat.....	
Extras	9
Total (8 wickets)	171

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	O.	M.	R.	W.	Av.
Godley	20	4	45	2	22.5
A. Brown	14	1	49	2	24.5
Clement	15	3	54	3	18
Furness	3	0	15	0	

Haverford.

Godley, b. Hordern	0
Furness, b. Goodfellow	11
Magill, ct. H. H. Morris, b. Hordern....	4
Gummere, b. Keenan	24
Edwards, b. Keenan	7
C. Brown, c. and b. Keenan	3
Haines, b. Keenan	2
Evans, b. Hordern	2
Hutton, not out	26
Clement, b. Keenan	0
A. E. Brown, b. Keenan	11
Extras	14
Total	104

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	O.	M.	R.	W.	Av.
Hordern	21	2	53	3	17.66
Goodfellow	10	4	16	1	16.
Keenan	10	3	24	6	4

CORNELL VS. HAVERFORD.

In an intercollegiate cricket match on Cope Field, May 30th, Haverford had little trouble in defeating Cornell. Nearly all of Haverford's batters reached double figures. Cornell was unable to connect with the Haverford bowling, although they were allowed two innings.

The score:

Cornell.

Paul, l. b. w. Godley	4
Flint, b. Clement	4
Macpherson, c. Hutton, b. Brown	7
Lex, b. Clement	3
Wright, b. Clement	7
O. B. Hastings, c. C. Brown, b. Clement..	9
Willson, b. Clement	1
A. C. Hastings, b. Clement	4
Van Bylevelt, not out	2
Monroe, run out	0
McCormick, b. Godley	3
Extras	14
Total	58

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	O.	M.	R.	W.	Av.
A. Brown	11	5	12	1	12.
Godley	13	4	17	2	8.5
Clement	12	5	16	6	2.66

Haverford.

Godley, ct. b. Macpherson	21
Furness, ct. b. Paul	10
Magill, c. Flint, b. Paul	0
Gummere, b. Willson	31
Hutton, l. b. w. Paul	41
Edwards, c. Paul, b. Macpherson	11
C. Brown, c. and b. Macpherson	76
Nicholson, c. Monroe, b. Hastings	46
Mason, b. Hastings	0
Clement, c. Macpherson, b. Hastings	0
A. Brown, not out	1
Extras	7
Total	244

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	O.	M.	R.	W.	Av.
Paul	11	0	46	3	15.33
Wright	11	0	51	0	
Willson	9	0	53	1	53.
Macpherson	18	2	73	3	24.33
Hastings	4	1	14	3	4.66

Cornell (Second Inning).

Macpherson, c. Nicholson, b. Clement....	1
Willson, c. Magill, b. A. Brown	1
O. Hastings, c. Edwards, b. A. Brown....	0
Wright, b. A. Brown	7
McCormick, c. Magill, b. A. Brown	4
Van Bylevelt, b. A. Brown	0
Monroe, not out	5
Paid, Flint, Lex and A. Hastings did not bat	
Extras	7
Total (7 wickets)	19
Total (2d inning)	83

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	O.	M.	R.	W.	Av.
A. Brown	10	6	8	5	1.6
Clement	10	4	10	1	10.

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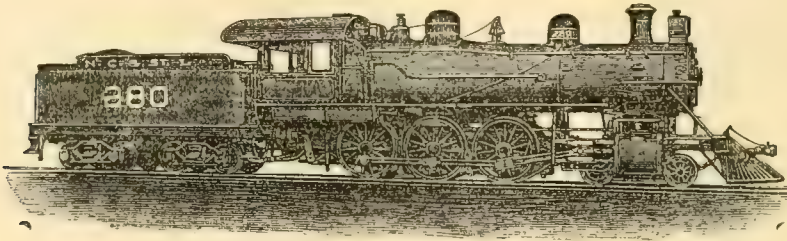
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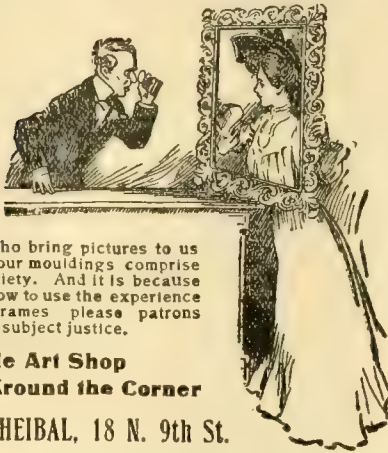
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Volume xxix
Number Six
November 1907



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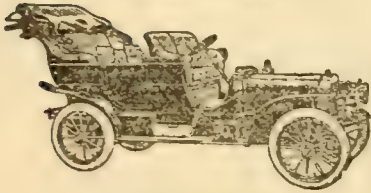
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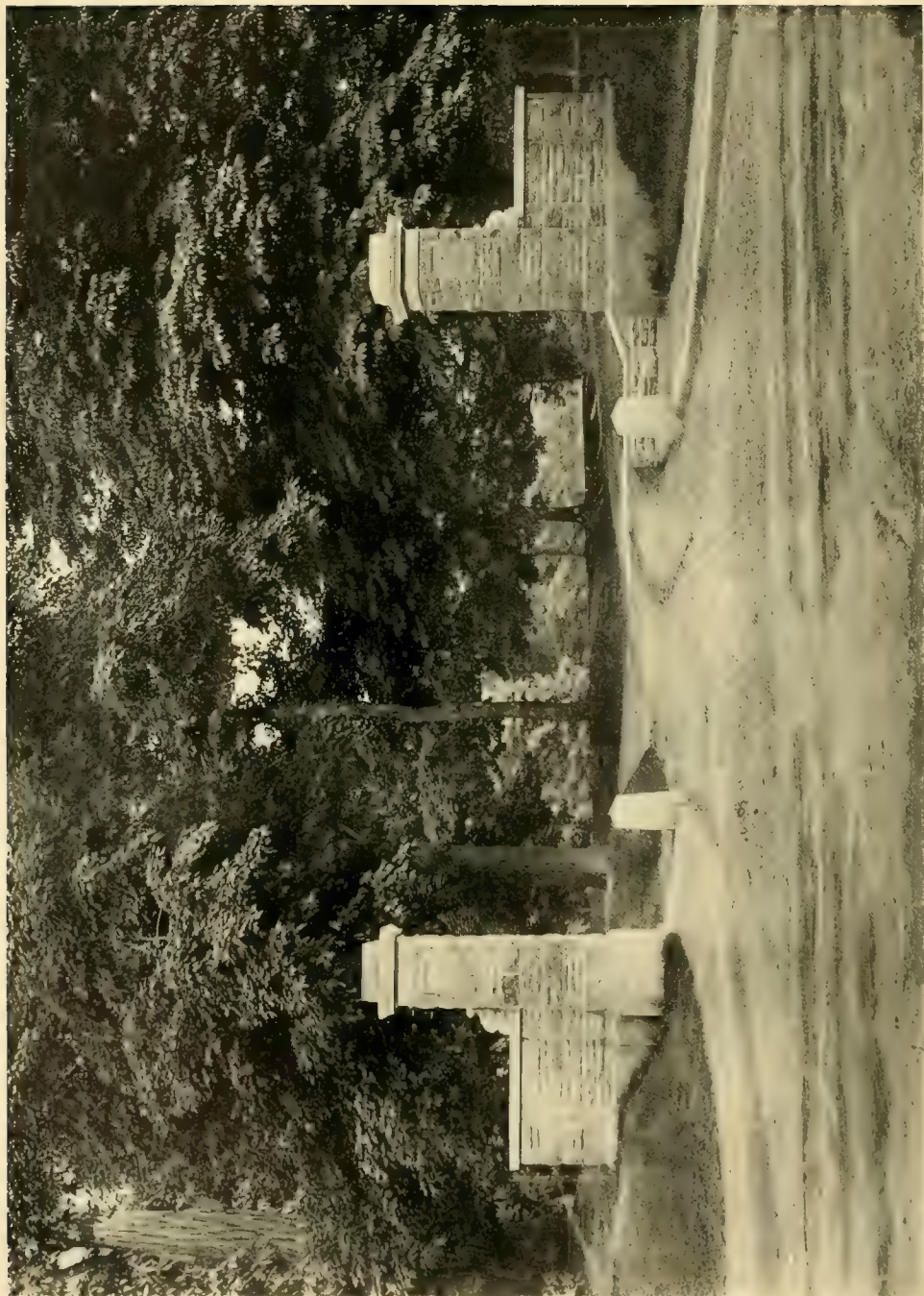
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CLASS OF 1906 GATEWAY

(Courtesy of O. M. Chase)



A custom originally meritorious may degenerate through a natural process of evolution into a positive evil. When it has once so degenerated, and some definite harm has been received from it, there is no lack of "prophets," who, with remarkable keenness of perception, lay bare each step in the progress of the evil, and show, with much laudable indignation, the measures which should and could have been taken to prevent it. But the evolution of good customs into bad is generally so gradual that it is seldom possible to catch one, as it were, in the very act of degeneration, and still less often, to convince its supporters of its injurious effects.

**The Bridge
Rush**

For the last three years, the Sophomore-Freshmen bridge rush has shown a tendency to steadily increase in danger. The methods of attack and defense have been reduced almost to a science. It has been thoroughly demonstrated that the Freshmen's only hope of success, under the given time limit, lies in rushing enough men over the heads of the opposing class to form a solid floor of human bodies, over which a man or two may scramble to victory. On the other hand, it has been proved that the only hope of the Sophomores lies in pulling their op-

ponents, head downward, into the mass without much regard for the consequences. No one has ever been hurt, and it is pleasant and easy to argue, therefore, that no one ever will.

But since it is improbable that the desire to win this event will grow less eager, or that class spirit will become weaker in future years, it seems inevitable that in each succeeding rush the Freshmen will send more men over the top, and the Sophomores will resort to more strenuous methods to stop them. Judging by past progress, it is only a question of time until practically the whole Freshmen class will pile on top of their adversaries instead of remaining on the floor of the bridge to push them back. The chances of falling over the edge will increase in proportion, until we may almost say, it is only a question of time until someone will make the trip, with more speed than comfort, from the top rail to the macadam twenty feet below. And then every man will be saying what a fool everyone else is, and that he knew the custom should have been abolished years ago.

Of course, all this may not happen—we certainly hope not. But the probabilities seem strong enough to justify a little serious thought, whether or not the

bridge rush, as it exists, could not be abolished, or, at least, altered without grave injury to the college. This is the problem for which some solution must be found, and which we wish to submit to the student body for its honest consideration.

Matter received last night at the Haverford College Marconi station evidently intended as an editorial for THE HAVERFORDIAN. It is entitled "Happy Recollections of My Student Days."

WE think it is still advisable to mention in an editorial what has so engrossed the attention of all newspaper readers for the last month. It is now an old story that Miss J—S, in her will, has offered \$3,000,000 in diamond mines to Haverford College if they abolish the old sanitary arrangements in Barclay Hall, and, in this way, allow the students to pass a more hygienic life. The world is all attention while the faculty debate the matter before reporting their wishes to the board of managers. Such is the situation as we go to press.

Various conflicting interviews, purporting to be authoritative, have filled us with alternate hope and fear. Thousands gather at the bulletin boards while the faculty deliberate every Thursday at twelve o'clock. Financial coups, and even murders and suicides have paled into the usual newspaperitorial insignificance. There sits the august body wrapt in thought, while the tongue of eloquence lays pure gold on Haverford tradition and diamond mines. Haverford tradition is supposed to have been started by Lycurgus when he gave the Spartans laws. To transgress is death or worse. The diamond mines are those mentioned above. Now a bulletin says that by tra-

dition we stand and suffer, and now that we have escaped and live.

Abroad, especially in Rome and Paris, excitement runs riot. J. Caesar is reported to have said, "We must now cross the Rubicon." He is feeding corn to the populace to prevent them from digging up their marvellous sewers and placing them on exhibition. Louis XIV, when interviewed by an associated press reporter, said, "I am the State; let the villains die." A later cable denies that Louis would speak to an associated pressman. Darwin and Spencer, writing together in a signed article in Collier, say that to abolish the present conditions would not let the law of the Survival of the Fittest work quickly enough. President Roosevelt, to touch the matter, says, "Let the muck-rake get busy." He then took an eminent labor leader out to tea.

Again, we say the world is all attention. The Hague Conference has dissolved; the delegates have returned to their respective countries to send resolutions officially to the centre of interest. In a short time the momentous question will be decided. The world asks, on bended knee, that the wails of mothers for their children, and the cries of the children themselves, be heard. Down with the castles of tradition! Let the Bastille be stormed! Let thought be free and not governed by the past! Let us behold a new and triumphant future with hygiene, as desired by the students, free to reign in Barclay Hall."

After this brief and conservative rehearsal of the facts and situation to which we have been driven, we only desire to say, "Let a change take place."

Inasmuch as it is our aim to discuss in these pages the subjects which are from time to time engrossing the minds of the undergraduate body, it will not be out of place to call attention to the importance

which our game with Lehigh has assumed. Ever since the season of 1904, when the whole college accompanied the team to South Bethlehem and cheered them on to their memorable victory, there has been an increasing interest in this annual contest, until now it bids fair to rival in enthusiasm the former games with Swarthmore. The students would rather win this game than any other of the season; moreover, judging from the delegation sent down this year, Lehigh also evinces a decided interest in the results of the Haverford game. With a view to acquaint the Alumni with this

general sentiment, a smoker was held in the gymnasium on the night before the game, and was well attended by old Haverfordians. The question now arises as to whether it would not be possible to arrange the game at a later date next year, in order to produce the former climax of enthusiasm which resulted from an important final game.

We desire to announce that James Carey Thomas, 2, '08, has been elected associate editor of THE HAVERFORDIAN board.

The Lost Key

(*Triolets.*)

Love one day was playing
 Hide and seek with me.
 Need is not of saying
 Love one day was playing!
 Within my heart a-straying,
 Love mislaid the key.
 Love one day was playing
 Hide and seek with me.

Love, I hold you now
 Locked within my heart.
 Hard and fast, I trow,
 Love, I hold you now!
 The lime is on the bough,
 The bird may not depart!
 Love, I hold you now
 Locked within my heart.

J. CAREY THOMAS, 2D, '08.

COLLEGE RELICS



AFTER making an inspection of relics at Haverford, it occurred to me that some remarks upon the arrangement of these collections

might be of value.

There is, in the Gymnasium, a room called "The Trophy Room," where have been gathered, in considerable promiscuousness, all the team pictures and athletic trophies which the room will hold. Indeed, the collection has long since overflowed to the adjoining corridor and the contingent wall space. The team pictures are all appropriately framed and correctly marked, so that each member of former teams can be identified by name and class. This part of the work has been well done, and we have a very complete collection of the cricket and foot ball pictures of the last decade to show for it. Leaning in one corner of the hall in amiable confusion, at the time of my visit, was a large number of canes, dating from former cane rushes, which the victors have left with the college as residuary legatee of their spoils. I am not sure that these canes are worth storing permanently in the Gymnasium; but, if they have any sentimental value, they should be more impressively arranged as an inspiration to future cane rushers. Let a rack be made upon which they can be laid horizontally, with the inscriptions properly in evidence. A few years ago a cabinet was provided for prize bats and balls and for cups of some intrinsic value. This cabinet is, at present, empty of treasure, awaiting, doubtless, the return of the insignia with last year's inscriptions. I write in perfect ignorance of

the individuals who have charge of these important details, but my suggestion is, that a responsible curator be annually appointed by the College Association, who shall collect, mark and guard these treasures, and who shall be required to hand in a report of his accomplished work at the close of each college year. Only where the responsibility is fixed can completeness, harmony and security be obtained.

Passing into the privacy of the Director's office, we find in a comparatively obscure place a motley collection of past worthies. Every manner of picture, from that of cremations in the '80's to that of recent banjo clubs and HAVERFORDIAN boards, is to be found in this ill-sorted gathering. Surely the mania for having oneself photographed has been, at times, gratified with little excuse. Many of these pictures are of so little interest that they may well be allowed to stay with anyone who will give them house-room. But I remarked a few old cricket pictures of the '70's, which are precious and distinctly out of place where they are. They should be put in the Trophy Room at the sacrifice of some class team pictures which are of lesser value, and which now occupy needed space.

The Cricket Pavilion is the highest expression of taste and completeness in the cricket relics which it shelters. And it is so, precisely because it was the concern of one man, Mr. A. G. Scattergood, '98, who had complete charge of collecting, marking and hanging the pictures and tablets which form a very nearly complete history of Haverford cricket. Since the Pavilion is devoted to cricket, I should like to see preserved there, behind lock and bolt, the first eleven pictures which

are now in the Gymnasium or elsewhere. It seems to me that they belong properly with the pictures of captains and the first eleven tablets. When we see what team pictures are lacking, we could take steps to fill in the gaps.

And now let us turn to the new Assembly Room in Founders' Hall, one of the most attractive of college rooms, and our most necessary to have suitably decorated with historical pictures. Here we might suitably gather a collection of Senior class pictures. Theoretically, such a collection would contain the picture of every graduate of Haverford College. In reality, the classes since 1898 have left their Senior pictures properly marked, and these groups are already in place. They are hung, however, without any regard to chronological order or to wall space. It should be the immediate task of such a curator, as I have suggested, to solicit additions to this collection of Senior class pictures, to have them properly marked and hung. At present, the following classes alone are represented: '98, '99, '00, '01, '02, '03, '04, '06.

It may seem to the undergraduate that there is little necessity for such method and order as has been here insisted upon. To him the college means the college of his present day and generation. He has, as yet, no perspective, and hardly realizes that he, too, belongs to a constantly moving procession, which will soon carry him far beyond his present associates into a larger body of men whose sole tie is their common love for their Alma Mater, and their interest in all that concerns her welfare. This is, to us who stay here, year after year, at once the beautiful and the solemn feature of college life—the moulding of each succeeding Freshman class into that type of graduates which has long represented Haverford in the outside world. For, after all, we are here in a sort of secluded monastery of learn-

ing, with certain narrow views and limited visions, it is true, but with great opportunities for improving ourselves and for developing strength of character, such as are rarely vouchsafed in the struggle of business and of the world's society.

Now, those who, for years, have been buffeted about in the struggle of after-life, look back to their college days with a peculiar affection which it is our business to foster and perpetuate. When an old Haverfordian returns to his college, he surveys the lawns and trees, the halls in which he lived, and the fields on which he played. These things, far more than the men with whom he lived, remain unchanged. But to revive his memories, to start the current of his reminiscences, nothing is more effective than pictures of his associates as he remembers them, the sometime heroes of athletic battles, his companions in hall and class-room.

It takes a surprisingly short time to thin the ranks in each class. Members begin to drop off, and you find their names starred in the lists of the graduates. Nothing but their name remains on the college records, and, perchance, their picture, to remind their living classmates of four years of the closest of friendships.

The time has seemed ripe to present this matter to the attention of graduates and undergraduates alike. For next fall the college will see the greatest reunion that has ever occurred of her living graduates. They will come from all quarters to revisit the old scenes. The old place has changed. Many will hardly recognize their surroundings. You will find them looking for pictures, something to remind them of Haverford as they knew it, as it was a quarter or half a century ago. Let something be done, in connection with the seventy-fifth anniversary of the founding of the college, to complete our permanent collection of relics.

W. W. COMFORT, '94.

A MEMORY OF THE LAGUNA



I.

ORTO Rican swamp crabs, properly dressed, are a delicacy which would make the turtle-fed epicurean of the "Great White Way"

open his eyes and smack his lips. And to those who are fond of exhilarating sport their hunt affords enough pleasure and sensations. Of course, you can wade into any small swamp at night and dazzle them with the light of a torch made of some resinous wood, after which you can bag them by the hundreds, for they offer no resistance. But that is flabby sport. You should go into the laguna region in broad daylight. There you must go accompanied by a guide who has been bred to the soil, and who knows the paths and intricacies of the swamp as he knows the fingers of his hand, otherwise your life will be in danger. There you will find the best crabs, and the best sport. Swarms of them—huge, hairy creatures—will lie for hours dozing at some distance in front of their holes, only to dart and plunge simultaneously into their retreats at the slightest interruption. *Gluck-gluck*, splash! All the swarm has disappeared! They are nimble creatures, and you must keep on the alert.

I went to the laguna on a Sunday afternoon, years ago. In that dear land of cock fights no sportsman is fashionable who does not take to the war-path on Sundays, preferably after a dutiful call at some shrine or chapel of the Virgin Mother, patroness of *toreadores* and the sporting fraternity in general. My guide was a little chap of indefinable color and racial characteristics. He was born in

the swamp, where his father plied his trade of charcoal burner, so he knew it well. It was a sight well worth the curious attention bestowed upon it by the villagers—that sally of ours to hunt the hairy *juey* of the laguna! Paco led the way, ragged, barefooted and bareheaded, with a bag slung over his shoulder, and a blunt *machette* (cutlass) dangling by his side. And I followed in hunting jacket, cork helmet, gum boots, net, and *machete*.

"El Señor Americano would hunt the *juey*," they told one another.

We took the path of the Naufragos, and headed for the interior where, Paco said, we should find plenty of game. Before long we were in the danger zone, and my plucky little guide hopped here and there, and chirped instructions and warnings.

"*Por aqui, señor!*"

The path wound in and out. Everywhere I could see puddles covered over with a thick coat of greenish slime on whose surface a lily or two would occasionally bend their slender stems to nod at some amorous insect. Bubbles, too, burst here and there with mechanical regularity. Paco made the sign of the cross as he passed these puddles to confound the malicious demon who lay concealed in each one of them. Mangroves grew riotously on both sides. The soil under them, perforated in countless places, quivered nervously, ready to swallow and to choke. Occasionally we would disturb some long-necked bird, and then the comparative quiet of the swamp would be broken by the most deafening screeches.

We came to the *batea*. It was a square clearing about a hundred yards across,

where formerly charcoal burners burned their wood. It was a veritable mine of crabs now. Even as we drew near, I heard the precipitous *gluck-gluck* of the retreating swarm. The soil, though swampy like the rest, was comparatively hard and safe. As I took my position behind a mangrove bush, I had an opportunity to survey the ground. Hundreds and hundreds of round holes took up practically all the available space. They were filled with water. Flat on our stomachs we waited the re-appearance of the swarm. Paco's eyes flashed with the lust of the chase. Soon one, then three, then ten, then all the family crept out of their dens and took position about a foot in front of their openings. One might say that they *sniffed* the air with their bullet-shaped eyes. Then with nippers poised on high, in a warlike attitude, and acting as if moved by a single string, they began to move sideways in the direction of the opposite edge of the clearing. One moment of suspense. Then Paco, with the agility of a cat, swooped down upon them.

These crabs burrow their holes, not vertically, but at a sharp angle with the surface. When frightened, they simply rattle off and glide in without varying in the least their natural way of locomotion. They are both dumb and shy; considerably more dumb than shy. Wherever the source of danger may be, they will always run for home, observing a most courteous though stupid regard for the privacy of their neighbor's holes. The hunter can simply stick his machete in the ground about a foot behind the aperture, and thus block the retreat of the crab, who otherwise would plunge down to depths where the average arm cannot reach. After that, the game is pulled out of its lair by the ears, as it were; or rather, by squeezing the shell and cramping up the nippers, which can

easily disfigure the hardest fingers.

Paco, however, threw the swarm into confusion by the suddenness of his attack. While I drove my machete into a hole, and cursed, trying to pull out an angry little devil with my gloved hand, the guide snatched and bagged them as if they were merely apples. We took fifteen in all.

Back to our hiding place we went. It was then that the real chase began. How many times we darted out and plunged in our machetes only to discover that we had been too slow! How we held our breath, and crept out slowly to beat the wily creatures to their holes! Every capture was a triumph. Neither spoke a word. Intense suspense, nerve,—

Thus the hours sped by.

I was gagging a particularly large crab, I remember yet, when Paco suddenly stood up and cried almost convulsively:

"Look, look, señor! we must start back!"

A thick mist had risen from the south, and now the breeze was blowing it all around us. It came in sheets, damp, sticky, with an odor and a vague suggestion of hospitals, fevers, death. I do not know why, but I shivered, and when I saw the little chap staring helplessly at the wall that threatened to cut us from all safe retreat, well, I shivered again, most unsportsman-likely—

II.

The natives often speak of the "meeting of the breezes." During the day a sea-breeze blows inland, at night one blows seawards. Those are the bare facts. Tradition has it that sometime after sunset these two breezes meet and neutralize each other somewhere in the *laguna*, and that while the "embrace" is taking place, silence broods over the swamp, and the crabs, the birds, the reptiles, and the numerous insect life that

people that region, drop into a doze and refrain from their ordinary pursuits. Also, that the earth quivers slightly, and from its bosom there rises a miasmatic exhalation which the breezes blow out to the sea.

Aside from my fundamental beliefs, I felt at that moment that we were, indeed, in the throes of some mysterious "embrace," and anxiously wished myself free from participation in its delights. We were completely surrounded, hemmed in, ambushed, I might say. We could scarcely distinguish the edge of the clearing.

"Heavens, Paco, what is this?" I could not contain an exclamation.

"It has been raining much lately, señor, and when it rains one cannot tell!"

The boy chilled me.

Then he seemed to have an inspiration. He ran to our hiding place, and reappeared soon after with two *jachos* (resinous torches). He motioned me to light one of them.

"Come now," he whispered.

Quickly we strapped the game-bags on our backs, and then set out, Paco leading, waving aloft the torch. We plunged into that sea of fog without compass, with no guiding polar star above. I shall never forget that dark, little figure with its flaming *jacho*. Every moment I expected to step into some slimy gullet, but the warning would come in time. The soil yielded under us like some huge sponge, and he, the plucky little rascal, he nosed his way out. With a scent as sharp as a dog's, he kept to the path where neither eye nor torch were of any use.

For minutes that seemed hours we toiled along. Gradually Paco slackened

his pace, his progress became more uncertain, and I realized that he was losing confidence in himself. His torch was almost burned out, and we had to stop to light the other one. I saw then by his face that he was nervous, frightened.

"What's the matter, Paco?" I queried fearfully.

"It has been raining much lately, señor, and when it rains one cannot tell," came again that chilling answer.

Night had literally dropped on us without warning, without dusk. I could feel the breeze blowing seawards, but the fog only grew denser. Every minute our situation became more dangerous, but I hoped that Paco would scent his way to the right path.

At last we came to another clearing, not unlike the one we had left behind us.

"Wait," commanded the guide, and he ran towards the edge. Many anxious minutes I stood there. Once a whiff of air from the heart of the laguna brought to my ears a sound like that of a stringed instrument. It seemed to come from very far, and it was low and sad like the tunes which I had heard often in Zapata, in the hospitals of the Cuban insurgents. Then a voice seemed to sound nearby.

"*Dios mio! Dios mio!*"

This was Paco's. With each exclamation he would thrust his *jacho* here and there in search of something. At last he broke out crying. The torch moved once more. Then the boy, putting all his strength together, called out in the darkness:

"*Padre!*" (Father!)

The path had been swallowed up!

(To be continued.)

J. PADIN, '07.

A Lyric of the Scrub

We don our sticky clothing with bravely hidden loathing,
We do our best to bear a dauntless mien,
And at the door you'll find us with the varsity behind us,
For *we* know that four fifteen means four fifteen.
But the first team doesn't worry, and it smiles at all our flurry,
(Though we *do* sometimes contrive to scare a *sub*,)
For its the old, old story, that our only taste of glory
Is when we hear "The Hoorays for the Scrub!"

It warms us like a tonic when we hear the coach's chronic,
"Now, scrub, I want to see you *hold* that line."
Ah, how our fierce eyes glisten as we grit our teeth and listen;
"One—three—eleven—seven—twenty-nine,"
And, oh! the blessed feeling, as we scramble, dizzy, reeling
To our places, wondering where the next will come,
At the blasé intonation of our quarters declaration:
"Well, scrub, I rather guess that's holding some,"
But the first team doesn't worry when they say "You've got to hurry.
Now steady up and give those men a rub,"
For they know the old, old story, that our only taste of glory
Is when we hear "The Hoorays for the Scrub!"

But the Varsity keep pounding with as surance quite astounding,
And they mock us with a supercilious grin,
And they haven't any fear, for *they* know whom the bleachers cheer for.
When the game is really ready to begin.
But it surely is amazing what a little bit of praising
Can keep us happy while we grind and grub;
For crippled, halt, rheumatic, together wax exstatic
When the leader gives "The Hoorays for the Scrub!"

JOHN FRENCH WILSON.

THE POETIC GENIUS OF POE



BEFORE entering upon a discussion of the genius of Poe, it is necessary, on account of the wide difference of opinion as to what really determines genius, to give as accurately as possible what we believe to be the fairest definition of the term. Nor is this task easy. According to Webster, it implies "high and peculiar gifts of nature," and "reaches its ends by a kind of intuitive power." In the days when men were more ready than now to gape credulously at miracles, this definition was wholly satisfactory. There seemed to be no reason why the Omnipotent Being should not bestow upon some chosen ones, gifts which could never be attained by careful cultivation. But as the conception of a partial and intensely personal God has gradually given way to that of a Deity, working impartially through natural law, men have come to lay less stress upon in-born ability, and more upon persistent individual effort. Since it is no longer fleeting whim, but immutable law, which is to aid or hinder human projects, he can best attain success, who gives that law the most diligent study. Thus we have the popular definition of genius, that it is "the capacity for taking infinite pains."

We believe that both of these definitions, diametrically opposed though they be, are equally true. Hannibal was undoubtedly a genius by the first of them, Caesar, by the second. There need be no dispute as to which type is the greater. The supreme test of genius is, after all, not whether it spring from heaven or earth, but whether it accomplish its un-

dertakings. That which accomplishes the most and greatest things, either by intuitive power, or by persevering care, is the greatest; that which most perfectly combines the two types is the finest. We admire the former, like the Colossus of Rhodes, for its immensity; the latter, like the Venus de Milo, for its perfection.

It is rare, indeed, that we find, even so nearly as in Shakespeare, a gigantic creation with the finish of a Grecian marble. It can scarcely offend Poe's warmest admirers to say that he cannot lay the slightest claim to vastness. His entire collection of poems covers a narrow range; his excellent ones a still narrower. But in a very few he has combined poetic conception with careful execution to a degree which proves his genius, however limited its extent, to have been of the highest order. To illustrate this assertion, we shall examine what is in many respects his greatest poem, "The Haunted Palace."

Let us first briefly consider his ability for taking pains. The poem in question contains an excellent example of this phase of his art. The "discordant melody" to which the phantoms move is effective, but too artificial for spontaneity. The word "melody" which he has chosen from a large group of practically synonymous terms, is the best fitted of all to be combined with the adjective "discordant." It implies, but does not demand, a sound which shall fall pleasantly on the ear. We could not possibly have a discordant harmony, but the word which he has selected stands on neutral ground. It can be drawn either way by combination with the proper modifying adjective. To choose

with so delicate and accurate perception requires careful thought, coupled with no insignificant knowledge of the language. This accuracy of word choice, this studied effect, is so generally conceded to have been Poe's strongest point, that it is unnecessary to give it elaboration. Indeed, many have claimed that his poetry has little other virtue; and that his genius, if it may be called genius, is merely the capacity for taking infinite pains.

But let us now approach the poem in question from the standpoint of one who holds that true genius is the power of intuitive conception. If, judged by this standard, it is to have merit at all, it must lie in the striking fitness of the setting to the idea which the writer wishes to convey. This is no mere matter of word choice. It is obtained, as anyone who has attempted to find a happy illustration for a thought can testify, not by careful deliberation, but by something akin to inspiration. It arises from a profound insight into human nature, joined to an acute artistic perception.

We are reasonably safe in assuming that the wonderful appropriateness of likening the human mind, which feels the approach of insanity, to a demon haunted palace, came to Poe, not by study, but by spontaneous concept. Quite probably he never wholly realized the merit of his conception. But if creative genius be required to lay the foundation, still more is it necessary for the completion of the structure. Every stone and timber must be placed so that it may not disappoint our first expectations. The poet is handling a vague theme, but he has commenced with a concrete comparison. The parallel between the mind and the palace must be maintained, else the poem will end in confusion. It must not be too definitely followed, for if so, the result will be ridiculous. If he frankly tells us

that the eyes are the windows of the palace, we can scarcely fail to reflect that no normal human being has more than two eyes, while every respectable palace has more than two windows. It is essential that the parallel be impressed upon us, not by actual description, but by suggestion. And so he tells us that

"Wanderers in that happy valley

Through two luminous windows saw"
the spirits moving to the music of the lute. It is enough. We do not know whether those two windows are all that the palace possesses, and we do not care. What we do know is, that through them we are looking in upon the human mind.

In the same manner the poet suggests, rather than states, the similarity between the human lips and the palace door. He does not invite a careful comparison. He tells us that it was

"All with pearl and ruby glowing,"
and we feel rather than perceive the analogy. To perceive the similarity from definite statement would be ridiculous; to feel it thus from indefinite suggestion is beautiful. The creation of such beauty, where it would have been so easy to mar, can scarcely be attributed to acquired skill in the choice of words. The felicity of treatment lies fundamentally, not in the choice of words, but in the poetic perception of the fitness of things. This faculty of perception is the quality of genius which time has taught us to be inborn, and comparatively incapable of studied attainment.

Still more unmistakably the product of spontaneous concept is the magnificent line in which Poe describes the phantoms which came to haunt this lovely palace. This would seem to be the most difficult of tasks, for the poet must not make us quiver with any ordinary fright. We want no startling supernatural creation to thicken our blood with cold. He must not

shock our sensibilities by any quick apparition of grisly terror. There must be no clatter of white bones; no sudden fluttering of shrouds. They must creep in upon us, as they crept into the disordered mind, with slow, insidious horror. And despite all this difficulty, so absolutely do these

"Evil things in robes of sorrow"

supply the needed image to the mind, that it is easy to overlook the wonderful fitness of the conception. Not only has the impression been well conveyed; it is impossible to see how it could otherwise have been conveyed at all. We feel at once that no labored care has given us this: it is the product of a power which is inborn.

But the most startling illustration of this power may be found in the last line of the poem. The time has come for a dramatic climax. The horror, so cleverly introduced, so skillfully augmented from line to line, must disappear at its greatest intensity. And so he makes those phantoms vanish in a manner even more memorable than that of their appearing. As they pour out the door of the castle they fairly turn their faces towards us; faces hideously distorted in mirthless grinning; faces that

"Laugh, but smile no more."

Was ever more of sorrow crowded into five short words? Has he not concentrated here the very essence of human wretchedness? "They that wasted us required of us mirth," wailed the captives of Babylon. Then, as now, forced merriment is of all things the saddest; and in employing it, the poet has done more

than bring his phantasmagoria to a fitting consummation. He has displayed a profound knowledge of the nature of man; he has sounded a note of the eternal *Miserere*.

We must, then, regard Poe, not simply as a painstaking artist, but as a man who has caught some spark of the true poetic fire. If his elaborate care has produced work inferior to Gray's, in smoothness, we may remember that his intuitive power has given us poetry superior in conception; if his conception has fallen short of Byron's in grandeur, its execution has been more free from technical flaw. If his genius disappoints us through its diminutiveness, it cannot fail to charm us by its quality. True, he does not loom upon us with any appearance of immensity. Unlike Vergil, he struck no chord of national feeling; unlike Goethe, he knew how to sound but few of the notes that go to make up the diapason of the human soul. But his genius, however lacking in vastness, is none the less a dual one. He has combined to a remarkable degree, the power of intuitive conception with that of painstaking execution. He is the undisputed master of a limited realm. And so, however narrow may be the range of those fancies which he lays before us, however devoid of definite aim may be those productions which were the effort of his life; we believe that his genius, while not the most versatile, nor the greatest, is yet the most perfect to which America has ever given birth.

JOHN FRENCH WILSON, '10.

From the Departed

Glimmer the white-caps bright gleaming in phosphorus,
Glowing afar o'er the dark violet sea;
Breaking in hues of blue and dull crimson,
Under our lea,
Under our lea.

Cool blows the night wind that sweeps o'er the waters,
Wafting the light foam like opals aglow;
Strewing the deck with flakes of pure brightness,
Gleaming like snow,
Gleaming like snow.

Shimmers the flying spray, em'rald and golden,
Falling away from my prow as I glide;
Would that we sailed thus alone, we together,
Thou by my side,
Thou by my side.

Now every waft of the cool salty night wind
Bears me away o'er the fairy-lit sea;
Full our white sail o'er the ocean is flying,
Further from thee,
Further from thee.

Far to the eastward, where gleams the white coral,
Calm lies the moon on the breast of the sea;
There 'neath the dim stars I will be waiting,
Waiting for thee.
Waiting for thee.

DONALD McM. CALLEY, '10.

THE UNPARDONABLE SIN



OATES *vs.* Pinckney," volunteered the office boy, throwing down a pile of papers on Benson's desk. "Say," he continued, "you want to hurry them up, too; your old man wants them again before we quit to-night."

J. B. Hunter rose suddenly and started towards the boy, who immediately vanished, slamming the door after him. Having thus purchased peace by feigning war, he proceeded to tilt the water cooler forward, and as the last precious drops trickled into the glass, he began to quote, at first in a spirit of levity:

"I fill this cup to one made up
Of loveliness alone."

Then he stepped to the window to shut out the glare of the setting sun, but paused instead, and leaning his elbows on the high sill, let his gaze travel out across the dingy city blocks, across the river and its swamp land to the misty blue foothills in the southwest.

Now, if it had not been for Pinckney's *Health*, Benson would never have paid the slightest attention to this particular autumn sunset; for he knew he had work to do, which, in a small degree at least, represented the matriculation examinations for admission to membership in his father's firm; and, furthermore, he was a man of self-control. But as he continued with the lines:

"Her every tone is music's own,
Like those of morning birds;
And something more than melody
Dwells ever in her words,"

a memory image sprang up before his mind's eye and grew so rapidly clear

that it soon had entirely absorbed his attention.

A solitary figure on horseback was descending the steep rocky trail following the scanty Aguarillo river. He had been traveling since sunrise and the exhaustion of his physical strength induced a mood of irritation, so that he kept alternately spurring and checking his horse impatiently, as often as the poor brute chanced to stumble among the loose stones of the arroyo.

"Confound it," he muttered to himself, "this business looks worse the more I think about it. When I finished up the Gonzalez affair I thought the rest would be plain sailing; but they tell me Don Luis is a regular dragon, ready to bite my head off without any provocation. Looks like a case of 'out of the frying pan' how do they say it?—*Quien salta de la sarten da en las brasas*. I almost wish I had let it go, now; but after all—come on, now, get up! get out of this!"

As he addressed the last words to his steed, they turned into the sinuous sandy road which leads from the mountain pass to the seaboard town of Ricina; and Benson began to look eagerly on every side for signs of Don Luis' hacienda. It was with startling suddenness, therefore, that upon turning a sharp bend in the road, he encountered a pony harnessed to a light cart, and apparently ownerless.

"*Carajo!*" he began, lapsing, as he frequently did, into the dialect of the country; but he checked himself suddenly as he became aware of a girlish form emerging from the thicket.

"*Dispenseme, señorita,*" he stammered, seizing the pony's bridle, "I am sorry if I have frightened him."

"*No importa!* Filipino is not frightened,

I can take care of him," she replied, in perfect Castilian. Benson, while wondering at this, forgot his mission completely, and an awkward pause ensued. Then recollecting his errand, he asked,

"Can you tell me where Don Luis de Mendoza lives?"

"Don Luis? Why, surely; he is my father; we live right here, in the house yonder, where the almendros grow."

"Ah, then you must be the señorita Francisca, *no es verdad?* I have heard many praise her; now I know their words were not flattery."

"The señor is very kind," murmured Francesca, half indignant at his boldness yet unable to prevent a blush of pleasure at the compliment. "But come, I will drive on ahead and show you the way; it is getting late and *mi madre* will be alarmed."

Nevertheless as they followed the corduroy road winding through the chaparral, Benson kept beside her as much as possible and succeeded in maintaining an interesting and profitable conversation. He enquired particularly about Don Luis, his connection with the ancient Spanish house of Santillana, his hobbies and eccentricities; and before they reached the hacienda he had already determined from what side and with what arguments to attack the dragon.

The Señor de Mendoza was seated on the veranda when they arrived, and was peacefully smoking a long black cigar. Noting a slight embarrassment on Francisca's part, Benson introduced himself in his usual straightforward manner, stating that he was looking up some claims in real estate on behalf of his father's clients, and that he required the Señor's assistance.

Don Luis declined to discuss business until after supper.

"All the better," thought Benson; and so it turned out; for by making a special

effort to be agreeable, he managed to put Don Luis in a comfortable state of mind, and easily obtained permission to examine the deeds of the Amarillo copper fields.

But his *bonhomie* had produced at the same time a far more important result; for after that first evening, Benson was not concerned with copper claims nor deeds to real estate. Doña Gertrudis, in spite of Benson's efforts in her husband's behalf, had managed to do most of the talking. She was indeed a very interesting and comely matron, slightly inclined to embonpoint, to be sure, but good-natured, and very intelligent, without being too intellectual. She not only accentuated the dialect of the capital—*el Castellano*—but constantly reminded her hearers, by subtle references, that she had spent some time in Spain. Furthermore it was apparent that she found in contrast, the life at the hacienda rather lonely, and that visitors were welcome.

Don Luis, in fact, seemed to think it perfectly proper that she should do all the entertaining, for after producing the deeds he withdrew to the veranda and resumed his smoking. The señora paused for a moment to light her cigarrito, and then the uninterrupted flow of Castilian began again, and lasted until some duty or design prompted her to summon Francisca to take her place; a proceeding which by no means displeased her guest.

Benson soon finished examining the papers. He was in the midst of an interesting exchange of confidences with Francisca, when the señora returned and proposed that he should stay with them a few days. The idea immediately appealed to him; there was no reason why he should not stay, he argued, and besides he desired a closer acquaintance with the silent Don Luis, for such an acquaintance might be of use to the firm

of Hunter and Biglow in the future. In fact, he ought to stay.

Benson stayed. His object being to get better acquainted with Don Luis, he accordingly accompanied the Señor on his morning tours of inspection. Nor was this effort without effect. Almost unconsciously and certainly very gradually—for he had been prejudiced by the *hidalgos* on the other side of the mountains—he began to appreciate what a great-hearted work this silent man was carrying on, alone, unaided, nay even opposed by those of his own rank, among the poor *peones* of the surrounding country. He realized that Don Luis was no mere Philistine, nor yet a dealer in empty smoke wreaths; and he could not repress a thrill of admiration at seeing the stern old man fight on alone and undaunted, firm in his belief that the system of slavery must sooner or later come to an end. Benson's unfeigned appreciation was not without its effect upon Don Luis; he gradually became more communicative and pointed out on every side the great opportunities for a successful development of the country.

Nevertheless a more powerful influence soon began to draw away Benson's attention from Don Luis' altruism. Every day immediately after the *siesta*, he would harness Filipo for Francisca and together they would take a long drive beneath the cool shadows of the palms, returning each day a little later. And after supper they would stroll down to the little river in the twilight and sit upon a cool rock or a stranded pine log, listening to the strange articulation of the rippling waves until they heard the Señora's musical voice summoning them to partake of hot chocolate, preparatory to retiring.

When Benson first thought about the passage of time, he found that more than a week had already gone by. With great

effort he summoned enough courage to announce his departure. Doña Gertrudis would not hear of it.

"Why, Señor Hunter, you have scarcely been here any time at all; you must stay at least a month, for we all enjoy your company so much. Luis is feeling a great deal better now, I know, since he finds someone else interested in serfs and cinchona culture. And besides I have so many questions to ask you about *los Estados Unidos* and whether *los Yanquis* are such barbarians as we were always taught to believe them. And Francisca, too, desires you to stay, is it not so, Francisquita?"

"Certainly, Señor," replied the girl, trying to affect an air of indifference but nevertheless betraying a slight anxiety; "you must not think of going yet."

Benson could not withstand the combined entreaty of these two; and when Don Luis warmly seconded their request he found refusal impossible.

So he stayed. Time now began to fly so fast that he found it convenient to return somewhat earlier from his morning ride with the Señor de Mendoza. Upon one such occasion he had seen an extraordinarily large blue-bird and, wantonly taking aim had, by a careless shot, injured its wing. Then, repenting somewhat he had picked it up and carried it home to Francisca.

"*Ve el azulejo!*—see what a beautiful blue-bird!"

"Oh, isn't he pretty! But what ails him, Señor—*qué tiene?*"

And when she had heard his shame-faced confession she scolded him severely—he never forgot that scolding—and ran off shielding the downy colors against her cheek and murmuring "*Pobrecito! pobrecito!*—poor little fellow! poor little fellow!"

But peace was soon restored again, and they resumed their afternoon drives and

the twilight watches by the river. Benson learned several pretty Spanish songs, and together they sang them at all hours of the day, but especially when the moonlight was dancing upon the eddies and waves of the swift Aguarrillo, and Francisca accompanied their voices with her guitar.

"Las ondas tienen vaga armonía.

Las violetas suave olor,

Brumas de plata la noche fría,

Luz y oro el día;

Yo algo mejor:

Yo tengo amor!"

And then they would grow weary of singing, and draw closer together as the mist began to creep over the ripples and the faint night breeze, which toyed gently with Francisca's white mantilla, wafted toward them the odor of wax-flowers and cashews; and deep-throated frogs in the marshes would answer the falsetto of the tree-frogs; and the monotonous contradiction of katydids and crickets would occasionally be broken by the wail of the pootoo, or a belated humming-bird would flit about the cannas which grew beside the stream; and neither dared to speak for fear of dispelling the dreamlike imagery of the enchanted scene. Under such conditions, who could blame him if he sometimes lost control of his tongue and whispered gently to her, "*Queridita?*"

But one morning—one ought to say forenoon, speaking correctly, for although Doña Gertrudis had barely finished her chocolate and was still smoking her cigarrito, the sun stood high in heaven—Pedro came back from the village with a letter.

"*Para el Señor,*" he announced.

Francesca immediately felt a vague premonition of evil. Letters of that kind were few at the hacienda, and being always for her mother were generally post-

marked *Sevilla*. But this one came from *los Estados Unidos* and she instinctively feared it was to summon Señor Hunter home. She handled it suspiciously, examining every corner of it, every curve in the hand-writing, and held it up to the sunlight to see the size of the missive it contained. Should she burn it and never tell him, or hide it and produce it later on? or—but Pedro would be sure to tell him and then he would be angry, no doubt.

Benson was late coming back that morning; he had been listening to some new plans of Don Luis', and not only listening but sharing in their formation; for he had caught a glimpse of a glorious future for the man with the right stuff in him, a man who could supplement Don Luis' steady perseverance with a broad education and thorough professional training. What better opportunity could be offered to a young man at the threshold of life? With this thought in mind he started for the hacienda, wondering if Francisca —

But instead a letter awaited him. He tore it open and found a peremptory demand for his return; the firm of Hunter & Biglow required his presence in several important civil suits. He was instructed to take the Carolina, which was to sail from Puerto Hondo on the 17th, and after reaching Key West to make all possible speed home.

The imperative tone of the letter had rendered him oblivious of his surroundings, so that he looked up at Francisca as she entered the room, with the abstract stare of the business man, and calmly asked her when the next train left.

"I'm sure I do not know, Señor; but *porqué me lo pregunta?* Is the Señor going away?"

"Ah, *queridita mia*, I must go away, I am compelled to go; they need me at home. But I shall come back again; I

shall come back—to see you, Francisquita.”

Then, seeing Don Luis ride up he went out to interview him about the train service. There would be no regular train, he learned, passing through Ricina until early the next morning, but that one would enable him to connect with the Carolina. The remainder of the day he spent in making preparations for departure, and after supper, instead of the usual walk with Francisca, he had a long and confidential conversation with Don Luis.

Next day he rose very early, and after finishing his preparations for the journey, strolled down to the riverside to revisit the scene of his pleasantest moments. Francisca was already there and gave him a quiet, almost indifferent greeting. Little was said by either until Benson signified the necessity of his departure. Then Francisca stooped and plucked an orchid bloom, absently, and absently fastened it in his coat.

“*El Señor volverá?*—You will come back, won’t you?” she murmured.

“*Si*, Francisca, certainly; but when—I do not know.”

“*Adios*,” she said simply.

And then, his brain in a tumult of emotion, he walked swiftly to the house, bid good-bye to Don Luis and Doña Gertrudis, and set forth, accompanied by Pedro, on his journey to the village. Once, when the road brought them close to the stream, he glanced back at the trysting place and saw Francisca take her white mantilla swiftly from her head and wave him a farewell. That was the last view he had of her—a fitting one to cherish in the memory.

Yes, it was a beautiful memory-image, but, *gracias á Dios*, that was all, thought Benson as he drummed his fingers once or twice upon the window-sill and then hastily returned to Coates vs. Pinckney. And if you were to look into the matter you would find that all sensible people agreed with his opinion, and were especially strengthened in it as the years went on. For Benson became a lawyer of more than local repute. He married brilliantly, settled in a fashionable neighborhood, entered the exclusive social circles of his native city and thenceforth enjoyed an undisturbed and satisfying existence.

He was elected to the board of managers of three hospitals, two educational institutions and a golf club. And as superintendent of the Hunter Sabbath School, his lavish munificence toward foreign missions, home missions, mothers’ clubs and what-not societies will long be remembered.

But down in the Provincia Paisoro at the hacienda de Mendoza a girl watched the eddying waves of the swift Aguarrillo and from time to time lisped in half-patois to the blue-bird on her arm.

“He will come back, Zapito; he will surely come back;—unless he is dead.”

And a stately old man rode his daily rounds in silence, barely noticing the poor creatures to whom his kindly nod had meant so much.

And a comfortable matron of fifty or thereabouts, sipped her chocolate and smoked her cigarritos of an evening, wondering when the next amiable *Americano* would happen their way.

HOWARD BURTT, '08.

Alumni Department

Old Haverfordians were well represented at the late Five Year's Meeting of Friends, held at Richmond, Indiana, October 15-21. James Wood, '58, was chairman; L. Lyndon Hobbs, '76, was first assistant secretary; Allen C. Thomas, '65, George W. White, '78, Ellison R. Purdy, '87, Rufus M. Jones, '85, were on the Business Committee. Niles White, Jr., was re-elected treasurer. Besides this, Rufus M. Jones, '85, and Charles E. Tibbits, '75, read papers, and others took part in the discussions.

716 Chestnut Street,
Philadelphia, Pa., 10-28-'07.

To the Editor HAVERFORDIAN:—

The Class of '97 held its eleventh annual dinner at the college on Saturday, October 26th, right after the Ursinus game.

Brown, Burns, Collins, Hoffman, Howson, Hume, Hutton, Maxfield, Tattall, Thacher, and Palmer were present.

After a good substantial dinner, an effort was made to forget the past ten years in a discussion of the Haverford of our undergraduate days.

Vital statistics show that ten of the class of twenty are married; and five little boys and five little girls are being taught that Haverford is the only college; and '97 the best class that was ever graduated.

By mutual consent the same officers were continued another year, viz: Dr. J. E. Hume, President; Dr. F. B. Jacobs, Vice President, and G. M. Palmer, Secretary.

"Then we gathered on the campus

And we raised our song to heaven,

Here's a yell for Alma Mater:

Three cheers for Ninety-Seven!"

ALUMNI NOTES

'65. Allen C. Thomas has been chosen editor of the *Bulletin* of the Friends' Historical Society of Philadelphia.

'70. The Rev. Oliver Owen died suddenly of heart-disease at his home, the rectory of St. James Church, Clinton, N. Y., on April 1st. Mr. Owen was born in Indiana in 1846, graduated from Haverford in 1870, A. M., 1871. After filling several responsible educational positions, he was ordained a priest of the Episcopal Church, and became rector of St. James in 1889, a position which he held till his death.

'76. Percival Roberts, Jr., has been elected a director of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

'76. F. H. Taylor has left the Westinghouse Co. and is now with the Yale Lock Co., in N. Y.

'85. Professor Theodore W. Richards, of Harvard University, has an important article in *The Harvard Graduate's Magazine* for September on The New Outlook in Chemistry.

'93. We are in receipt of an extremely interesting pamphlet of twenty-five pages—with photographs and map—entitled "Modern Glaciers, Their Movements and the Methods of Observing Them," by William S. Vaux, which was read before the Engineers' Club of Philadelphia, May 18, 1907.

'92. Christian Brinton contributes an illustrated article on John Sargent to the September *Century*.

'97. Class reunion.

'02. Edward W. Evans won the highest honors in June at the Law School of the University of Pennsylvania. He won both the teaching fellowship and the

P. Pemberton Morris prize for scholarship.

'02. Richard M. Gummere has announced his engagement to Miss Christine Robinson, of Villanova, Pa.

'03. After stopping at the Hawaiian Islands and Japan, Mr. and Mrs. R. I. Simkin started on their adventurous journey in a house-boat up the Yangtze River in China late in January. They reached their destination, Chungking, in safety on March 1, and lodged with a family of missionaries until their house, in the middle of the city, could be prepared for them. Simkin's address is: Care of Friends' Mission, Chungking, China.

'03. H. J. Cadbury, an instructor at Westtown School, has been making a trip among the New England schools with his principal, William Wickersham.

'03. O. E. Duerr expects shortly to begin studying for the Unitarian ministry. He is at present engaged with the Westinghouse Co. in San Francisco.

'03. C. V. Hodgson has returned to service in the U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey, where he has been assigned to a ship which will operate in the waters of Alaska.

'03. D. B. Miller was married on January 7th to Miss Mabel Lucille Groff, of Bryn Mawr.

'03. George Pierce has been appointed to the position of resident physician under Dr. Grenfell in his mission to deep sea fishermen in Labrador. He will spend the summer there after taking his degree at Johns Hopkins.

'03. R. L. Simkin writes from Kweifu, China, of his trip from Ichang on a houseboat. He expects to reach Chungking, his station in West China, early in March.

'03. W. E. Swift announces the birth of a son Williard Everett Swift, Jr., Jan. 6th, 1907.

'03. H. M. Trueblood, after absence for illness, has returned to the U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey. He will work in Alaska.

'03. J. E. Hollingsworth will spend another year at the University of Chicago, studying in the Department of Classics. A son, Joseph Lawrence, was born to him February 18th.

'04. W. T. Hilles is city salesman for the New York office of the Samuel C. Tatum Co., of Cincinnati.

'07. Mitchell is teaching in California.

'07. Wood is employed by the Westinghouse Electric Co., Pittsburg.

'07. J. C. Birdsall is studying medicine, at Penn, and Evans is studying law.

Ex-'09. Loewenstein is studying law, at Penn.

'07. Terrel is engaged in teaching and missionary work in Cuba.

'07. Lindsay is in a bank in Philadelphia.

'07 and '06. Lee and Scott are studying Philosophy and English, at Harvard.

'07. Ricks is studying law, at Richmond.

Ex-'10. The engagement is announced of Meigs O. Frost to Miss Florence Doig, of London, England. He is temporarily engaged in the banking business in New York City.

'05. Chester J. Teller has been appointed assistant superintendent of the New York Hebrew Sheltering Guardian Orphan Asylum.

'06. William H. Hanes, Jr., and Miss Alice Janvier were married on the 26th of October at South Orange, N. J.

'07. C. F. Lee has been granted a scholarship in the Philosophical department of Harvard University, for the year 1907-'08.

'07. J. W. Nicholson is in the office of Whitall, Tatum & Co.

College Department

Chungking, West China,
Aug. 25, 1907.

TO ALL MY FRIENDS AT HAVERFORD:

A temperature of 94, in the house behind stone walls, in the coolest place we can find, is not conducive to comfort, but that is what we have encountered during a large part of this last week. To make it worse, during the three hottest days I have been toiling over a hummer of an examination on what I knew—and some that I didn't know—of the Chinese language. This covers six months' work, and I have been studying less than five. Though I have not yet heard from the examiners, I am pretty certain that I passed, and it is a relief to get it off.

One of the great events of the summer was the Commencement and Annual Field Day of the Boys' High School here on the hills opposite Chungking.

* * * * *

Promptly at 9 o'clock the events began, for we could waste no time, as the contestants were so numerous that most of the races had to be run off in several heats. At eleven, the races adjourned for the Commencement Exercises proper, which were also held in the open air. Several hymns were sung, prayer was offered, and Mr. Wigham, Principal of the school, spoke briefly, in Chinese, explaining the Christian motive which underlies the existence of the school, and welcoming all the guests to the good feeling and jollity of the day. Then each of the four graduates was given a subject on which he made a five-minute extempore speech. These were the subjects given: 1. "How can China maintain a high position among the nations?" 2. "What would be the effect if China were almost covered with railroads?"

3. "Can China get rid of opium in ten years?" 4. "What is the most important study to be taught in Chinese schools?"

The boy who received the fourth subject, I believe, truly reflected the present-day tendency, when he answered that English was the most important study to be taught in the schools. The Chinese are all crazy to learn a little English, and the schoolmaster must show a firm hand not to allow it to usurp the place of a good education in other subjects. The boys seemed very proud when they were presented with satin banners on which were inscribed their names, etc., which means to them what our "sheepskin" does to us. Their successful entrance into the company of "scholars" was celebrated by the setting off of immense strings of firecrackers.

Then followed dinner, of which the foreigners and a few Chinese honored guests partook, the rest purchasing their meal at booths on the premises. But as soon as the games were renewed, all the interest was again centred in them. There were 100-yard and 220-yard dashes, quarter-mile, half-mile, sack, three-legged, and hurdle races, and various jumps, besides throwing the ball and kicking the foot ball. Everybody entered fully into the affair, and even if there were no records broken, from a Haverford point of view, there was the keenest competition among the various schools which were all allowed to enter their members as contestants.

* * * * *

The last event was a hotly contested "tug-of-war" between the students of three schools, after which the teachers of the various schools formed his boys in line and marched them back to the

river to get across to the city before it became dark. Everybody had had a grand day, and all seemed most friendly to the mission school. I tell you, fellows, there is a big chance here for real, live teachers. We can't use deadheads, but live wide-awake fellows we're looking for.

Sincerely your friend,

ROBERT L. SIMKIN, '03.

Y. M. C. A. CALENDAR

It is the aim of the Committee for Selection of Leaders to introduce an outside speaker, if possible, as frequently as once every month. We print a partial list below:

October 30th—E. B. Horton.

November 13th—C. E. Mercer.

December 11th—Prof. Green.

Athletic Department

HAVERFORD, 24; MEDICO-CHI, 5.

The foot ball season opened this year with the Medico-Chi game. It was played on Walton Field, October fifth. Haverford had little trouble, with the help of some long runs, in rolling up the score of 24. Medico-Chi scored on a fumble.

The line-up:

<i>Haverford.</i>	<i>Medico-Chi.</i>
Sharplessl. e.....	Brown
(Lewis)	(Lynn)
Spaethl. t.....	Lowrie
(Green)	(Jackson)
Wrightl. g.....	Kirshner
(Hinshaw)	
Emlenc.....	Sautee
Wilsonr. g.....	Haggerty
Ramseyr. t.....	O'Toole
(Miller)	
Leonardr. e.....	Foote
Myersg.....	Lyons
(Gardiner)	(Decker)
Huttonr. h. b.....	Garnsey
(Gallagher)	(Blackburn)
Bardl. h. b.....	Moyer
(Clement)	
Brownf. b.....	Hacka

HAVERFORD, 12; DELAWARE, 0.

Haverford met Delaware on Walton Field on October the twelfth. The team showed much more snap than in the last game. Again Haverford was carried to victory by end runs. Bard and Miller made two splendid runs.

The line-up:

<i>Haverford.</i>	<i>Delaware.</i>
Lewisl. e.....	Cann
(Edwards)	

Millerl. t.....	Edwards
	(Kimble)
Emlenl. g.....	Atkins
(Wright)	
Spaethc.....	Papperman
Tomlinsonr. g.....	Edwards
Ramseyr. t.....	Ward
(Green)	
Leonardr. e.....	Robin
(Sharpless)	(Rothrock)
Gardinerg.....	Berry
Myers)	
Brownr. h. b.....	Thomas
(Hutton)	
Bardl. h. b.....	Baldwin
(Martin)	
Gallagherf. b.....	Kelly
(Clement)	
Umpire—Palmer. Referee—Hoskins. Linesman—Hill. Halves—20 and 15 minutes.	

HAVERFORD, 20; NEW YORK, 0.

Haverford played New York University on Ohio Field, New York, October 19th. New York was outclassed at every stage of the game. Haverford punted well and worked the forward pass satisfactorily in several instances.

The line-up:

<i>Haverford.</i>	<i>N. Y. University.</i>
Leonardl. e.....	Perry
(Wilson)	
Millerl. t.....	Fuedberg
Emlenl. g.....	Fredericks
	(Brown)
Spaethc.....	Sabin
	(Decker)
Wrightr. g.....	Koar
(Tomlinson)	(Stone)
Ramseyr. t.....	Auffant
	(Stone)

Lewisr.e..... G. Young
 Myersg..... Rust
 (Judkins)(Nevinus)
 Brown.....r.h.b..... H. Brown
 (Martin)
 Bard.....l.h.b..... A. Young
 (Gallagher)
 Edwardsf.g..... Morven
 Umpire—Hartell, Williams. Referee—Fan-
 ner, Oberlin. Linesman—McDonnel, Stevens.
 Halves—20 minutes.

HAVERFORD, 6; URSINUS, 0.

Haverford played Ursinus on Walton Field, October the 26th. Bard scored for Haverford in the first half. In the second half, although the ball was kept in Ursinus territory, Haverford was unable to score.

The line-up:

<i>Haverford.</i>	<i>Ursinus.</i>
Lewisl.e..... Able	(Russell)
Millert..... Quay	
Tomlinsonl.g..... Gergis	
Spaethc..... Knauer	
Wrightf.g..... Hoover	
Ramseyr.t..... Gay	
Leonardr.e..... Snyder	
(Clement)	
Myersg..... Paist	
(Drinker)	
Brownr.h.b..... Isenberg	
(Waeder)	
Bardl.h.b..... Keyser	
(Hutton)	
Edwardsf.b..... Horne	
Umpire—Sigmond. Referee—Curtiss. Lines- man—Warnock. Halves—25 minutes.	

SOPHOMORE-FRESHMAN GAME.

The annual Soph-Fresh game was played on Walton Field, October 21st. In the beginning of the game, Hutton got loose and went over for the touch-down. A freshman was offside in the play and the Sophomores took the touch-down. The game was close from beginning to end, the Freshmen showing up very well.

The line-up:

<i>Sophomores.</i>	<i>Freshmen.</i>
Edwardsl.e..... Russell	
Wilsonl.t..... McCann	

Morrisl.g..... Deane	
Froelicherc..... Hartshorne	
Tomlinsonr.g..... W. T. Young	
Robertsr.t..... Hinshaw	
Wheelerr.e..... Patrick	
Judkinsg..... Reynolds	
Shoemakerr.h.b..... Wilbur	
Martinl.h.b..... Kleinz	
Huttonf.b..... Gallagher	

Umpire—Miller. Referee—Haines.

SOPHOMORE-FRESHMAN TRACK MEET.

The annual Sophomore-Freshman Track Meet was held on Walton Field, October 2d. The Sophomores won by a score of 45 to 26.

EVENTS.

100 Yard Dash—First, Palmer, '10; second, Roberts, '10; third, Ashbrook, '11. Time, 11 seconds.

220 Yard Dash—First, Palmer, '10; second, Ashbrook, '11; third, Gallagher, '11. Time, 26 1-5 seconds.

Half Mile Run—First, Roberts, '10; second, Coates, '10; third, Russell, '11. Time, 2.13 1-5 seconds.

120 Yards Hurdles—Forfeited by Sophomores.

Quarter Mile Run—First, Palmer, '10; second, Gallagher, '11; third, Roberts, '10. Time, 58 seconds.

High Jump—First, Cary, '10; second, Froelicher, '10; third, Gardiner, '11. Height, 5 ft. 2½ inches.

Broad Jump—First, Gardiner, '11; second, Froelicher, '10; third, Roberts, '10. Distance, 19 ft. 5 inches.

Shot-Put—First, Palmer, '10; second, Hartshorne, '11; third, Froelicher, '10. Distance, 29 ft. 3 inches.

TENNIS

Furness, 1910, won the singles tournament by defeating Bailey, 1908, in the final. Score, 6-1, 6-0, 6-4.

Hutton, 1910, and Palmer, 1910, won the doubles tournament by defeating Bailey, 1908, and Miller, 1908. Score, 9-7, 6-4, 2-6, 6-2.

H. C. ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION MEETING.

A regular meeting of the H. C. A. A. was held in the collecting room on October 5th. The regulations for awarding Haverford Insignia, as posted, were adopted.

HAVERFORD, 11; LEHIGH, 4.

The long-looked for Lehigh game was called at 3 o'clock, Saturday, November 2d. Three hours of rain had turned Walton Field into a swamp, and frightened away many would-be spectators; but, although, the gate receipts were considerably lessened on this account, there was no insignificant crowd, for the entire college body filled the cheering section, while Lehigh brought down two hundred rooters in spite of the abominable weather. Rain fell almost incessantly throughout the game, rendering frequent fumbles unavoidable, and almost invariably preventing the success of a forward pass. End runs, varied with an occasional fake line buck were the best ground gainers for the Haverford team, which, in spite of its inferiority in weight, and the consequent disadvantage it suffered from the slippery field, pluckily fought its way to victory by the score of 11 to 4. The play in detail:

Lehigh won the toss, and chose to defend the south goal, with a strong wind at their backs. Brown kicked off to Lehigh, who received it on the 15-yard line, and ran it back 20 yards. Lehigh kicked to Bard, who returned it ten yards. Haverford tried a forward pass around right end and lost the ball. Lehigh attempted a forward pass, but lost the ball to Haverford.

Bard ran right end for 20 yards, and the following play, Brown made a magnificent 50-yard run for a touchdown.

With Haverford defending the south goal, with the wind, Brown kicked to Mandell, who ran the ball 10 yards before being tackled hard by Emlen. Haverford held Lehigh twice for no gain, and the latter tried an onside, which was scooped by Bard, who warded off several Lehigh tacklers, making a 30-yard run for a touchdown. Brown easily kicked the goal. Lehigh kicked off to Haverford and recovered the ball on a fumble. Failing to gain around Haverford's right end, Lehigh tried another onside kick and again fell on the ball when Haverford fumbled.

A try at center failed, and immediately Spiers dropped back and kicked a goal from the field.

There were much kicking and tries at forward passes, but the latter were usually unsuccessful. The game ended with the ball in Lehigh's territory in Haverford's possession. For Haverford, Brown, Bard, Myers and Spaeth played well, while Aman, Brumbaugh, Olcott and Treat excelled for Lehigh.

The line up:

<i>Haverford.</i>		<i>Lehigh.</i>
Sharpless.....	l. e.	Troutman
(Lewis)		
Miller.....	l. t.	Treat
Emlen.....	l. g.	Black
Spaeth.....	c.	Westerbeke
Wright.....	r. g.	Shorkley
(Tomlinson)		
McCann.....	r. t.	Olcott
(Ramsey, Wilson)		
Leonard.....	r. e.	Bakewell
(Russell)		
Myers.....	q. b.	Anderson
Bard.....	l. h. b.	Spiers
Brown.....	r. h. b.	Mandell
		(Aman)
Edwards.....	f. b.	Brumbaugh
Touchdowns—Brown, Bard. Goal from field		
—Spiers. Goal—Brown. Referee—F. R. Giller.		
Umpire—Dr. H. F. Smith. Linesman		
—Warnock. Timekeepers—Hayes and Bailly.		
Time of halves—30 minutes.		



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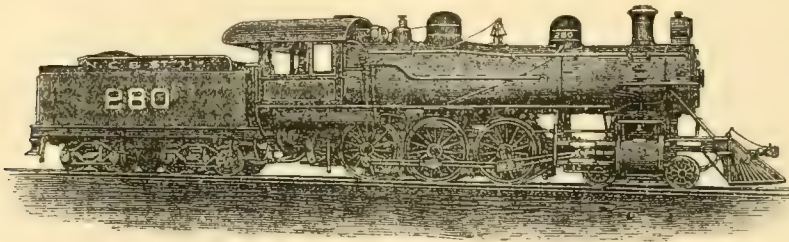
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Number Seven
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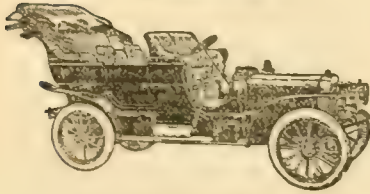
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FOOT-BALL TEAM, 1908.



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ONE of the most popular fallacies current among educated people is that which asserts foot-ball to be an unmitigated evil. The trouble with such people is not so much misinformation as misinterpretation of facts.

Foot-ball

Their eyes are so blinded by the exceptional results, their minds so full of instances—exceedingly rare nowadays—where players have been seriously injured, that they fail to recognize the great good derived from the game by the participants in general. A mill-hand or grocery clerk in an obscure New Jersey village plays in a Saturday afternoon game with the rival village, and in consequence of inadequate clothing, coaching, and training, gets his collar-bone broken. Whereupon Mr. Fondparent cuts out the paragraph and sends it to his son at college, bidding him remain on the side lines and never to participate in the barbarous custom which is a reproach to our modern civilization, etc. Such a man would be surprised if told that the gridiron was a healthier place, mentally, morally and physically, for his carefully guarded offspring. He, most probably would scoff at the suggestion; yet would the facts bear out him who made the assertion.

A brief review of the season which has just closed will clear up the hazy ideas which some of us have been entertaining with regard to the relative merits and demerits of the game. The team, this year, in the first place, is quite the equal of any we have had during the past four years; it has won all but two of the games played and scored twice as many points as the combined opponents. Now, waiving the claims, made by many, of indefinite superior attributes resulting from all branches of athletics, such as self-reliance, aggressiveness and magnanimity, let us deal with tangible facts.

Physically the foot-ball team is in much better condition than the remainder of the college; not a single member of it is even slightly indisposed. One or two minor accidents, to be sure, occurred during the early part of the season; yet for every player so injured there were probably several non-players who required medical assistance after sitting through a rainstorm in the grandstand.

Mentally the foot-ball player is superior to the average student. Reports for the quarter just finished, show that not only there were no members of the team who failed in the work of the curriculum, but the ma-

jority of them stood very high in their respective classes, and in one or two cases, highest. *Mens sana in corpore sano* is trite but true.

Although it is difficult to prove by outward phenomena the superiority of the foot-ball player in the third attribute mentioned above, namely, morality, yet is it useful to notice that the foremost men in our Y. M. C. A. are also among the best players on the foot-ball team. Furthermore, if cant and hypocrisy does exist at all among young men, it certainly does not exist in the members of the foot ball team; it is eliminated early in the season, along with the men who play for the gallery.

To those, therefore, who urge the abolishment of foot ball on the grounds of its baneful effects we would respectfully submit the query, "Why not abolish the railroads and steamship lines, which destroy a much larger percentage of those employed than foot-ball does? or the curriculum, which impairs the health of many a student? or the custom of taking meals, since so many deaths can be traced to indigestion?"

THERE is a department of life here in college that has never been pushed to the extent of which it is capable. It has never been used to the advancement of the interests

Music at Haverford

of the college except in a very small way. In most colleges and universities great attention is paid to the musical activities of the students. The musical associations of most colleges and universities have important functions to perform, which are conducive to an entirely different kind of atmosphere to that which can be produced without them. It is a noteworthy fact that

many small colleges have mandolin and glee clubs that take an active part in college life. Numbers alone are not necessary to the maintenance of a standard of excellence in musical work that will bring success. It is the standard of excellence itself that determines their success.

Contrary to what has always been supposed, it is not impossible here at Haverford to maintain such a degree at least of skill in musical matters as to produce a limited amount of the desired effect. We hear that the athletic resources of the various departments are diminishing. The Musical Association should be able to do here as it does elsewhere; it should be able to step in and aid. It cannot be denied that a college musical association is a money making organization if used in the right way. It has been proved again and again. Here, too, the Musical Association can show a balance at the end of a year. And here the Musical Association has not been made the most of by any manner of means. No one would suggest that the Musical Association should go into business for the sake of making money. But it should go into business with a view of bettering the musical atmosphere of the college and of being able to assist in other activities of the college when the need may come.

NOW that the 1907 foot-ball season is a thing of the past, it seems to us that a little comment upon one feature of it will not be entirely out of place.

Alumni Support

We appreciate the material aid and support of the Alumni—without this our foot-ball department would frequently find itself "down and out." We wish to do nothing or say nothing which would make these

Alumni who have so liberally helped this department, feel that we are in the slightest degree ungrateful. But there is, we believe, something more than this financial aid which the college can expect of its Alumni. Our teams are nearly invariably lighter than those with which they play. The *spiritus* in the fellows who play, must be inspired from the whole college atmosphere. The players cannot do it all themselves—that is why college foot-ball meetings are held all through the season. The undergraduates cannot be expected to do it all themselves—there are not enough of us—and that is why twice this season Alumni foot-ball meetings were held, with some sort of an entertainment afterwards in the gymnasium, to attract more people if possible. One of these foot-ball smokers was gotten up by the undergraduates the night before the Lehigh game, and the other by some vitally interested Alumni before the game with Trinity. Both were enjoyable occasions to those who attended, but they cannot be said to have been effective in bringing forth the so much needed united Alumni support.

A few Alumni came out and made speeches. They told us how the Alumni, as a body, backed up the team, how their paucity of numbers was not to be taken as an index of their interest in the college.

We realize here at college that many of the Alumni are tied down with business responsibilities which prevent their getting out to college as often as they would like. But though we have faith in the backing of the Alumni, we have no other opportunity of judging their interest in our team than by noting the way they show up at these meetings and at the games. We need other than financial support. It is there but it's not very dynamic. Of the seventy and more classes which have been here at Haverford, it seems remarkable that only twenty or thirty individuals should ever be able to show up. We are aware that it will mean some sacrifice on their part to attend these one or two foot-ball meetings in the fall, but we need their support and believe they will not regret the effort made.



DOWN THE DANUBE



TRIP to Europe used to be an event; of late years it has become only an incident; so common an incident that the returned trav-

eler, if he is not discreet, may easily develop into a bore. It is with a concern for discretion, therefore, that I approach the dangerous topic. Yet I venture because the trip I am about to describe is off the main line of travel and because it can be made at a surprisingly small expense.

Some years ago, when I was a student at the University of Berlin, a chance conversation aroused a desire to go to Constantinople. The desire passed into a resolution. Accordingly, when the spring vacation began, I left Berlin, equipped for the journey with English, a moderate amount of German, and some stoical expectations of hardship for the sake of economy.

I shall run over the itinerary rapidly, touching only a few of the salient impressions that have survived the lapse of years.

First, I went to Dresden, stayed there several days and left it with the Sistine Madonna in the foreground of memory. Then followed a three-day tramp of the Saxon Switzerland,—over the snow-clad Winterberg and down into Bohemia. I recall a timorous feeling as I crossed the boundary; it was night, and the strange suggestiveness of the name—Bohemia—in the solitude of the forest—made me uneasy. But mine host of the inn in the valley was honest and cordial, though his bed was villainous. Thence on

to Prague with its memories of the Witch and Wallenstein and the Saint who leaped from the stone bridge and floated down the Moldau enshrouded in a miraculous light. In Prague, mouldy, mediaeval, one finds the atmosphere of racial tension. There is silent feud between the Austrian police and the Bohemians, and if you talk German to an inhabitant, you are likely to get a scowl.

I don't remember much about Linz, except that it was clean and on the upper Danube. The Nibelungen country lies near. But as I tramped through Pöchlarn—where Baron Rüdiger gloried and drank deep—no memorials of the heroic days were visible; only Austrians with feathers in their hats.

I suppose the Austrians are proud of their capital and think of Vienna as the Paris of Central Europe. Certainly the majestic buildings that line the Ringstrasse are more imposing than any group in Paris or elsewhere. But after you have seen these and the Prater and the old town within the Ring, the rest of Vienna seems commonplace; especially to one who has only a passing interest in the history of the House of Hapsburg.

The route now passed down the Danube by steamer, with frequent stops. There was a fine castle on a finer site at Pressburg, the former capital of Hungary. At Buda-Pesth I delayed several days; Buda-Pesth, twin cities, the boast of the Huns; clean, modern, enterprising, beautiful, with all the confidence of a people whose course is yet to run. An American associates Huns with coal-mines,

shacks and riots; Buda-Pesth makes him rub his eyes. Here also he learns about a hero named Johan Hunyadi—and something more about Kossuth.

Belgrade, the capital of Servia, is a shabby place; in spirit between the Orient and the West; where life stagnates about a drowsy market place and a ruined fortress from the steep declivity of which Christians once flung the invading Turks into the Danube. I saw the young King Alexander at the theatre—the play was a French adaptation—and the King reminds me that life is not so stagnant in Belgrade after all. A short time ago conspirators broke in on him at midnight and murdered him in his royal bed, and his queen also. And now King Peter revels dolefully in the forlorn brick and stucco palace. I wish I had time to tell the story of the dethroned exile, Queen Natalie. They were still selling her picture in the streets when I was there. Her face is not beautiful, by our standard; yet it haunts the imagination and suggests portentous femininity like Leonardo's Mona Lisa.

There are other things along the river that stick in the memory; the ancient road of the Romans, hewn out of the living rock; the little island of Adakaleh, where a colony of Turks, flotsam of the great invasion, exists unmolested under sufferance of the Austrians. The island is wholly Turkish in its local color. It gives one a foretaste of the mysterious East; the men squat at their coffee and the women, with veils over their ugliness, draw water, like Rebekah, from the wells. The climax in natural scenery along the Danube is the Pass of Kazan, commonly called the Iron Gate. Here the banks close in, the rocky walls rise sheer from the water and from the steamer you can easily throw a stone

at Servia or Roumania. I passed through this defile at twilight with a crimson sunset in the rear and a white moon in the sky. After ten minutes of sliding down an inclined plane of water, the Danube suddenly spreads and all that follows is flatness and monotony.

At Rustchuk I entered Bulgaria for a cross-country ride to the Black Sea. My impression of Rustchuk lingers chiefly in a picture of the English consul; an old man with a red fez, a long lazy-gown and eyes languid with drugs and dreams. Perhaps I do him injustice. The languor may have been the effect of that dreary environment of yellow dogs, yellow roads, yellow houses. In Constantinople the yellow dog, by the way, is innumerable and sacred.

At Varna, on the Black Sea, there was a delay of several days. The winds were up and the ship could not take on its cargo. With Varna I associate Russian caviare, some chats with a German about Goethe and the first sight of a muezzin at the top of a minaret, calling the faithful to prayer.

At last, early in the morning, the steamer, with hundreds of Moslem pilgrims, boxed tight under hatches, entered the Bosphorus.

Lo, behold! The metropolis of the East! A desert spot it was when Jason sailed past on his voyage for the Golden Fleece—now a city of a thousand towers, populous with all the races of the earth. On the right were the crested ridge of Rumili Hissar and white palaces at the water's edge; on the left Scutari and the summit of Bulgurlu; ahead the confusion of warships, merchant ships, ferry boats, *caiques*, clustered about the mouth of the Golden Horn. For historic Constantinople you had best go to Gibbon.

Space permits me to catalogue only a few indiscriminate memories; the vista of the highways, from the top of Bulgurlu, disappearing among the mountains of Asia; the ride in a canoe up the Sweet Waters of Europe (sweet because not salt); the *selamlik* or formal passage of the Sultan to the Yildiz mosque; the visit to the remote Seven Towers with their vague hints of forgotten tragedies; the rambles in the Grand Bazaar and the labyrinthine streets of old Stamboul; the tramp along the great western wall (gypsies now hive in its shadow) through which the besiegers finally broke when they made the date of the Renaissance. But all these remembrances are dim compared with that of the Mohammedan service in the mosque of Santa Sophia. It was the holy month of Ramasan and the pilgrims had gathered from far and near. We Christian dogs were allowed the privilege of the gallery; provided we put slippers over our shoes to preserve the place from pollution. The great main cupola, without visible support, seemed to float on the air. The vast spaces of the mosque were shimmering with thousands of oil lamps. The area of the floor was carpeted with a profusion of rugs and on these, in long diagonal files, the Turks sat, cross-leg, their shoes before them, their faces turned toward Mecca. In the far corner, on his high perch, surrounded by the smaller dignitaries, the high priest of the faith intoned the ritual. At the pauses the long files of men, bending their bodies and touching forehead to the ground, cried in melancholy unison, "Allah! Allah! Allah!"—the wail of impotent mortals to the omnipotent. Meanwhile the women—negligible in religion—crowded the doors and outer corridors, watching, as if

wistful of heaven. And children scampered about, anywhere, everywhere, chasing each other and calling out in their play. How different from the scene when, nearly five hundred years before, the doomed Christians fled into this basilica for safety and the Moslems pursued and slaughtered them in their sanctuary!

I must slip through Greece, though the week there was fully as enjoyable. But Athens is familiar to all and the tales of Mycenæ, Eleusis, Epidauros, Corinth, Olympia, are all told in the chronicles. It is at this point, therefore, that I must carefully exercise the promised discretion and set sail at once from Patras.

The route home was up the Adriatic with a stop at the island of Corfu. A glimpse and a short ramble gave one a desire for a long vacation there. The steamer sped on to Trieste, where Browning's friend last saw Waring, and where an Italian populace frets under Austrian rule. From Trieste I passed by rail over the Styrian Alps and the Semmering Pass, pausing only for a visit to the Adelsberg Caverns—a subterranean tramp of several miles among stalactites and stalagmites and underground streams. Then came Gratz, a pleasant provincial university town and then again Vienna.

The spring was now in its prime and the Wanderlust broke out afresh and caused an addition to the itinerary. This was a foot-tour among the castles of the Upper Danube. I visited the ruins of Hartenstein in the depths of a forest; Dürrenstein, where Richard the Lionheart was held captive on his return from the Crusades, and where Blondel, according to the legend, found him by means of a ballad; Aggstein, whence the robber barons used to descend and demand tribute of all the

merchant boats passing down the river; the great Abbey of Melk, capacious, palatial, where monks still live at their traditional ease. I recall this ramble with the keenest delight and advise others to make it. The scenery along the Upper Danube is far superior to the Rhine, and the absence of the stream of tourists is an especial attraction. I remember that while taking luncheon at a wayside inn I accidentally remarked to the woman who served me that I came from America. She rushed out for her husband, calling: "Hans, komm hier. Der Herr ist ein Amerikaner."

Three days later I was back in Ber-

lin at the University. The financial element of the tour is probably as interesting as anything else. I had started with the idea of seeing how economically the trip could be made. The test permitted no luxuries, yet it did not entail much real discomfort; very little in fact. I had made what the Germans call a "Rundreise." It covered over four thousand miles. I was out eight full weeks. The total expenditure was slightly under two hundred dollars. I may add that the trip was the best discipline I have ever had in the use of money, and that the experience has saved me many dollars since.

A. E. H.

Song

Hither! O, hither, ye friends of mine!
 For sorrow's out of season
 And let us drink, in good red wine,
 To the joy that has no reason.
 But hither in haste, for mirth is coy,
 And slips you on the morrow;
 And any good fellow can share a joy
 Though few can share a sorrow!
 So here's to the joys of merry old
 earth,
 And here's to the god of laughter;
 And here's to the present moment's
 mirth
 And away with the moment after!
 Then haste ye hither, for mirth is coy,
 And slips you on the morrow,
 And any good fellow can share a joy
 Though few can share a sorrow.

JOHN FRENCH WILSON, '10.

A MEMORY OF THE LAGUNA

III.

(Continued.)



JUNDIO! Yes, the path had disappeared swallowed by the swamp. The boy meant that, but my brain obstinately refused to digest the impression. I could not realize that we were cut off by the greenish waters of the laguna; that we were probably doomed. Now, all at once, a host of fragmentary reminiscences crowded and jostled one another in my memory, and filed past my mind's eye with the rapidity of the vision which, people say, ushers a drowning man to the threshold of eternity. Ah, the *cuentos* about the swamp demon! Many and many a time I had heard tales delivered in a low voice, with mysterious gesticulation, about the victims who had never escaped from the clutches of that evil genius. *They* had never, never come back. "*Alli estan toitos solos.*" They were there, all alone! How I had laughed at their absurdities! I tried to laugh now but, somehow, I couldn't. I stood there idiotic, ridiculous; a mummy in cork-helmet and gumboots.

Helplessly I watched Paco probing the soil with his foot to find a safe exit. I felt a little dizzy, and experienced some difficulty focusing my eyes as I followed the movements of the guide. My peculiar pitching gait I attributed to the nature of the soil. By degrees I was becoming a prey to a most unbearable discomfort. The crabs which I carried strapped over my shoulders kept up an incessant writhing and scratching which irritated me as much as if they had been running loose down my spine. The fog,

thicker every moment, washed my cheeks, and seemed to deposit a layer of slime on them at every touch. I was drenched in spite of my outfit; drenched and sticky as if I had taken several plunges in a pool of paste. I could not have told whether my lips felt drier than my eyes. Between my throat and stomach a constant communication took place. It was as if a bubble detached itself from the latter and ascended toward the former, only to explode on reaching a high temperature. During the process of detachment, transit, and explosion of that bubble I was subject to a nervous spasm which began with nausea and ended with dizziness. Gradually I became aware of intermittent chills. I was as uncomfortable as if I had been sitting before an open window and close to a steaming radiator.

"*Está too jundío,*" reiterated the boy, returning to my side after a fruitless investigation.

.. "*Too jundío!*" I managed to echo.

Apparently we were on a small island, Slightly above the danger zone. With the hope of ascertaining our position, I walked now to a point of vantage. I have but vague recollections of what followed. The chills had become more violent, and I shivered so now that I could hear the manacled crabs rattling on my back. As I stood there trying to pierce the fog with my eyes, the boy drew near, raised the *jacho* aloft, and, peering at me doubtfully, mumbled, as if afraid of the sound of his words:

"*La Fiebre maligna.*"

The diagnosis was too enormous for me to realize it immediately. As the

word "fever" shot through my brain like an incandescent ball, I strained my eyes looking at the enveloping fog. I was denying the truth of a reality with all my concentrated powers. Yet, I spoke no word. I just looked at the fog.

Even now I know not whether I was the victim of an optical illusion. I saw a strange phenomenon. Far to the west the faint illumination of charcoal piles was projected on the sky. Between and all around stretched a waste of *man-glares*. The shifting fog played in and out of the twisted tendrils of the mangroves, filling their fantastic outlines and bringing into life a multitude of grotesque figures. These figures were swayed by the breeze and their forms changed continually. There were huge heads with large, distorted mouths and veritable whirlwinds of hair; headless trunks with perhaps an arm or a leg dangling, and a host of other impossible creatures, half human, half animal. They moved in silence, irregularly, but silent, with the funereal quiet of nightmares.

"Don't talk; you frighten me," Paco implored, rudely shaking me by the arm.

"Do you see them moving, Paquito?" I asked him, pointing to the shifting fog. The fog had been moving for two hours, and the guide did not condescend to waste another look.

Just then the *jacho* sputtered and extinguished itself. Almost simultaneously I heard a splash of water, followed by an angry bark. A band of *yaguazas*, which had been roosting nearby, whirled around us and fled westwards with loud screeches.

"Your revolver, señor. The dog is coming."

The guide had darted to my side and was urging me to defend myself. Instinctively I felt for my weapon.

"Wild dog, Paquito?"

"No; Polo's dog."

Before he could explain, a powerful brute had shaken itself dry and stood growling before us. I could just see the silhouette of his great body, and the fire of his eyes. He came on towards us slowly, scenting every inch of the soil. There was nothing particularly threatening in his attitude, and as I could scarcely have fired in my feverish state, I waited patiently. At last he came to me and began to scent my boots, finishing by knocking against my knees with his shaggy head. Paco kept on moving around me and avoided contact with the dog, as if the animal had been infected with the plague.

Now the dog went back to the edge of the clearing whence he had come, and began a series of howls somewhat like the call of the coyote. My head was like a blast-furnace, and my ears buzzed as if I had a whole swarm of bees beating against the tympanum. In my half-delirious condition, that howl had a strange meaning. It seemed that someone was calling me from far, far away, and I was going, following the voice.

IV.

They were rocking me like a pendulum. They had grappled me with cruel hooks by the temples and the waist. Long they moved me thus, from hot to cold, and from cold to hot, always in the presence of a monstrous head, whose lips grinned at me, and in whose deep, empty sockets I could see a constant shifting of dim, ugly figures.

Gradually the oscillations became less violent; things began to fade. The sockets expanded, and the figures in them vanished one after another. A light came on from somewhere; it grew brighter as it came.

There, in a corner, was a saucer filled with some fluid in whose surface danced a speck of cotton on fire. Around it, I saw thatched walls. I moved, and the

crackling of dried leaves betrayed a palm couch. I was under heavy blankets.

"*Vamos, va pasando.*"

He smiled, and put out his dark hand to feel my forehead. He had very small, round eyes, and a great deal of unkempt, gray hair, which brought out in striking relief the coppery color of his face. His smile was kindly, and the touch of his hand soft.

When he stood up, I thought his body was short, and his arms remarkably long and crooked.

"Paco, where is Paco?" I asked with the aimlessness of a man suddenly awakened.

He motioned me to keep silent while he went to a fire-kettle and brought me a cup of steaming liquid.

"Drink, señor; the *tila boba* cures the *maligna*."

I swallowed the stuff meekly, although it might have been molten lead. Then he gave me to munch the bitterest piece of bark I ever tasted.

"Poison kills poison. Cashew bark kills the *maligna*," he said, and his small, round eyes twinkled.

I must have fallen now under a drowsy spell. Although no longer the prey of nightmares, still my sleep was not entirely peaceful. In some manner I was conscious of a presence which boded evil. I had a vague feeling that the room was occasionally invaded by an animal. I could hear its laments, although it was impossible for me to analyze them.

When I awoke again, with a clear mind, the first sight my eyes encountered, was the powerful dog which had frightened my guide. He stood at the top of the steps holding something in his jaws, and looking appealingly at the gray figure crouching by the fire-kettle. The floor was strewn with the shells of mangled crabs.

"*Largo, Tigre!*" commanded my host.

The dog dropped a crab on the floor, and ran down the steps into the swamp, whining piteously. I knew what had been troubling my sleep. I watched the carcasses, trying to recollect where I had seen that particular breed before. Their right nippers were disproportionally large, and their feet black, hairy and flat, like paddles.

My host smiled.

"*Jueyes-pulpos!* *Tigre* doesn't like them so near the house."

"Are those deep-water crabs? You mean to say that —"

"The swamp is ten feet deep already at a stonethrow from the steps, but you are safe señor," he interrupted, pointing carelessly to a *yagua* canoe in the corner.

"There is paddle and pole," he added, nonchalantly. "Safety lies to the south from here, if you wait an hour. The rain will give you a paddling surface."

I kicked the blankets aside, and stood up. I felt very weak, but the fever had, apparently, given me up.

He seemed to read my thoughts, and said:

"You will not have another attack for a day or so. Your American physicians will cure you, probably. But leave the country, do you hear?"

"But how came I here, and where is my guide, and who are you, and where are we?" I gushed out, advancing towards the man.

He smiled.

Again the dog appeared, deposited his crab, and was dismissed unceremoniously.

"You see," he said gravely, "that dog is my barometer. A good dog, isn't he?"

"Well," he continued, "you were lost and I found you. Permit me to tell you that a raving foreigner is not a handsome thing to look upon. You were raving in, yes, in English, and your poor

little guide was frightened to death. Then I came, brought by my dog. I frightened him also, for, you must know, I am supposed to be the *brujo* (the wizard) of the laguna. Yes, *como lo oye usted señor*, people make me out to be the agent of the evil genius of this infernal swamp."

Again he smiled.

"And you saved me and—" I started to apologize in my best Spanish, but he interrupted me.

"I had been wanting to experiment with the *tila boba*. I think it is a successful antidote against the *maligna*. You had a bad fever."

"The little guide escaped," he proceeded. "He would have none of the *brujo*. He is safe. He knows the paths to the south. He would not bring you to my hut. Indeed, he would rather face death than the *brujo*."

There was a long pause.

"And who are you?" I inquired bluntly, at last.

He eyed me curiously, and shrugged his shoulders.

"A plain *carbonero*. I make charcoal and sell it. I also frighten people, occasionally, with my guitar."

"Have you lived here all your life?"

I saw a spark in his small, round eyes.

"I was born in Zapata, Cuba," he said. "I may return there any time."

As he concluded the last words, he pointed with his thumb carelessly at a *machete* which hung from the wall.

It may have been mere accident that I recalled just then the words of a reporter, who once, speaking of patriotism in Cuba, had said to me:

"All the insurgent leaders reported dead by *both sides* are *not* dead."

I knew my host had nothing more to say about himself.

The night was nearly gone. Outside, the laguna, still wrapped in fog, was becoming dull gray, and through the fog

fell the rain, noiselessly with the regularity of the tropics.

"You have about an hour," reiterated my host.

Then he unslung a guitar and began the usual *rasgeo*. I sat on the floor, with my head in my hands, and listened to his playing. It was a strange music. In it there was the tonal coloring and richness of the south, but also the gravity and mystery of the swamp. He did not sing; he just touched off chords, but the instrument seemed to talk. No wonder he frightened people *occasionally*! That guitar seemed the voice of the laguna. Yes, I had heard those tones in the swamp of Zapata, in the insurgent hospitals. They had often been accompanied by the saddest, most forlorn words that I ever heard.

For a long time he played, till the swamp became quite gray and the hut shook on its four slender poles. Then the dog re-appeared with its piteous moan.

"We are going now, *Tigre*," said my host, patting the animal on the head.

V.

It was easy paddling, for the whole laguna was flooded and the rain still fell. I could not but look back again. Towards the southeast my host was paddling the other *yagua* canoe, *Tigre* swimming behind. Once he turned and waved his hand at me. He had not told me why he went in that direction. He had simply said:

"You go south till you reach safety. Then go north to your home. I go that way (pointing to the southeast)."

And so he disappeared. The great *San Ciriaco* hurricane struck the island two days later, and claimed some three thousand victims by drowning alone. And I came north with my second attack of the *maligna*.

END.

J. PADIN, '07.

A Ballad of Desires

(*Ballade.*)

The burden of much study. Oil by night,
 Much strong tobacco, and an ice-bound brow,
 And muttered curses at my sorry plight!
 For lo! The term's end is upon me now
 And I must get, I know not where nor how,
 The knowledge requisite to pull a C,
 Or those in power by no means will allow
 That I annex a bachelor's degree.

The burden of ambition. Day and night
 I struggle, with the sweat upon my brow,
 At foot-ball or at cricket, for the right
 To wear an H. One letter is enow!—
 And I am not so anxieus anyhow,
 When all is said, to sign myself A. B.
 An H for mine, though no one shall allow
 That I annex a bachelor's degree!

The burden of ambition. That I might,
 When I shall come to make my final bow,
 Be proud possessor of the two-fold right
 That I so crave and struggle after now,
 Perplexed of brain and sweat-bedewed of brow
 To grace my bosom with an H, pardee!
 And that the Faculty at last allow
 That I annex a bachelor's degree!

Envoy.

You, prince or president, endowed with might,
 Within whose power alone this thing shall be,
 The H is up to me—but give the right
 That I annex a bachelor's degree.

J. CAREY THOMAS, 2d, '08.

THE PAST



HE quarry had been deserted since the beginning of the century. It was situated in the very center of Cape Ann. The stone that built early Gloucester had been hewn from it, but now all granite comes from Rockport. All around the quarry were moors. There was no track across these moors. The paths and road once leading to this quarry had long since vanished. The great Northern Glacier had left countless boulders of all sizes strewn about. Into this region the inhabitants of Gloucester had retreated when the British threatened attack. Here they were safe, guarded by giant stones and unknown trails. The old quarry is far from the sea but beyond the moors, far off in the distance lie the cliffs and short stretches of white beach. The sea sounds like a distant moan in the silence of these waste places.

The moon is reflected brightly in the dark pool in the depths of the quarry. There is no wind, but wind could not disturb the serenity of that pool down in those depths of the earth. Its surface seems polished ice, and the world of the quarry a moon-world where there are only shades and the coldness of the moon-beams—a world outworn. The world above the quarry is not a world of death; it is the world of a summer night. The stones gleam white in the moonlight; the sea sounds afar off and its sound is the symbol of power and immensity as it rolls on the

white beaches or against the black cliffs.

The Gloucester fleet has gone to the Banks. A schooner sways lazily to and fro in the calmness of the night. The moonlight rises and falls on the swell. The booms of the schooner creak as it rolls in the calm of the long billows. On the masthead there gleams faintly the ship's light, only a brighter spot in the moonlight of the sea. The heavens alone are above and the waters alone are beneath. In the stillness, a sound of feet, a man comes from below. The moonlight conquers the red of the cabin lamp through the hatchway and it shines white and clear. He walks slowly forward; he sways with the motion of the waves as the boat sways and the booms creak and the masthead wanders like a lost star in the heavens. He leans against the bulwarks, by the bowsprit, and gazes into the moonlight on the water. The moon rides by on a little ripple on the face of the giant swell. The boat rises from the wave and drops of water from its bow glisten as they drop slowly back into the sea whence they came. The bowsprit stays are lines of silver as they emerge from the swell and sink again into the silver sea. The moon has faded from the ripples. The glittering drops are soundless as they fall into the silver sea. The bowsprit stays have faded as they rise from the vacancy of naught and sink back into the naught whence they came. Rise—sink—

There is something in the night, in the moonlight and in the silence. The

great stones on the moors feel it. The distant breakers feel it and break on the distant sands in a shivering sound, the sound of broken beauty. The shades and shadows in the ancient quarry feel it, and the silent rippleless pool. But in the pool there is only the moonlight to the woman who gazes from the quarry's edge, only the moonlight and eyes that gaze yearningly,

eyes that are now closed, that are closed in the sleep of death. The great stones gleam white on the moors; the breakers shimmer on the distant sands; the pool in the quarry is silent; the shades and shadows are silent; the woman on the quarry's edge is silent and her eyes are closed—are closed in the sleep of death.

WINTHROP SARGENT, JR., '08.

The Dream.

An hour ago the clouded moon has set
 In a dim trail of glory; faint stars peep
 Against the dawn, to tell that lingers yet
 The reign of night along th' abysmal deep.
 I fain would sleep, but even as the night
 Reluctant yields the heaven, so my heart
 Doth linger long to yield the fair delight
 Of your sweet presence—till I wake we part.
 Yet not as night gives up her transient reign
 Do I give you—for even when I sleep
 The god not wholly dulls my tired brain,
 But doth some dear remembrance kindly keep:
 So that not wholly lost the time doth seem,
 For often I am with you when I dream.

JOHN FRENCH WILSON, '10.

THE LEADING OF THE LITTLE CHILD.



OUTSIDE the snow was still falling, though gently now, and the wind had died down. The hills were white in the distance and peaceful with that silence which follows a great snow storm in the country. Along the "Stone Road" below the "First Meadow," sleighs were passing continually—one could hear the sound of the bells and see, over the top of the worm-fence, the heads of the horses and the fur caps of the drivers. The Little Girl stood at the window watching. She could see the dogs making off across the fields, the sparrows hopping hungrily about, and the men as they went down to the lower barn to milk. Now and then she would raise her hand to wipe off the mist of her breath from the pane and to brush away from her eyes the moisture that would keep gathering. Once a little, stifled sob escaped her.

Sitting peacefully before the fire, in the old high-backed rocker that had been his grandfather's the Little Girl's grandfather heard the sob and called her to him. "What ails thee, child?" he asked, when she had settled herself in his lap and was looking bravely up at him, trying hard to smile. "Is thee not well? Tell me, that if there is anything I can do for thee, I may do it. Poor little girl!" he added, half to himself, as he ran his fingers through her soft, fair hair. "So like her mother!" and his own eyes glistened and his face grew tender as he looked at her.

"Thee and Grandmother have been so good to me," began the Little Girl,

"since—since mother went away that I ought to be very happy and not complain a bit. But, Grandfather, when I told Grandmother this morning that to-night would be Christmas eve, she said there wasn't any such thing as Christmas at all, and that it was all a Pagan custom—what does Pagan custom mean, Grandfather?—and that I was not to keep such worldly and vain ideas in my head. 'N' when I asked her about Santa Claus and a Christmas tree and presents and turkey and all, she just smiled funny and said: 'Friends don't approve of such things.' And there isn't going to be any stocking or any Santa Claus or any—any nothing just because it's an old Pagan custom. I—I wish Mother was here, Grandfather," and the Little Girl's lips trembled again.

Still her grandfather looked down at her but the lines of his mouth hardened. Was he not "of the stock of the martyrs," and, however much he loved his little motherless granddaughter, could he sacrifice his principles? "Elizabeth Ann," he said, finally. Ordinarily everyone called her the Little Girl, and Elizabeth Ann was only for very serious occasions, like the time Cousin Deborah's vase got broken. "Elizabeth Ann, doesn't thee know that Friends have always borne a testimony against these heathen feasts from which this so-called Christmas sprang? Can we compromise our consciencies by celebrating as a Christian festival the old Roman Saturnalia? As for such foolish customs as trees and stocking-hangings—I would that parents kept such things from their children's mind—" But the Little Girl heard

no more. At her grandmother's call she hurried away to her early supper and bed and the old man was left alone gazing absently into the fire.

Several times during their own meal his wife tried to speak to him, but his forbidding look silenced her. She retreated in haste behind the shining teapot. It was not until later in the evening, when she was about to retire for the night, that she gathered courage and commenced apologetically:

"The Little Girl seems so disappointed, John, that she is to have no Christmas such as she has always had, and so I thought I should give her tomorrow the pair of warm mitts I have been knitting against the cold weather. And the village store is still open, John—it always is thee knows, on this night, and I thought maybe if thee was willing—"

"Rebecca," sternly interrupted the old man, "mind what thou art saying! Can the twenty-fifth of the Twelfth Month be better than any other day? Can we, with clear consciences, recognize such an occasion, which Friends have always strongly testified against? Farewell, Rebecca. I shall sit up awhile yet."

"Thee knows best, John; I am sorry to have tried thee so. Farewell." She was gone and the old man was again left alone with the fire. He thought of the Little Girl and her disappointment, but more about the principles Friends had held so long. He remembered the little fir tree in the corner of the yard and the great French doll—"Fait à Paris" it was marked—he had seen at the village store last week, and how the Little Girl had looked at it that day. He rose and wandered aimlessly about the room.

"Are my principles to count for nothing?" he kept saying. "Those prin-

ciples for which so many of our Society in times past have given their lives, and for which I have lived for sixty years and more? Are they to count for nothing? Now is the critical time. Oh, that I might have Light!" He was right. It was the crisis for him—however insignificant it might seem to an outsider.

Suddenly, moved by some unaccountable impulse, he lit a candle and made his way to the bedside of the Little Girl. The pillow was damp where her tears had fallen. At the foot of the bed he saw her stocking hanging in the forlorn hope that maybe Santa Claus would come after all. As the light of the candle roused her a little, the Little Girl sighed in her sleep and muttered something. He bent to catch the words: "No Christmas, nor tree, nor nothing. I wish mother were here," and she turned her head from the light. Silently he stood there watching her, he knew not how long. Finally he bent over her again and kissed her forehead. The light had come.

Softly the old man left the room and went downstairs. Then in his heavy coat and high boots, lantern in hand and his axe on his shoulder, he opened the door and passed out into the darkness and the snow.

Early the next morning he awoke his wife and together they went to the Little Girl's room, where she lay with her face to the wall, afraid to look toward the little stocking now filled to overflowing.

"See, Little Girl, what Santa has done for thee," called her grandfather. Quickly she turned to him and her eyes fell upon the stocking and the tree shining splendidly in the bright sunlight. The old man had seen one once, years ago, and he knew what they

should look like. For years afterward he remembered the astonished look of the village storekeeper, when, just as the store was about to close its doors and go to its night's rest, he had asked

the price of the big doll and of oranges and Christmas balls and tinsel for the tree.

"Oh-h-h!" said the Little Girl.

A. L., '09.

The Boss.

He has traveled the way of the mire and the clay,
He has raked the political muck,
He has burrowed in dirt
To his ultimate hurt,
And the dugs of the trusts gave him suck.

He offers the hand that was born to command
To the hand that was born to obey;
And bellows his scorn
Of the fool who was born
To walk in an honester way.

And once every year he comes forth without fear,
To gather in spurious votes;
And with expert performers,
O'errides the reformers,
And forces pure graft down their throats.

He has traveled the path of our scorn and our wrath,
And he smiles when we call him a thief.
We may *talk* as we will—
He will stay here until
We *act* to his ultimate grief.

J. CAREY THOMAS, 2d, '08.

Faculty Department

At the last meeting of the Board of Managers of Haverford College, it was announced that a friend of the College, whose name was withheld at his request, proposed to donate the sum of \$50,000 to the College for the purpose of increasing the facilities of the College in giving instruction in Biblical and sociological study.

An institution in England, called Woodbrooke School, has been in operation for a number of years, the purpose of which has been to educate workers in the field of religious and social service. The donor of the Haverford fund indicates that he hopes that such a foundation as he proposes will perform the same function in America that the Woodbrooke School has in England, and he desires that other donations should gather around his fund as a nucleus.

The purpose would be, not so much to give instruction to undergraduates, though it would be available for these, as to gather together a group of adults for special work along these lines.

At collection on Monday morning, following the Trinity game, President Sharpless summed up the foot-ball situation and the policy of the College regarding this sport. His remarks were as follows:

"It seems proper at this time to take a little review of the foot-ball season to learn the lessons that may be gathered from it. I think that we can conclude that it has been a successful season, and when I say that, I am not referring to the fact that we won three-fourths of the games and that the score against us was less than the score in

our favor. This is something to be satisfied with, for it is well to succeed in what one undertakes. There are other matters which go to make up the count in our favor, which appeal to me more strongly than that. I think that we have gone through the season showing to the foot-ball world that we are able to play reputable foot-ball here; that we treat our opponents in a sportsmanlike way; that we play games on a clean and legal basis. I think that would be the testimony of those who know about the conditions of things as regards all the games we have played.

"It is also a satisfaction to me to note that in looking over the marks of the foot-ball men for the quarter, taking into account the eleven who began the game on Seventh-day last, only one of them had an average of less than 'C'; only one of them had an excess of cuts, and that was, I think, not due to foot-ball. The captain of the team, who certainly did his duty in the field as captain, had an average of 'A' for the quarter and, had no cuts at all. I did not look into the records of those who stayed on the sidelines on Seventh-day afternoon as substitutes, but I have an idea that they would be equally satisfactory. I do not think there is any evidence that the foot-ball players have suffered in their studies, as the result of their playing. They received no favors from the college in the way of increase in cuts, except for the actual time they were playing two or three games away from college. They have simply used their opportunities for outside recreation. This seems to me to be an indication that

foot-ball has not, as a good many people say, usurped the functions of studies; or that our standards at Haverford have become physical rather than intellectual. I do not know that any moral evils have resulted here from the playing of foot-ball. I think probably the foot-ball players have lived a more hygienic life during the time they have played than many of the other students.

"In summing up the situation, I do not think there is anything to be said of a serious nature against foot-ball, either in college or in intercollegiate games, as far as it affects Haverford College. And yet I do not think the foot-ball question, in the minds of the public, is decided. A large amount of criticism has developed against intercollegiate games, and, in certain cases, it is well directed. There are many evils connected with foot-ball. It is on trial in this country. So far as we are concerned this season, I think we have added nothing to the arguments against foot-ball and have removed some of them.

"I am constantly approached by people outside our institutions and not connected with collegiate life, who ask whether I do not think certain evils exist in connection with the playing of foot ball. When I admit that they do, they ask, 'Why do you not abolish this game from your institution?' If they

had had as much experience as those who live in close touch with college life, they would perhaps understand. In taking up any question, we must consider not only how much evil it has, but how much good. There is nothing absolutely and entirely good, and nothing entirely full of evil. We have to take a certain amount of evil with our good and cannot abolish everything which has a shade of evil in it. If we did, we should have to abolish everything in the world. We have to take the matter under consideration and decide whether the good or the evil predominates. Put good in one balance of the scale and evil in the other; one tips the balance and has the decision in its favor. To put it in another way: put the evil in one scale and the evil which would result from the abolition of the practice in another. College morals in the last twenty-five years have improved, as the result of the development of athletics. Hence, one could hardly expect us to advocate the abolition of intercollegiate games. It is a satisfaction to me to feel that as the result of our season's work here at Haverford, we have given reasons for the continuance of intercollegiate foot-ball. I am not particularly anxious to have some one offer us a sum of money to abolish the games. If the sum were large enough, it might be a temptation to take 't."

Alumni Department

'90. If we are correctly informed, the class of 1890 is the oldest class which has met regularly each year since graduating; and the fact that twelve of the twenty-two remaining members gathered together, from rather widely separated places, this

year for the seventeenth reunion, gives evidence of an abiding interest in Haverford and in each other. Several attended the foot-ball game with Trinity at the college in the afternoon; and the dinner was held at the Continental Hotel in Philadelphia on the evening

of November twenty-third. The evening was thoroughly enjoyable and the determination was to continue the annual gatherings. Those present were: Henry P. Baily, Henry R. Bringhurst, George T. Butler, T. Amory Coffin, Percy S. Darlington, Edwin J. Haley, Thomas A. Janney, John F. T. Lewis, Edward R. Longstreth, W. Percy Simpson, Jonathan M. Steere, Dilworth P. Hibberd.

'95. Walter C. Webster is manager of the Construction and Sales Departments of the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Co., located at 11 Pine St., New York City. He is living at East Orange, N. J.

'97. Charles G. Tatnall has moved to Wayne, Pa. He is with the Bell Telephone Co., in the Railroads Department.

Ex-'97. William H. MacAfee is with Chandler Bros. & Co., Bankers and Brokers, in Philadelphia. His home address is 2022 Pine St. Philadelphia, Pa.

The ninth annual reunion and dinner of the Class of '98 was held in the small dining-room, at Haverford, on November 23rd, after the Trinity game.

Those present were Dr. W. W. Cadbury, J. H. Haines, A. S. Harding, W. C. Janney, S. R. Morgan, Dr. S. Rhoads, A. G. Scattergood, F. R. Strawbridge and T. Wistar.

After dinner the members adjourned to a Lloyd Hall study. President Scattergood took the chair and a discussion of class matters followed, but not without frequent interruptions and irrelevant remarks on the part of our old-time wits.

The defeat of the afternoon—even combined with the dismal rain—failed to cast a gloom on the gathering. The '98 spirit is still strong, and it is evident

that time only tends to strengthen our belief in Haverford and to increase our affection and loyalty.

WALTER C. JANNEY,
Secretary.

'98. Frederick Stadelman has charge of the New York office of the Wellman-Seaver-Morgan Company, Engineers and Manufacturers. His office is at 42 Broadway, New York.

'98. Joseph W. Taylor has gone out of the cattle business, and now has a large irrigated ranch at Las Cruces, New Mexico.

'98. Richard D. Wood was married at St. George's Church, on Nov. 14th, to Miss Louise Schroeder, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gilliatt Schroeder, of New York City.

'98. W. C. Janney is secretary of the Philadelphia Leather Company, with offices at 328 North 3d Street, Philadelphia, Pa., and factory at Tacony, Pa.

Ex-'99. Kenneth Hay is with Longman & Martinez, Paint Manufacturers, 207 Pearl Street, New York City.

'00. L. H. White is Rector of St. James' Church, Fall River, Mass.

'00. A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Grayson M. P. Murphy, on November 16th.

'01. William La Coste Neilson was married to Miss Dorothy Crawford in Philadelphia, on October 30th. R. H. Patton and E. C. Rossmassler, both '01, were ushers.

'02. C. L. Seiler is an instructor in the Department of Economics at the University of Pennsylvania.

'02. Arthur S. Cookman is with Ayres Bridges & Co., Wool Importers, Boston, Mass. He has charge of their New York Office, 129 Front Street. A son was born to him on October 8th, at his home in Englewood, N. J.

'03. At the wedding of I. S. Tilney and Miss Augusta Munn on October 5th, the following were ushers: A. M. Collins, E. C. Rossmassler, E. M. Scull, '01, J. B. Drinker, '03, C. W. Kelsey, Ex-'03, and L. Tilney, Ex-'06.

'04. R. P. Lowry is in the advertising business in Philadelphia.

'04. A. Crowell sails on December 11th for the Philippines, to be gone for a year and a half. He is with the U. S. C. & G. Survey.

'05. The engagement is announced of M. Ward Fleming to Miss Winifred Donaldson, of Butler, Pa.

'05. The following were ushers at the wedding of L. Smyth and Miss Danford: C. C. Morris, '04, R. L. Pearson, '05.

'05. A Hopkins umpired the foot-ball game between Franklin and Marshall and Ursinus.

'06. William Kennard, Jr., was married to Miss Beatrice Anita Calves of Moorestown, N. J., on June 27th.

'06. The following were ushers at the wedding of W. H. Haines, Jr., and Miss Alice Janvier: A. T. Lowry, H. Pleasants, H. W. Doughten, Jr., and S. G. Nauman, all '06. J. H. Haines, '98 was best man.

'06. A. T. Lowry was field judge for the following foot ball games: Penn. vs. Bucknell, Dickinson vs. Bucknell.

'07. Francis D. Godley is with Haughton & Smith, Insurance, 406 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

Ex-'02. The engagement has been announced of Galloway C. Morris and Miss Elise Walker, daughter of Dr. John S. Walker, of Philadelphia.

'07. M. H. March is with Smith, Rudy & Co., Chemists, 411 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

'07. E. C. Tatnall is a solicitor on the advertising staff of the Philadelphia North American. He played full-back on the foot ball team of that paper which defeated the Record team on November 28th.

College Department.

ALUMNI SMOKER.

On Friday, November 22nd, the evening before the Trinity game, a smoker was given by the Alumni. The festivities began with a meeting in Roberts Hall, led by Strode. The foot ball songs were all sung with great enthusiasm and each member of the team was cheered. Several members of the Alumni made interesting addresses—Janney, H. S. Drinker, Scattergood, Crosman and Coach Thorn. Scattergood said that the Alumni were much interested in the team this year, even though they could not attend all the games. Coach Thorn thanked the Scrub for their fine work. He also

mentioned the good points of this year's team.

The meeting then adjourned to the gymnasium, where cigars and cigarettes were passed around. The annual Freshman cake-walk then took place. Thirteen couples most uniquely garbed, promenaded about. Five couples were selected for a second performance. The judges—Drinker, Janney and Eshleman—awarded the cake to Price and Wadsworth, a quaint Quaker couple. Second honors went to Ashbrook, a Buster Brown, and Worthington, his dainty French nurse. The bystanders were unable to restrain themselves and the cake soon vanished.

The smoker and cake-walk were a great success. That they performed their function of arousing enthusiasm was shown by the crowd at the Trinity game.

MUSICAL ASSOCIATION.

The Musical Association of Haverford College, in meeting, adopted a new constitution, which will give it new unity and elasticity in its work. It will now be run as a closed corporation. No one will be able to become a member on payment of fifty cents. Members will be elected by a standing committee upon proof of musical ability. It is expected that this provision will give the Association new life, by allowing only interested persons to become members. It is expected that interested persons will endeavor to use the musical clubs as they should be used—to further the interests of the college in every way. The officers of the Musical Association for 1907-1908 are: President, F. O. Musser, '08; Leader of Mandolin Club, W. Sargent, Jr., '08; and M. S. Spiers, '09, Leader of Glee Club.

Y. M. C. A. COLLEGE DEPARTMENT.

Mr. E. C. Mercer addressed the Y. M. C. A., on Wednesday evening, November 13th. Mr. Mercer was formerly in charge of the Water Street Mission near the "Bowery," the worst section of New York City, and is now occupied in visiting the Y. M. C. A.'s all over the country, urging men to live upright, Christian lives. The theme of Mr. Mercer's talk was "Spiritual Indifferences." He showed that when young fellows left their home influences, they were likely to become indifferent to spiritual affairs, and here he brought out his main point: that sin did not cause the undoing of men, but spiritual indifference, of which sin was a result. He also emphasized the fact that a settlement in a large city must first of all be of practical aid, in supplying food and clothes, before any spiritual help could be given. Mr. Mercer's talk had a note of personal experience, which made it doubly interesting, and though keen humor was often expressed, the sincerity of the speaker made a great impression upon all who heard him.

Athletic Department.

RUTGERS vs. HAVERFORD.

Haverford played Rutgers, at New Brunswick, November 9th. Haverford took the lead in the first part of the game, and by steady line plunging, Bard scored a touchdown, and Captain Brown kicked the goal. Haverford seemed to weaken after this, and following two fifteen-yard runs by Hoovey, Leslie crossed the line, but Fisher failed to kick the goal.

There was no scoring in the second half. Bard played his consistent game and Leonard also showed up well.

Leslie and Hoovey excelled for Rutgers. The game was extremely close. The line-up:

<i>Rutgers.</i>		<i>Haverford.</i>
Booze	e.....	Clement
Leslie	l. t.....	Miller
Fox	l. g.....	Emlen (Deacon)
Goode	c.....	Spaeth
Black	r. g.....	Wright (Tomlinson)
Steinke	r. t.....	McCann
Rice	r. e.....	Leonard
Hoovey	q. b.....	Myers (Drinker)

Fisher (Capt.)l. h. b..... Bard
 Smithr. h. b..... Brown
 Corbinf. b..... Edwards

FRANKLIN AND MARSHALL vs. HAVERFORD.

Haverford was defeated by Franklin and Marshall, on Walton Field, November 16th. The F. and M. team was accompanied by about 100 rooters.

Haverford won the toss and chose to defend the south goal. F. and M. kicked to Emlen, who returned the ball to 45-yard line. F. and M. got the ball here and it changed hands rapidly, through fumbling. Barton fumbled and Miller fell on the ball. Failing to gain, Brown kicked over the line. On the kick-out, Haverford took the ball to the 40-yard line, where it went to F. and M. on a forward pass. After gaining 20 yards, Horn kicked to Miller. Haverford lost the ball on a fumble, and when F. and M. failed to gain, Horn, half-back, dropped back and kicked a goal from the field, from 45-yard line. Score, F. and M., 4; Haverford, 0.

F. and M. again kicked off to Wright, who was tackled on his 45-yard line. The ball changed hands continually, with Haverford getting nearer and nearer to the goal, but being unable to score. In the second half Haverford braced up and continually threatened the goal. They reached the 5-yard line but a 13-yard penalty lost them the chance to score. F. and M. then threatened their goal, but Haverford held and Myers received the ball on an attempted goal from field. Haverford took the ball up the field, and Sharpless made 25 yards on a forward pass. They pushed the ball to the 3-yard line only to lose it. Lentz here tried a fake kick and had made 20 yards, but when tackled, fumbled, and Miller, getting the ball, made a brilliant

run through the whole F. and M. team and crossed the line. It was decided that he had gone out of bounds and the game then ended.

Miller, Spaeth and Myers played the best game for Haverford, and Horn excelled for F. and M.

Haverford.

F. & M.

Sharplessl. e.....	Drebach
Millerl. t.....	Myer
Emlenl. g.....	Saylor
Spaethc.....	Mown
Wrightr. g.....	Hartman
(Deacon)	
Ramseyr. t.....	Pifer
Lewisr. e.....	Moyer
Russel)	
Myersq. b.....	Burton
(Drinker)	
Brownr. h. b.....	Heilman
Bardl. h. b.....	Horn
Edwardsf. b.....	Lentz
(Clement)	

TRINITY vs. HAVERFORD.

The final game of the season was played with Trinity, on Walton Field, November 23. The teams lined up at 2.30. The field, though somewhat slippery, was in better condition than might have been expected. The team, although greatly outweighed by their opponents, played a truly Haverford game and gave one of the best exhibitions of foot ball ever seen on Walton Field.

The game was full of open play, forward passes and onside kicks. Many novel formations were used by both sides.

Early in the first half Miller fell on a fumbled kick on Trinity's five-yard line, but Haverford was unable to gain and lost the ball on downs. A succession of forward passes and terrific line plunges by Donnelly followed. Trinity scored a touchdown and kicked a goal. At this Haverford showed latent strength and braced strongly. The half ended without further scoring.

In the second half Haverford was slowly forced by Trinity. The light Haverford backfield was unable to gain. Again scoring followed by Trinity, but only through magnificent foot ball. The Haverford team fought every inch of the ground. Although the score ended with twenty-three to nothing in Trinity's favor this does not show the fierceness of the struggle and the excellence of the game shown both from the Trinity and Haverford standpoint.

The number of spectators was extremely large. The stands were well filled. The cheering of the Haverford students was remarkable, and seldom has a like number shown better spirit in backing a team. Not only was the work of the team bettered by the efforts of those cheering but they added materially to the general spirit of the game. Great credit is due to those who handled the student body in the stand. Great credit is also due to Coaches Thorn and Haines for their masterly work.

For Haverford, Spaeth, Leonard, Miller and Ramsey did especially excellent work. For Trinity, Donnelly, Pond and Zanders excelled.

The line-up:

<i>Trinity.</i>	<i>Haverford.</i>
Gilderl. e.....	Lewis
(Teese)	(Sharpless)
Carroll. t.....	Miller
Buckl. g.....	Emlen
Thaxterc.....	Spaeth
	(Hartshorne)
Buckf. g.....	Deacon
	(Wright)
Donellyf. t.....	Ramsey
	(McCann)
Ramsdellr. e.....	Leonard
	(Russel)
Pondq. b.....	Drinker
	(Myers)
Henshawr. h. b.....	Brown
Maxonl. h. b.....	Bard
	(Hutton)

Zandersf. b..... Edwards
(Clement)

ATHLETIC NOTES.

Haverford College Athletic Association

H's were awarded for the foot ball season of 1907 to Brown, Emlen, Wright, Miller, Leonard, Edwards, Bard, Spaeth and Ramsey.

Numerals were awarded to the following Sophomores: Froelicher, Wilson, Judkins, Martin, Shoemaker, Edwards, Tomlinson and Hutton. To the following Freshmen: Russel, McCann, Hartshorne, Gallagher. The Senior and Freshman cups for work on the Scrub were awarded to Lewis and Hartshorne, respectively.

Bard, 1909, was elected foot ball captain for the season of 1908. He has played half-back on the team since he left Penn Charter, in 1905. He will undoubtedly make an excellent leader and he will have a nucleus of veterans from this year's team on which to build for next year.

A. J. Hill, '09, was elected manager of the foot ball team, and Kenderdine, '10, and Kerbaugh, '10, assistant managers, for the season of 1908.

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In addition to the intercollegiate games the following schedule will be played in the Cricket Club League:

Frankford at Frankford, postponed.
Univ. of Penn, at Haverford, postponed.
Nov. 9—Merion at Merion.
Nov. 30—Germantown at Haverford.
Dec. 7—Frankford at Haverford.
Dec. 14—P. and R. A. A. at P. and R.
Dec. 21—Univ. of Penn. at Penn.
Dec. 28—Merion at Merion.
Jan. 4—Belmont at Elmwood.
Jan. 11—Philadelphia at Haverford.
Jan. 18—Germantown at Queen Lane.
Jan. 25—P. and R. A. A. at Haverford.
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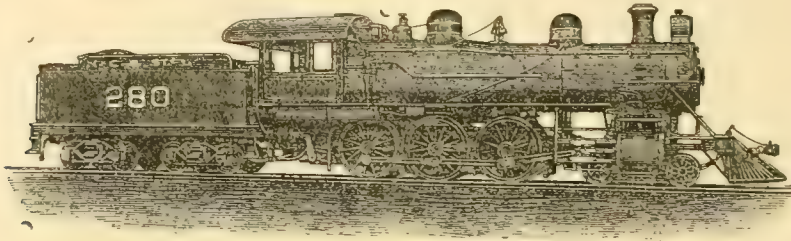
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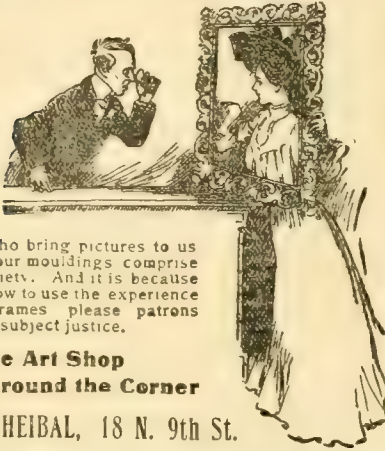
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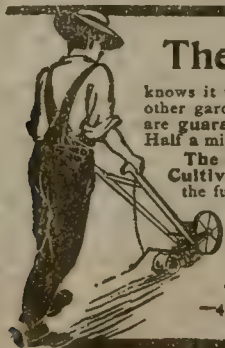
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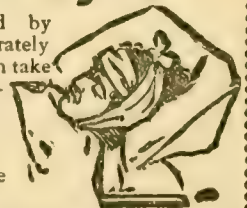
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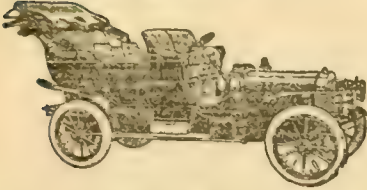
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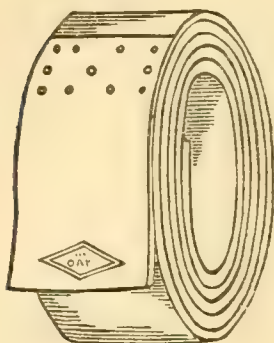
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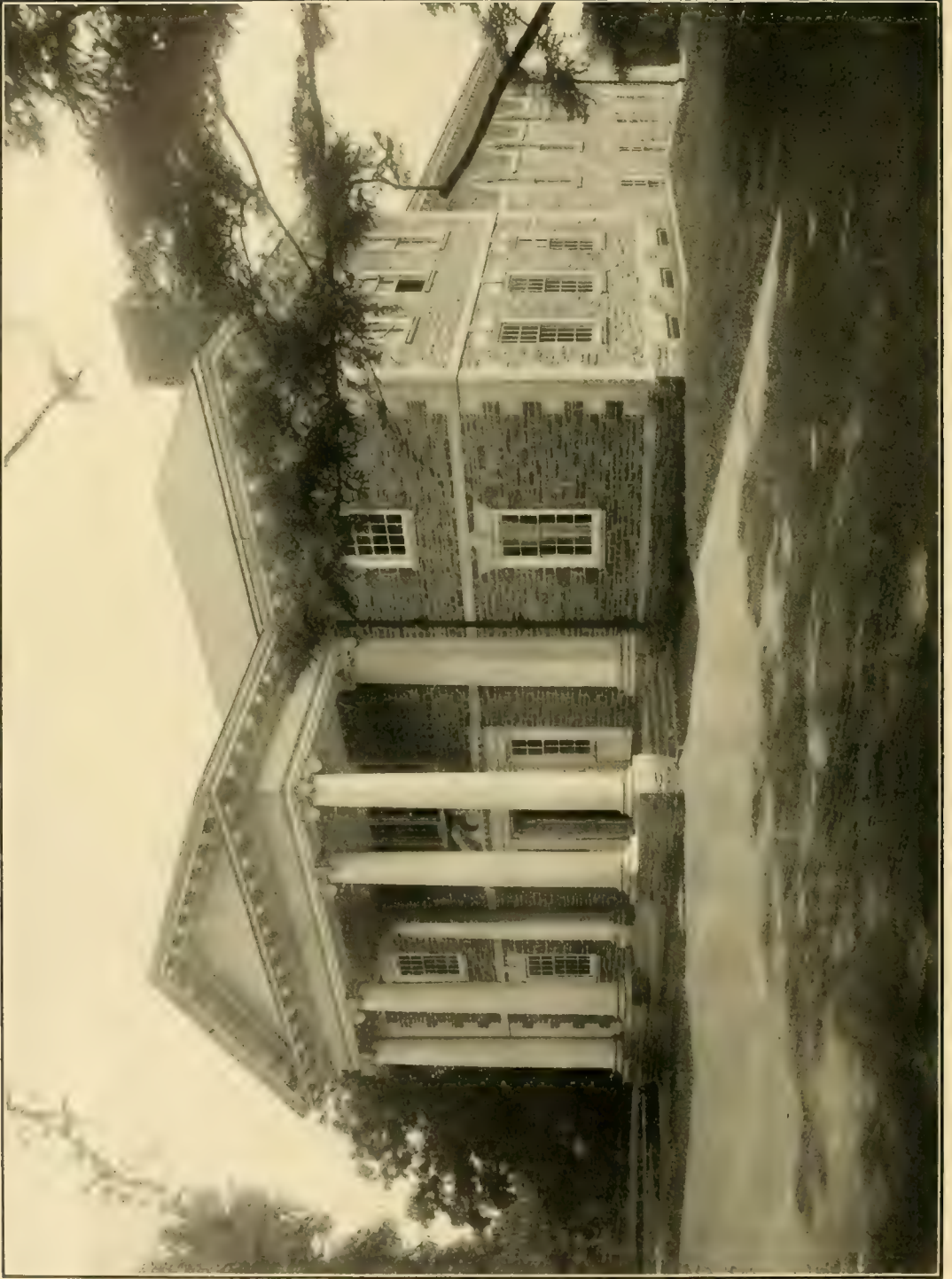
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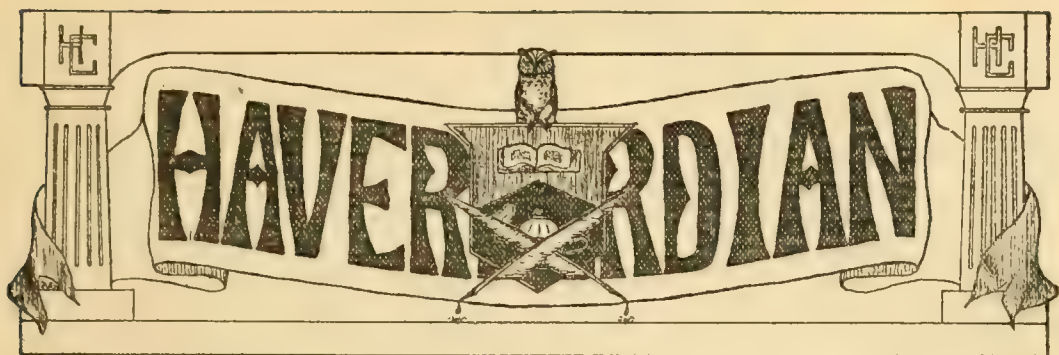
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ROBERTS HALL



VOL. XXIX.

HAVERFORD, PA., JANUARY, 1908.

No. 8.

WHEN a man gets the habit of thinking, with absolute conviction, that a certain thing is so, there is no way to break him of it except by brute force. Even this occasionally fails. We

It's a Habit

knew a man who owned a mule in which he had

such implicit confidence that when the animal finally broke three ribs and a jaw-bone he apologized for having jostled her.

We have little to say about the practice of hazing at Haverford. At its worst it has never been a serious matter; it is becoming less so every year. Practically all that is done is harmless. But in theory at least, there exists a definite reactionary spirit of which we have something to say—a spirit that can be summed up in these few words, "Rub it in on the Fresh—it does them good."

The three ends of hazing are: to unite the Freshman Class, to encourage their respect for upper classmen and to bring them into an understanding of the spirit of Haverford College. If "rubbing it in" is to "do them good," it must work for these ends. Let us concede at once that an increase in the severity of hazing would accomplish the first result more completely. Mis-

ery loves company, and the friendships formed through it are perhaps as durable as any in the world. But the first and second aims are even more important for they resolve into this: "to form from material, more or less raw, the more or less perfect gentleman."

Let us try to forget that indignation we felt as Freshmen at the commands of our overlords; that sweet thrill of joy as Sophomores as the sense of power to show our worth and "rub it in;" that calm bliss we knew as Juniors and Seniors in thanking God we were not as other men; and putting all pardonable human vanities aside for the moment, sensibly debate the question, whether rubbing the Fresh harder will or will not tend to make them more finished gentlemen.

"Rub it in!" We all know the meaning of that phrase. Some years ago a Freshman, under Sophomoric supervision, was returning from a neighboring town, where he had been occupied in rubbing off his class numerals from telephone poles. A beggar, seeing the couple asked, "Will one of you gentlemen kindly give me a dime?" "There is only one gentleman here," snapped the Sophomore. That is "rubbing it in."

Far be it from us to deny the usefulness of the Friday night session in diminishing exaggerated estimates of personal worth. Far be it from us to advocate a discontinuance of certain class ceremonials, that gives the college amusement without lowering its self-respect. But conceit is better than too much humility; and it is folly to think of creating respect for one's self by treating another man as a dog. A man who does not speak to an old friend in a lower class, because he fears it will give him a swelled head, will never be a success as a teacher of modesty. You cannot pull the Freshman to your level with a rope. You must get down and lift him. If your dignity cannot stoop to this you had better get work as a coachman, where you will have ample opportunity for reserve. If you cannot assume that the Freshman is a gentleman you had better let him alone. No way of bettering men has ever been discovered that does not involve such a concession on the part of the missionary. It is no sign of greatness to butt against human nature. You must apologize when you jostle her, just as the man did to the mule.

Again let us say that we have no quarrel with the good old custom in its present stage of evolution. It is merely against the chronic appeal for more severity and retrogression that we cry. Nor do we cry against that, if it be backed by argument. But we do not care for those pompous assertions, which, as far as ascertainable, constitute the sole proof. "It is generally conceded" (to quote from a three years' old Haverfordian) "that the soap-slide takes conceit out of a Freshman faster than any other known method." We concede nothing. We ask to be shown. And until such ac-

tual proof be given we remain firm in our unwillingness to worship the idols of antiquity; and steadfast in our opinion that the policy of President Sharpless for a gradual reshaping of ideals to harmonize with modern enlightenment is sensible and right.

THE HAVERFORDIAN is no knocker. It never loses an opportunity to stand up for the good, old college. It believes the increasing tendency to cry down sanitary conditions especially the shower-baths in Barclay Hall, arises from ignorance and prejudice. It therefore prints the following instructions, which, if carefully adhered to, will render a shower-bath both pleasant and profitable.

Those Shower Baths Again

I. On contemplating a shower-bath, notify the postmaster of your change of address immediately. (Number one is optional for those living on the first floor).

II. Having armed yourself with bathrobe, towel, soap and provisions, employ the spare time on your journey in rehearsing and classifying all the swear words in your vocabulary. Stop any one whom you may meet returning from the bath. He will be only too glad to help you out with a few. (German, French and Spanish are not to be despised. The shower will understand them all).

III. On arriving, deposit towel, slippers and bathrobe on the bench, and seizing the soap in your left hand, cautiously approach the shower.

IV. With your right hand gently caress the knob marked "hot," at the same time saying sweetly, "steady, now," "whoa dobbin," or any term of endearment you may consider most ef-

fective. Then jump nimbly back, and await results.

V. If steam comes out, look pleasant and wait for it to condense, you can then scoop it from the floor with your hands, and thus accomplish your purpose. If liquid air, appear interested, and blow until it is warmed. If the only phenomenon is a wheezy expulsion of air, it is a bad omen, and means that the gods are to be propitiated immediately.

VI. If, however, you are rewarded with a gentle jet of ice water, it is a favorable sign. Approach your left hand quickly to the knob marked "cold," stroke it until it becomes docile; when you may venture to turn it imperceptibly to the left. There will now be two jets, one ice water, the other boiling. If you are blessed with moderate agility, you may, by leaping blithesomely from one jet to the other, cause the sensations to blend most agreeably. Jump so until exhausted, after which you may fall down to recuperate on the slats which you will find placed in each shower for that purpose. This is the proper time to use some of your words; but husband them carefully.

VII. You will presently be revived by a geyser-like eruption, which may

be hot or cold, or both. In any case blow until you have forced the water to the proper temperature. At this juncture, it will be found extremely helpful to say "O fudge."

VIII. When the eruption of water is at its height, swim to the northwest corner of the room, and turn a large tap which you will find there, attached to the water main. You can then wait peacefully until the flood has subsided. This interval may be profitably passed in rescuing your soap, which will have floated away under the slats.

IX. You are now ready to turn on the main supply and begin over again. Follow instructions IV and VIII, as before. Repeat until your vocabulary is exhausted, or you receive an overcut notice; either of which indicates that it is time to stop.

X. On withdrawing, remark that you have had a very pleasant time. It is conventional, of course, but a mark of good breeding, that will foster the mutual kindly feeling that these instructions are designed to create.

We take pleasure in announcing the election of Kerbaugh, '10, to the Board of Editors.



UNIVERSITY LIFE AT CAMBRIDGE, ENGLAND



THE true university is an Alma Mater who offers to her children as great a variety of mental and moral nourishment as man has learned to give. We must regard any attempt to give a short account of university life as a mere fragment and accordingly it is wise not to aim at too much of a system in its presentation.

Let us follow a Freshman, as he arrives at Cambridge station for the first time, hails a hansom and drives for a mile along a street bordered by small two- or three-storied houses until he reaches the entrance to his college. If he has the good luck to have had rooms allotted to him in college, he can go there straight away, if not, he may have already selected rooms in one of the licensed lodging houses or he may still have this to do. The proportion of men in college varies from the whole in some colleges to one-quarter in others, in this latter case preference is given to scholars, and to men who have had their names entered upon the college books in good time. The out-of-college rooms are all let furnished, but, if he is in college, his next business is to furnish his rooms. He will probably find a certain amount of furniture left behind by the previous occupier. This he may buy or not, as suits him better, at a price fixed by one of the authorized valuation agents, who, themselves, undertake to buy such goods as are not taken over with the rooms at a fixed discount on the valuation made by them.

But first of all, at any time on coming to Cambridge, it is necessary to don cap and gown (each college has its own distinctive undergraduate gowns) and visit one's college tutor. With him are arranged the courses of lectures which each man shall take and he shares with the Dean most of the disciplinary power exerted by the college. But the ultimate authority is in all cases, the body of Fellows, presided over by the Master.

On perusing the compendium of university and college regulations, with which he will be provided, the Freshman will find that cap and gown must always be worn in the streets of the town after dark and at all times on Sundays, at all lectures, with the exception of science lectures, and on visits to college officials. It is against rules either to smoke or to ride a bicycle in academic dress, or to light bonfires. I have heard it said that a rule prohibiting members of the university from playing marbles on the Senate House steps has not yet been removed. The rule about wearing academic dress on Sunday is seldom enforced, except in the neighborhood of the King's Parade at the times when the Proctors are on their way to and from the University sermon, which is delivered every Sunday afternoon by some distinguished Anglican preacher. It is necessary for all members of the Church of England to attend five services in the College Chapel, weekly; this is most strictly enforced on the Freshmen, and in general a morning chapel is supposed, in the eyes of the Dean, to be equivalent to two eve-

ning chapels. In some colleges, men who are exempt from attendance at chapel, are required to sign their names in a book kept at the porter's lodge. I have heard of a college in which it was believed that the ease with which one evaded requests to call on the Dean, resulting from non-attendance at chapel, depended on the firmness of the attitude taken up at the very beginning, that a man who began well was expected to continue well, and further, that, in particular, a steady stare at the Dean's shoes caused a speedy and happy dismissal from an interview.

It is a serious offence not to return to one's college before mid-night, unless an exeat has been granted by the Tutor. The college gates are locked at ten o'clock each evening, and no member of the college is allowed to leave after that hour and no member of another college is allowed to enter, hence one advantage of being in college. One night a man had been away all day, and failed to return at night. Accordingly early the next morning one of his friends shaved in his room, disturbed the bed clothes and poured out the water into his sponge bath and splashed round a little and informed the gyp that his friend would not be in to breakfast. (The Cambridge Colleges were built when bath rooms were not considered to be so necessary as we think them now, and that sort of accommodation is still very scanty). Later in the day a wire reached the Tutor explaining the cause of absence and the gyp seemed likely to get into trouble for not reporting the matter. Out of college, the lodging house door is locked at the same time as the college gate, and the landlady must each day send to the Tutor the time of arri-

val of each of her lodgers, who came in after ten o'clock. A trifling fine is incurred by returning after ten, and is paid along with the college bill.

In most of the colleges all the men on one staircase share the services of a gyp and a bedmaker. The word gyp is popularly supposed to be derived from the Greek word meaning a vulture, but it is pleasant to bear record that however things may have been in the past, I could not wish for more honest and obliging men than those gyps, with whom I have been acquainted; their only fault was one common to most of the tradespeople in the town—they were too polite. It is absurd to have a respectable middle-aged man taking off his hat to any boy fresh from school, who happens to sit at his table in Hall or to "keep" on his staircase. Not many years ago there was a grocer who informed his customers that he had a particular marmalade specially made for Clare College. The poison of the insidious generalization that because a certain town apparently exists for the benefit of the university, the same is true of things in general, is not always evaded.

But we have wandered far from our Freshman making his acquaintance with Cambridge life for the first time. He may have thrown down his compendium in disgust and taken up the list of the dishes supplied by the college kitchens. He will discover that he may have breakfast dishes of varying quality sent up to his room regularly for sixpence, ninepence or a shilling, but that the dishes ordered separately would cost considerably more. Most men make their own coffee, some their porridge also and other dishes. The "commons" are sent round daily from the buttery and consist of

a loaf of bread, a pat of butter and a pint of milk. The bills from the but-tery and the kitchens are still kept quite distinct, a usage which dates from monastic times. Men have breakfast and lunch in their own rooms, but all dine together in the College Hall. At the beginning of this meal, the scholars take it in turn to read a Latin grace. On them also devolve the duties of reading the lessons in the chapel services.

The man will find his hours of work vary greatly with his course. If he is reading for honors in mathematics, his lectures will probably not amount to more than nine hours a week, with three more for private tuition—but, these will keep him busy. If he is taking the science tripos, he will probably find his mornings full, and have half of his afternoons taken up as well. A man who takes the ordinary degree, would perhaps have fifteen hours a week occupied by lectures. "Full term" covers in all, during each session, a period which is very nearly equal to half the year. But this is exclusive of the Long Vacation term of six weeks, which nearly all men keep who read for honors. Every one must be in college, and it is a most useful and enjoyable time; there are two institutions I always connect with this term. One is the visit of people from the College Mission in East London. On this occasion they are entertained by the college who play them at cricket.

The other institution is the Gyp's Supper. In the afternoon all the men in residence turn out to play a game of cricket, with unlimited numbers on either side, against the college servants. In the evening men and servants sit alternately at table and the waiting is done by the undergraduates

amidst what is, I fear, well-merited chaff, and the day is concluded by a joint entertainment with speeches, music and songs, most people smoking long clay churchwarden pipes. The cricket is not always slow; I remember one occasion on which the popular head butler, well-advanced in years by the combined aid of umpire, bowlers and fielders made a score of fifty. It was not deemed fitting that the stiffness which followed this unusual exertion should be the only memento of the event and a few days later a bat with an inscription on a silver plate was presented to the worthy veteran.

Soon after his arrival the Freshman may be visited by the boat captain and encouraged to take up rowing. In the Michaelmas term the college trials are rowed, chiefly by Freshmen, in the Lent term come the inter-collegiate bumping races, rowed, like the trials, on fixed seats, and last of all come the May races, with sliding seats. In these races fifteen boats start from chains placed along the river bank at equal distances of something like forty yards. The signal for starting is the firing of a small mortar. It is perhaps as great a sight to see the crowds of men, pouring helter skelter along the narrow towpath, each crowd running with its own boat, as to watch the boats as they pass one after the other, some trying hard to make a bump, others hard pressed, pulling hard to get clear. There is lots of noise, but it all seems quite spontaneous, rather than with any very conscious intention of affecting the crews. One imagines that the instructions of the coach are sufficient to make them row their hardest.

Finally, we must remember that the Cambridge colleges have only slowly

evolved from mediaeval monasticism, and with the truly British spirit things have not been altered until it was clear that the change was absolutely necessary. The legend of the Monk's Pen—the story of the writer of which it is said, that when his tomb was opened, although the rest of the body crumbled to dust, the hand that held the pen lay flexible and undecayed—is indeed a parable. Still, though, the universities of England have been strongholds of conservatism, the restrictions on freedom are on the whole, more apparent than real.

If it is necessary to make some attempt to sum up, however imperfectly, the differences between Cambridge and American universities, in a word, I would say that at bottom the difference is between an *individualist* and a *collectivist* view of life.

On the social side, there are no organized class meeting, no foot ball meetings, no college yells, no hazing of the Freshmen. The only real college gatherings are the college debates and the smoking concerts. Sociability, as are other things also, is left to individual groups. The Christian Unions cannot compare in strength with the Haverford Y. M. C. A., and are mostly run on Anglican lines. I do not think the difference with regard to foot ball meetings, is the result of lack of interest in athletics. Every good game has spectators, who cheer spontaneously throughout the game, though, owing to the rich choice of athletic sports, most

men are themselves playing some game or other. A man who gets his "blue" has his social kudos tremendously enhanced, and athletics are always a fruitful topic of conversation. This individualist feeling shows itself in the icy reserve or lofty disdain of which Cambridge men are sometimes accused by people who meet them. It has been said that an Oxford man walks down the street as if it all belonged to him, but that a Cambridge man walks as if he didn't care to whom it belonged. A man gets his drilling in corporate life at school, at college he is free to fall into his own groups.

On the intellectual side the courses seem to be far more differentiated than in America. The man who takes honours never comes into contact, academically, with the man who reads for the ordinary degree, and is only examined in his own special subject at the end of his three years course. His general culture is left entirely to his previous school training and the current opinion of the undergraduate body. Every effort is made to allow each man to follow his own bent rather than to train up all in the same mould.

To attempt to balance the respective claims of these two points of view may seem too ambitious, but it is easy to be oracular. Let us say that when we have free play for social interaction, without losing freedom for individual development, we have found the ideal we seek.

W. H. J.



Adaptation from the Persian of Fezrîh Ibrâz

I.

Being but human, I must love less well
If I knew any longing but for thee;
Or hope of other Heaven, or dread of Hell;
Or outworn wish of immortality:
Or felt within my Soul that pallid Fire
Which, earth despising, doth itself consume;
Leaving the bitter ashes of Desire,
That breed fair flowers wherewith to deck a Tomb.
These things are but the Promises of yearning;
Wan, white-lipped Ghosts of unattained prayer;
Phantoms that for a moment feign returning,
And vanish on the palpitating air.
But now, in thy hot lips and passionate breath,
Living, I find what others seek in Death.

II.

Love, cry not out against my Reasoning
That spending Life, it runs in debt to Death;
Regarding not the certain Reckoning
With that grim Lord from whom it borroweth.
That it would drain Love's wine at one sweet draught,
Nor hoard one drop against a future day;
But drink with fierce delight, and having quaffed,
Smile as it threw the empty glass away.
Chide me not thus I pray thee, O my Queen!
Death cannot grudge me what I steal for Thee;
And every Season smiles in vernal green,
Dost Thou but smile upon it, and on me:
So smile, and kiss me, kiss me—till old Time
Hath taken our Love; or left it, in my rhyme.

III.

Yet thou art right, my Lady Beautiful;
God did not give thee to me for an Hour;
Nor God and Time together can annul
The Law that grants our Love eternal Power:
But Suns unborn shall watch it, and grow cold,
And all the restless Forces of the Deep
The Stillness of stagnation shall enfold;
And even the very Winds shall fall asleep;
And there shall be of all the Universe,
Only Thyself and I, and we two, One;
Nor shall our Love quake at the Planet's curse,
Or wail the blackened Moon, or Star or Sun;
Till God shall smile, seeing our Love still true,
And for Love's sake create the World anew.

JOHN FRENCH WILSON, '10.

CUPID'S KINDERGARTEN

An Extravaganza.



HEY were Seniors.

The winter season was over, nothing but vaudeville remained at the few theatres still open. They were not interested in athletics, had grown tired of cards, and needed very much to be amused. And not knowing how to amuse themselves, they turned to the serious problem of discovering a method.

For the short space of a week this had occupied their almost undivided attention. One evening they sat discussing affairs in general; Edwin Marshall, the younger of the two, ran a pipe-cleaner into his pipe stem, looked intelligent, and then said, "I saw Lillie Rider this afternoon." Lillian Rider was an attractive young miss of the vicinity, with whom the two room-mates had formerly thought they were in love; and with whom they had later fallen out. Whether she had not been sufficiently encouraging, or whether, as they had long since persuaded themselves into believing, they had tired of her, is an open question. But certain it is that for a year at least their acquaintance had been only a nodding one, and, apparently for self-satisfaction, they were accustomed to laugh a bit when her name was mentioned.

"Yes, I saw Lillie; she said you and I must come and see her. We'll have to go sometime before college closes. We—why what's the matter?" For before he had finished the sentence, Thompson, the elder, had given vent

to a series of triumphant 'eurekas.' "And here we've been on the lookout for something to do for a week. Man! Why didn't we think of it before? Eddie we'll go up there to-night, and see Lillian. To-morrow night one of us will go alone, and the other one the night after. All of a sudden we will pretend to be sore at each other. We will tell her that we no longer care for each other. Then we will both propose. The one she accepts will of course have the trouble of breaking the engagement, but its up to the loser for a champagne supper! "Is it a go? For a second the scheme took away Eddie's breath. Then their hands clasped. "It's a go!" he said.

And so it happened that an hour later they went up to Lillian's. Things there went very much as they had always gone, with one exception. This exception was Sam Bradley, a member of their own class, of whom they knew but little, except that he was a hard worker, which alone was enough to "queer" him. Lillian did not favor him less than she did the other two; but Sam, who had quite a bad "case," could not bare to see his lady even courteous to others. So at an early hour he left the conspirators and their victim, and went his lonely way.

Evening after evening this ardent, though unskilled lover, wended his way to Miss Lillian's. Once there, he would peep cautiously in the window, where he invariably beheld the girl of his dreams listening to the blasting of the fair fame of one of her pretended lovers at the hands of the other. And

evening after evening he beat a silent and heart-broken retreat. At last he became desperate. He went up one evening long before a legitimate calling hour. There ensued a few minutes of very crude preliminaries, then he blurted out the fatal question. And just because she did not fall into his arms at the first mention of the thing, he gave up the little hope he had ever had. Without another word he bolted, almost despairing of realizing the one hope of his life.

But Sam was a man of perseverance. About a month later he determined to try it again. So, when he had looked into the looking-glass for the twentieth time,—which, by the way, did nothing to strengthen his self-confidence, he set out for the Rider's, to ascertain whether or not his life was to be a failure. With what success he met we shall presently see.

The other suitors had started out by being most attentive. The game progressed; they became more attentive still. They had quite succeeded in denying any remaining love for each other, and to all appearances the little game was on its way to a happy culmination. But alas, a little wisdom is a dangerous thing! And a whole lot of wisdom is an exceedingly dangerous thing! Therefore, Messrs. Thompson and Marshall, beware! For Miss Lillian had not only a little bit of wisdom, she had a great deal.

The thing had developed entirely too regularly, too systematically to be natural. With the loss of a little sleep, our lady came to some conclusions which were not far from the correct ones. And with her conclusions, Miss Lillie, who was not at all averse to a little fun, had formed a plan of her own. The result was that some time previous to the night when Sam had nerved

himself up to a second attempt, Thompson and Marshall had both proposed, and, on a pledge of temporary secrecy, had both been accepted. So each now said to himself, "It is only up to me to break this off; and then it will be all over,—but the supper." But as times went on, the lady made things so exceedingly pleasant for both of them that any thoughts of an immediate dissolution began to have a very depressing effect. But each, ashamed to go back on his contract, swore to the other that he had not yet proposed; each thought the other was still observing it, so it served as a means of letting both go to see her on alternate nights, which otherwise would have been impossible in the face of an engagement, announced or not.

By this time they had really developed all the dislikes they had formerly feigned. This state of affairs, and just a shade of doubt which had entered into their now really ardent affections for Lillian, brought them to the conclusion that the way of the transgressor has more weeds on it than flowers. Only in the way of a taunt would they now have announced their engagement to each other, and neither was confident enough in his standing to do that as yet.

All these circumstances tended very much to amuse the wise Miss Lillie. And she, being of a most genial disposition, determined to keep her secret to herself no longer. Happy fate, which brought Sam up shortly after she had come to this conclusion. Thrice happy fate, that sent him away that evening the happiest man in the world.

The next night Lillian summoned the pair before her. After a terse statement of the facts, she said, "I hope you two have had as much fun

out of this little affair as I have. If so, you will have something enjoyable to look back upon." Just then there came a step on the porch outside, and a second later the door bell rang. "And in just one minute I will introduce to you Mr. Bradley, my fiancé."

Her statement of facts had shaken their faith in human nature. But her last statement completely unstrung them. They glared vacantly over her head. Finally they managed to gasp out a faltering "best wishes."

No, they couldn't possibly stay any

longer; they had lots of work to do at college; and the door opened and shut. Her next words were not said until it was shut, and in fact she didn't say anything just then. But right here, between you and me, if Sam and Lillie did not live happily ever after, it was Sam's fault.

Later, somebody said that as Thompson and Marshall were walking home that night, they might have been heard repeating in contemplative tone, "Life's a funny proposition after all."

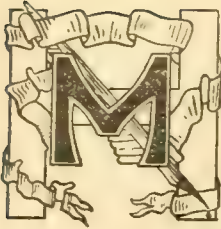
GERALD H. DEACON, '09.

Sonnet

Dear heart, the very breeze is whispering
 Thy name in sweetly modulated tone
 To me, as I am standing here alone
 And harkening to the thousand voiced spring,
 Whose many tongues harmonically sing
 Thy praise. Ah, could these love-wrought songs atone
 A little for the time, so vainly flown
 Through fault of mine, that I delayed to bring
 That heart to thee which is thy very own!
 If this might be, there is no reasoning
 Of human wisdom that could hinder me
 From pilgrim-travel to fair Venus' shrine,
 Afar from all the world, with only thee,
 Dear heart of love, to pour the votive wine.

JAMES CAREY THOMAS, 2nd, '08.

MY ADVENTURES AS A GOVERNESS



Y two nieces, Martha and Josephine, aged six and four, respectively, are in the habit of spending the summer with their grandparents in Ohio. Their parents have always come over from Philadelphia to bring them home, until last summer, when they were thought to be old enough to make the trip under my care. It is of this I write.

In the country town where I live, everyone knows everyone else, and a few besides. Consequently, the news of my projected undertaking had permeated all orders of society before the day of starting. Our way to the train was a continual ovation. The children waved countless good-byes to their admirers, while I, seated beside them with inimitable grace, lifted my hat and bowed to the smiling multitude. It was a glorious moment, and one that spoke eloquently for the advantages of a college education. "There ain't many boys could take them children so fur," confided Mary, our faithful washwoman, to my mother; and it was the consensus of opinion that I was an unusually capable youth, and one of whom my parents might well be proud.

Pittsburgh is on the great line of demarcation between the civilization of the Atlantic coast and that of the Middle West. In Union Station, within the hour between seven and eight in the evening, one may see representatives of almost as many types as in New York itself. In the stream that pours through the great waiting room one may catch glimpses of men with generations of refinement in their faces; gawky West Virginians busily engaged in chewing tobacco; mush-

room millionaires with brilliantly gowned chorus girls attached; and Polish, Slavish, Russian and Italian immigrants, on their way to the bituminous coal fields of the Ohio Valley. Amid this motley crowd even *we* failed to attract attention, as we, the porter and two suit cases in front, I with "Fifi" in my arms, and Martha bringing up the rear, fought our way to the Pullman window, where we learned that the seven-fifty had been taken up before my order was received, and our section had been reserved on the express that left at nine.

The first hour passed quite pleasantly. I spent seventy-four cents on weighing machines, penny-in-the-slot music boxes, and push-the-rod-way-in devices of divers kinds. Then we tried lemonade, ice cream, sandwiches, souvenir postal cards, and peanuts. The precious souls were wise to every form of dissipation that a waiting-room affords; and even asked for a shoe-shine; but I was firm. Fifi insisted and I grew stern. I have had practice in this art, having often subdued her with a terrible look when words were impracticable. But this time I miscalculated, for instead of relapsing into sweet submission, she uttered a howl of indignation so loud that all the hollow room resounded, and some fifty persons started up, thinking that the caller was announcing their train. I assured them that it was a mistake, and slunk into a secluded corner of the waiting-room.

The second hour was divided into two periods; the Age of Frenzy, and the Age of Despair. I am unable to give the bounding dates. It was fearfully hot, and I passed the first in running to and from the water-cooler. Mother had insisted that the babies must run no risk of con-

tamination from public drinking glasses, so she had provided me with one-half dozen antiseptic folding paper cups. They held a scant thimbleful, which was no sooner swallowed than they were clamoring for more. Even when their thirst was actually quenched, the habit had been formed so thoroughly that they kept me trotting back and forth as before, though they took only a drop or two from each cupful. Thus the Age of Frenzy passed into the Age of Despair.

In this, the children were too hot to sleep or sit still, and too tired to walk about. They were even tired of watching me carry water, and took interest in nothing. Martha swayed to and fro in her seat, occasionally lying at full length for a moment or two, by way of variety; while Josephine flopped and tossed over both of us. I occupied myself by fanning them with a newspaper. Fifi whined softly for her bed and her mamma, and Martha was too miserable to attempt to console her. "French, I think," I overhear a knowing young man inform his comrade. "I wish we had more of them—they make better citizens than the Dagos." This ingenuous tribute kept me in a happy reverie that was finally broken by the caller's strident "Train for Altoona, Harrisburg and Philadelphia, now standing on track number four!"

If you would know how children sleep, observe a nest of wide-awake, week-old kittens, and raise it by aid of logarithms. Their slumber is one continual fight with the covers. They place the pillow under their stomachs; crawl into the bolster head first, feet protruding; lie on top of each other in the shape of a cross; hang a leg and an arm out into the aisle; or preferably extend their whole bodies into it, clinging to the bed with toes and fingers in defiance of all natural law. About two o'clock I grew weary of clamoring down to look after them, and hit

upon a clever expedient. I made my inspections by wrapping my legs around the curtain pole, and hanging head downward into the berth below; swinging and swaying with the motion of the train, just as you have seen a boa constrictor from its perch in the zoo. The porter was slightly startled the first time he saw me in this position; but he soon became used to it. As for me, by morning, the operation scarcely interrupted my slumber. Indeed, I am not sure that it was not thus the porter found me, when, according to strict orders, he woke me a full hour before our journey's end.

I shall never forget how those main-line stations flew past; or how feverishly I noted our progress at each one of them. Martha was washed at Malvern, Fifi at Paoli; their shoes were buttoned at Berwyn, their dresses at Wayne. At St. Davids I commenced on their hair, considering it better, if worst came to worst, to get off the train with an ill-combed child than with a half-dressed one. And when we shot through Overbrook I sank upon the cushions with a sigh of satisfaction. It was done!

I now approach the part of this authentic history which pains me to record; for it is fraught with the pathos of human vanity. Forgetful of her neatly-buttoned shoes; her spotless dress; her carefully combed hair; my elder niece, whom I had considered a paragon of virtue, suddenly subordinated her care for all things spiritual or temporal, to her anxiety for the adjustment of one pitiful ribbon. "You don't tie it right, Uncle John," she pouted; "Not *that* way; *this* way." I failed utterly to distinguish between this and that, and I told her so. "Oh, dear," she moaned, "I never can go *that* way! It's just awful, and you are not nice at all!" The barometer was dropping rapidly, and we rumbled over Fifty-second Street. "Perhaps I can fix it," said a

kind lady across the aisle; and my eyes beamed unspeakable gratitude as she took my niece and walked away. Fifi, on the seat beside me, chattered incessantly, and to little purpose; but I sat silent, in a mental soliloquy. "Verily," I thought, "all is vanity. I transform myself into a human fire-engine for your sake; I buy you postal cards and peanuts without end; for your comfort I hang suspended by the heels all night long. You scorn me for the sake of a miserable ribbon! May heaven pity the husband who is to be a martyr to your intolerable pride!"

I was about to extend these melancholy

observations to womankind as a whole, and thence to the human race in general, when Martha returned bright and smiling, and climbed into my lap; and thus in the best of humor we slid under the shed at Broad Street. And while my health was not shattered, I know the anxiety of that trip must have left its print upon me; for, as we passed an engaged couple in the exit, I saw their eyes meet in blissful comprehensions as they murmured: "What a pity their mother died so young!"

JOHN FRENCH WILSON, '10.

The Wangaloo

Krumpish was the Wangaloo,
 As he sleeked across the lea,
 For his curliboss was blue
 As the whango colored sea.
 The hair upon his jibaloona
 Was all befugged with jam.
 His gruelish teeth were in the moon;
 His toes were in his cram.
 And all the while he scrooped with glee
 A mawkish frangopeer,
 And, with contusion, said to me:
 He'd rather far have beer.
 Then seeing that his frimpish words
 Were lactish to my taste,
 He plunged into some slimperish curds,
 And drowned his grief in haste.

J. CAREY THOMAS, 2nd, '08.

BROMIDIOCY IN COLLEGE

Hamlet—I prophesy he comes to tell me of the players; mark it.—You say right sir; it was o' Monday morning; 'twas so indeed.

Polonius—My lord, I have news for you!

Hamlet—My lord, I have news for you; when Roscius was an actor in Rome—

Polonius—The actors are come hither, my lord.

Hamlet—Buz, buz.



PARBLEU! Doesn't it make your flesh creep when someone tenders you, as if it were distinctly original, a remark which you happen to have made to him the day before? And if the thought itself is a matter of common observation, or worse still, a proverb, (which, by the way, you also thought of, but refrained from expressing), your emotion becomes one of disgust at the individual's lack of originality and shameless plagiarism. Very soon you can learn to handle the springs of his thought, and by presenting certain data to his mind and watching the resulting reaction, an amusement may be gained very similar to that procured by prodding a frog to make him jump; except that you can't always tell which way the frog is going to jump.

It was this class of persons that Mr. Gelett Burgess, I take it, intended to designate by the word "Bromide." Whether or not he meant to say anything of import at all, when he wrote his essay on the subject, has no bearing whatever upon our present discussion; the fact remains that many people have taken him seriously, in spite of his reputation, and the word as coined by him is fast becoming legal tender. Nevertheless its value is as yet not definitely established, and is frequently confused with that of

Philistine or *bourgeois*. Now, without pretending to have a clear notion of the distinction myself, nor ability to express it, if I had, let me call attention to some of the points of difference which a comparison of the two terms will yield.

The word "Philistine" arose in Germany and was applied by the students of the universities to the people of the town, with whom they used to have frequent encounters. Heine, I believe, first stretched its meaning to include the attitude of mind usually held by non-students toward intellectual and spiritual pursuits; and it is with this sense that Matthew Arnold, the English champion of the word, employs it. To my mind Philistinism is almost identical with that prudence which, Emerson says, "adores the rule of three, and asks but one question of any project—Will it bake bread?"

On the other hand, our definition of a Bromide, as furnished by Mr. Burgess, is a person whose reaction upon given stimuli can be accurately foretold.

Neither of these definitions excludes the other, and as a matter of fact both Bromide and Philistine are often found embodied in the same person. But the two are by no means identical; and this is shown particularly well in the case of college men, where the Philistines are rare and Bromides are in abundance. Naturally, among men who are sacrificing present tangible good for future in-

tellectual capacity, one does not expect to find materialism flourishing to any large degree; while, upon the other hand, since passive receptivity is the best attitude of mind for the student, a minimum amount of originality is to be looked for among undergraduates. The best students are usually Bromides.

Oscar Wilde in his *De Profundis* says: "Most people are other people; their thoughts are someone else's opinions, their lives a mimicry, their passions a quotation." This is strong; it savors of Carlyle's estimate of the population of England—"about 20,000,000, mostly fools." I think Carlyle meant to say, "mostly Bromides." Who does not enjoy Hawthorne's sarcastic remark about the visitors in Rome who were transported to the clouds on the wings of an emotion which was not theirs but Byron's? The Bromide has long been a figure in the drama; perhaps the best example being that of M. Perrichon, whose attempts to record his *impressions de voyage* render him most ridiculous. But isn't it a very common trait for most of us to seek to display the proper emotion upon the proper occasion? And how often, when discussing works of art, literature or music, does any one invent a new idea or even a new phrase? Originality in such cases consists in quoting from works not generally known, and in having a good enough memory to prevent repetition in the presence of the same company. For if you happen to know the sources of the speaker's ideas, his remarks become anything but original.

Bromidiocy is therefore a relative condition. The scope of your own information has a great deal to do with your ability to recognize it in other people, and, passing to the limit, we might almost say that a bromidiom is a remark which you happen to have heard before, and a Bromide one whose every remark

you can trace to its primitive source. But this is stretching the meaning of the term too far; for originality of thought by no means depends entirely upon education; a man might confine himself to quotations and still be original, by the manner in which he applied them. If he continually quoted what you least expected at every turn, he would not be considered bromidic; he would be a Sulphide.

For the true genius thinks by a different process from the dialectic of the common mind. He deals in metaphors, and draws from them inferences which logic can not follow. On the other hand pure scholasticism, long continued, is a sure cure for originality. Beware of getting high grades in all departments of study.

Bromidiocy, again, is a habit of mind, which I am inclined to think may be laid aside, or at any rate, concealed. The best opportunity for this is to be found in the arts course, for the reason that in this department the student deals almost entirely with the thoughts which have busied original minds of the past; and not only does he acquire a larger store of ideas, but he learns the trick of putting them together in a manner which has at least the semblance of originality and is less calculated to bore the listener.

Let no one, however, despise the Bromide; he is in the vast majority; he makes our laws, even though the ethical principles embodied in them were discovered by the Sulphide. He is the man who has sense enough to come in when it rains, to walk out at the gate instead of vaulting the fence, to agree with the spirit of the speeches which preceded his, and in short, to do what Rome does.

The bromidiom, too, is exceedingly useful. Suppose, for instance, that you meet a traveler on a hot, dusty road and

desire to be on good terms with him; which phrase would be most teleological, think you, "Is it warm enough for you?" or, "Nothing remains what it is, everything is becoming, the upward and downward path are one and the same."? I doubt if he would immediately admit the truth of the latter assertion. Indeed, it would be absurd to try to get along without the bromidiom; it serves to break the ice among newly introduced persons, to smooth over gaps in the conversation and to hide an occasional *faux pas*.

In concluding it will be well to remember that the Bromide is the normal human being and the Sulphide is the sport or freak; and that a world in which the Sulphides prevailed would not only be impossible, but extremely undesirable. Consider how difficult it would be to

frame a law, or even to get a motion before the house. And in our college work, what an infinite number of new courses would be instituted! It would then be impossible to cut a lecture and guess its substance from the succeeding one. You would not be able to predict with such certainty as heretofore, upon detecting a given gleam in the professor's eye, "Here comes the story of the little bird," or "Now he's going to give us the derivation of *chevalier* from *caballus*." The courses would moreover be so unlike each other that you could not make one thesis do for four different subjects; and, in short, things generally would be very disagreeable. Let us, therefore, be thankful for the presence of Bromides in a proportion which renders such a change unlikely.

HOWARD BURTT, '08.

Selfishness

Might I of every floweret sweet
A garland fair entwine,
O yet it's beauty were not meet
To wreathe that brow of thine.

Might I of every sweetest bird
Enweave a melody
Contained in one surpassing word,
It were unworthy thee.

Yet I, unworthier than they,
So selfish now am grown,
That I would offer thee my clay
And soul to make thine own!

J. F. W.

Faculty Department

Professor Pratt went to New Haven during the holidays to attend the Annual Meeting of the American Society of Zoologists and read a paper on "Parallel Development in Trematodes."

L. H. Rittenhouse was recently elected an active member of the Engineers' Club of Philadelphia.

Recently, Dr. Babbitt delivered several addresses, one at the opening of the Wilmington Friends' School new gymnasium, on "The Progress in Physical Education;" another at Columbia University, before the Society of College Gymnasium Directors, of which he is secretary, on "The Physical Director in his Relation to College Politics, Finances, and Social Life;" and a third, in Boston, before the eastern section of the American Laryngology, Otology and Rhinology Society, on "The Ulceration of the Nasal Septum." He represented Haverford at the meeting of the American Intercollegiate Athletic Conference and made a report as a member of the football rules committee.

Professor Comfort has been ap-

pointed one of three examiners in Spanish for 1908, by the College Examination Board, with headquarters in New York City. D. C. Heath and Company published, about January 1st, a text book by him entitled, "Material for French Composition," with notes and vocabulary.

President Sharpless has addressed in the last two months, meetings as follows: The Five Years Meeting of the Society of Friends, held in Richmond, Indiana; Adult School Conference, in Germantown; the anniversary exercises of the Landing of William Penn, at Chester; the Educational Association of Friends, in Philadelphia; the New Century Women's Club of Philadelphia; the School Teachers of Norristown; the Teachers' and Parents' Association of the Heston School, Philadelphia; Universal Peace Union; Haverford Tea Meeting; the Westtown School; and the Whittier Celebration at Haverford College, at which portraits of Dr. John Fothergill, Peter Collinson and John G. Whittier were presented by Samuel Shipley.

Alumni Department

DAVID SCULL

When a man like David Scull dies, Haverfordians should pause. Serious and earnest in life, thoughtful and open-minded, refined and courteous, full of love and a lover of truth, he was a typical representative of the best Haverford training.

It was a choice class of four in which he graduated. Two of them are still with us. In those days, critical examinations were held twice in the course, each set covering two years. The studies were few, the requirements were severe, the discipline was strict. Out of such a regime would come either

well-trained men, or rebels against all training. It was the former that resulted in the case of the class of 1854 and David Scull went out of the rather narrow conditions, with a strong purpose and a clean character which were the promise of a successful life.

Though he inherited and created wealth, he was never enervated or ungraciously exalted by it. His life to the end was characterized by a striving after truth and a zealous advocacy of it, which maintained in him a delightful freshness and earnestness, tempered by Christian grace and consideration for others.

In 1865, at the age of twenty-nine, he was made a manager of Haverford College, which position he held until his death. He was Treasurer of the Corporation from 1866 to 1883 and the whole history of the Executive Committee included his service. A frequent donor to the funds of the college, full of zeal for its interests, he was largely influential in determining the foundation, by his father, of the David Scull Professorship of Biology.

He died Eleventh month 22nd, 1907, aged nearly seventy-two years.

ALUMNI NOTES.

'58 Ellis Horner Yarnall, died on December 17th, 1907. (See Prof. Allen C. Thomas, who can give you some particulars about Mr. Yarnall's connection with Haverford).

'59 William H. S. Wood, of New York, died on Dec. 12. Mr. Wood was born in 1840, entered Haverford in 1855, and in 1863 became a partner in the well-known firm of William Wood & Co., publishers of medical books. He was a member of many clubs, director of charitable institutions, and president of The Bowery Savings Bank at the time of his death. His sons are

William C. Wood, '87; Gilbert C. Wood, '89, and Arnold Wood, ex-'94.

'61 William B. Bromall has been appointed a district judge in Delaware county.

'64 Albin Garrett is chairman of the Lincoln Party county committee for Chester county.

Ex-'88. John Percy Nields, of Wilmington, Delaware, has been re-appointed District Attorney by President Roosevelt.

'92 Professor Walter Morris Hart, of the University of California has published his doctor's dissertation in Harvard Studies and Notes in Philosophy and Literature, entitled "Ballad and Epic," a study in the development of the narrative art.

'96 M. Warren Way, has gone to Los Angeles, California, for the winter. Among other Haverfordians in this part of the West, are R. J. Burdette, Jr., '00, who is with the *Los Angeles Times*. G. E. Newlin, '02, who is practicing law there, and J. W. Reeder, '02.

'98 Thomas Wistar has been made a Division Traffic Manager of the Bell Telephone Company, with headquarters at 17th and Filbert Sts., Philadelphia.

'98 Francis R. Strawbridge was taken into the firm of Strawbridge & Clothier, merchants, Philadelphia, on January first of this year.

'99 Rev. Malcolm A. Shipley, Jr., has been called to be rector of the Episcopal Church at Hazleton, Pa.

'00 Henry H. Stuart, is manager of the plant of the Pacific Coast Condensed Milk Co., at South Forest Grove, Oregon.

'00 W. W. White was married on December 19th, 1907, at Sac City, Iowa, to Miss Jane Campfield.

'00 Moses Marshall is Register of

Deeds of the Northern District of Essex, Mass. He is practicing law in Lawrence, Mass., and has offices in the Blakeley Building. His home address is 176 West street, Lawrence.

'00 J. M. Taylor is now located in Salt Lake City, Utah. He is a mining engineer, and a member of the firm of Taylor & Taylor, whose offices are at 225 Dooly Block.

'06. W. Carson has entered the Law School at the University of Pennsylvania; he is also teaching certain classes at the Camden High School.

'06. E. B. Richards is in the Philippines in the U. S. Civil Service as district superintendent of six schools in Luzon.

'06. R. L. Cary has entered the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, in the Junior Class, in the department of Civil Engineering.

'06. R. W. Sands is teaching English and History at the Northeast Manual Training School in Philadelphia.

'06. W. G. Lindsay is Athletic Instructor at Guilford College, and a professor of Latin and Mathematics as well.

'07 H. H. Shoemaker is with the William M. Lloyd Lumber Co., Philadelphia.

1906

The Class of 1906 held its second annual reunion on December 21, 1907, in the Assembly Room in Founder's Hall. An informal supper was served and a business meeting held before the open fire amid much laughter and many jokes as of old.

The final reports of the Gate Committees were read. The gate had been completed by Commencement Day and now stands as a distinct feature of the campus and an honor to the College and the Class.

Definite arrangements for a class publication were made and T. K. Brown, Jr. was unanimously re-elected president of the class and Roderick Scott, secretary-treasurer.

RODERICK SCOTT, Secretary.

'07 Samuel Gummere is with Wm. D'Olier & Co., cotton yarns, Mariner & Merchants' Building, Phila.

'08 Henry Pearson is with Rhodes, Sinkler & Butcher, bankers & brokers, 432 Sansom street, Phila.

Ex-'08 Hugh Smiley was married on Oct. 31, at Greenwich, Conn, to Miss Hester Freeman Squier.

College Department

PRESENTATION OF PORTRAITS GIVEN BY SAMUEL R. SHIPLEY.

The exercises attending the presentation of three portraits given to the college by Samuel R. Shipley took place on Tuesday evening, December 17th, in Roberts Hall. The portraits are of John Greenleaf Whittier, Peter Collinson and Dr. John Fothergill. The last two are copies

executed from originals in London. The portrait of Whittier was painted when he was in Philadelphia in 1832, at the time of a great slavery agitation. The paintings will be hung in the library.

President Sharpless opened the exercises by expressing the appreciation of the college for the gift of Mr. Shipley. He remarked upon the fitness of the gift

to the college of the portraits of these three well-known Friends. He then introduced Dr. Trotter, of Swarthmore College.

Dr. Trotter outlined the characteristics of Peter Collinson, the famous botanist, and sketched his early life and work. He showed that while a man of science Collinson was also a successful merchant. It was, however, as a scientist that he was best known. He died in 1758, a member of the Royal Society of London and possessed of what he had always coveted—a good name.

President Sharpless continued by reading a paper on Dr. John Fothergill. His life was outlined. He was described as a man of science and a philanthropist. He lived from 1712 to 1780, one of the foremost men of his age. As a doctor he was considered an authority; as a philanthropist he was an educator. In public life he was respected and influential. He was a fellow-laborer with Franklin in his attempt to prevent the American Revolution. He was a man whose educational work in particular has lived after him.

Dr. Rufus Jones then spoke on Whittier.

He said that he was particularly fitted to speak about this great man on account of his having been brought up in the same surroundings as the poet. Whittier wrote the legends of his own native New England soil. In many cases, too, he portrayed its lovely side. He became the prophet of a great moral movement which concerned, not a few states alone, but the whole of this country, nay, of the civilized world. At the beginning of his career he was on the perilous edge of yielding to the powerful attraction of the fame and glory of the world, but giving up the past, he took up a hopelessly unpopular cause. He was admirably equipped for it. His wisdom was practi-

cal and he had a great amount of it. He was a vigorous editorial writer, and above all, his power was invincible. He was not to be discouraged. He knew the cause he had espoused was right. He forged white hot lines, which were uncompromising. When he read Webster's "Seventh of March" speech, he broke out into "Ichabod," one of the most terrible arraignments in the English language. It is doubtful whether Webster deserved this. Yet Whittier did everything in his power to avert the war, which he saw was impending. Nevertheless, he, the Quaker poet, created one of the three most popular ballads of the war. "Barbara Fritchie." After the successful conclusion of the conflict, he wrote his hymn of praise, "Laus Deo." In the same year, 1865, he penned his religious masterpiece, the "Eternal Goodness." He sent the truth straight into the hearts of the people. He preached the reality of God in the lives of men. He saw the absolute importance of the inward testimony of experience. Whether the meter of his poetry is right or not, the inspiration is certainly there. In 1866 "Snow Bound" came out, in which the writer appears as the interpreter of simple, country life. Whittier has voiced the life of his own people, wound his name inextricably into the history of the nation, and looked into the deeper mysteries of life."

CIVIC CLUB.

At Haverford, every man is supposed to be interested in good government. This general interest has recently found expression in the formation of a new Civic Club. Quite a number of men were present at the preliminary meeting, and many desired a winter's program of vigorous discussion and study by all the Club members.

ADDRESS BEFORE THE CIVIC CLUB.

Mr. Fullerton L. Waldo, Secretary of the State Civil Service Reform Association, on Tuesday evening, December 10, made a very interesting address before the Civic Club. He explained the corruption in the matter of Civil Service in the City of Philadelphia, and told of the work which the Association of which he is representative, is attempting to accomplish in the face of hostility on all sides, even in the courts. He gave insight into the inner workings of the "Machine" and its crooked methods. The speaker said that one of the great difficulties of the Society was the indifference and non-support of the people and of other allied organizations. He made the talk very amusing, but it was very instructive concerning the present condition of affairs in Philadelphia.

Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

The first session of the Mission Study Class was held December 5th. This year the topic of study is Home Missions. Conditions in the slums of New York are

being taken up now, and later, the anthracite coal regions of this State will be studied.

ADDRESS ON FOREIGN MISSIONS.

Mr. G. Y. Hood of the Student Volunteer Association addressed the Y. M. C. A. on December 11th, on Foreign Missions. He said the conditions of the world at the present time were those of the hungry multitude, when the disciples asked Christ to send them away. He showed the barren state of the races where Christianity has not yet been preached. He then gave some statistics to show the need of Christian workers in foreign lands. He finished by describing the work of the Student Volunteer Organization and its success, and made an earnest appeal for the support of the students.

CONCERT AT COOPERTOWN.

Wednesday evening, December 18th, the Glee and Mandolin Club gave a concert at Coopertown, under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A.

Athletic Department

The annual foot ball dinner was held at the Merion Cricket Club on Thursday evening, December nineteenth. Speeches were made by the coaches, captain and ex-captain and many of those present. The past season was reviewed and hopes expressed for the future. The affair was thoroughly enjoyed by all. Those present were Coaches Thorne and Haines, Ex-captain Brown, Captain Bard, Emlen, Edwards, Miller, Leonard, Clement, Spaeth, Myers, Deacon, Ramsey, Lewis, McCann, Drinker.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION NOTES.

New regulations were adopted by the Athletic Association in meeting on Dec. 12, governing the wearing of class numerals. The regulations restrict their number and making them harder to obtain, render them more valuable.

SOCCER. CRICKET CLUB LEAGUE HAVERFORD, 3; GERMANTOWN, 3.

The Soccer team met the Germantown Cricket Club team on Walton Field on November 30. Owing to a slippery field

the play was exceedingly ragged. Nevertheless there was some fast work. Though the defense on both sides was poor the forwards acquitted themselves well. Even at such an early point in the season the team did not show as much power or possibility of power as might have been expected. This was probably due to the lateness in beginning the season.

The line-up:

Haverford.

Germantown.

Linton	goal.....	Ambuster
Tostenson	right fullback....	Butleron
Philips	left fullback.....	Pearson
Sharpless	right halfback.....	Boggs
Drinker	centre halfback.....	Newhall
Edwards	left halfback....	Shoemaker
Bushnell	outside right.....	Priestman
Lewis	inside right.....	
Furness	centre forward.....	Kelley
Thomas	inside left.....	
Strode	outside left.....	O'Neill

Goals—Haverford, Furness, Bushnell, Lewis;
Germantown, O'Neill 2, Priestman.

HAVERFORD, 1 ; FRANKFORD, 0.

Haverford played Frankford at the Frankford grounds on Saturday, December 7. Considering the softness and general poor conditions of the field the play was as fast as could have been reasonably expected. The keenness of play is indicated by the fact that both teams were frequently penalized for offsidcs. Three goals were allowed for this reason. The team play was much more consistent and thorough than that exhibited in the game with Germantown the week before. There was no startling individual work.

The line-up:

Haverford.

Frankford.

Linton	goal.....	Winter
Brown	right fullback.....	Hart
E. A. Edwards.....	left fullback.....	Jones
Brey	right half.....	Nolan
Sharpless	centre half.....	Wheeler
E. N. Edwards.....	left half.....	C. Sommers
Hill	right outside....	W. Sommers
Bailey	right inside.....	Clay
Drinker	centre forward....	Saddington
Thomas	left inside.....	Kemp
Strode	left outside.....	Cooner

Goal—Strode.

HAVERFORD, 3 ; PENNSYLVANIA, 3.

Haverford met the University of Pennsylvania on Walton Field, Saturday, December 21. The ground was somewhat heavy, the conditions around the goals were especially bad. At the start of the game Pennsylvania decidedly outclassed their opponents, by vigorous and consistent play their line managed to secure a goal in the first few minutes. Haverford braced after this, keeping the ball well within the territory of their opponents, but were unable to score from the many opportunities that offered themselves. Haverford maintained the brace that she had taken and although she only succeeded in securing three goals while Penn tallied twice more, her work was of an excellent character. The line-up:

Haverford.

Pennsylvania.

Spaeth	goal.....	Bricker
Tostenson	right fullback.....	Fenn
Brown	left fullback.....	Kane
Drinker	right half.....	Wood
Sharpless	centre half.....	Crowell
Young	left half.....	Weirs
Bushnell	right outside.....	Cagel
Lewis	right inside.....	Hunter
Furness	centre forward.....	Marsh
Shoemaker	left inside.....	Bramford
Cadbury	left outside.....	Morris

Goals—Lewis, Bushnell, Furness. Bramford, Marsh, Morris.

On account of the inclemency of the weather the game scheduled with P. and R. was postponed indefinitely.

HAVERFORD 2ND, 1 ; BELMONT, 2ND, 0.

Haverford second played Belmont second at Belmont, on Saturday, December 7. They defeated the Cricket Club team by one goal to none in an exciting and hotly-contested game.

HAVERFORD 2ND, 5 ; RADNOR, 0.

The second team showed wonderful improvement by defeating Radnor at Wayne, on Saturday, Dec. 21, 5-0. Thomas scored 2 goals, Spiers, 1, Baily, 1, Burt, 1.

SOCCER NOTES.

A meeting of the Soccer Association was held on Thursday, Dec. 12, for the election of the ground committee to correspond to the similar committee in cricket. Bushnell '08, Lewis '09, and Sharpless '09 were elected.

It was moved and seconded and carried that a manager be appointed to take charge of Soccer on Merion Cottage Field to enable those who were unable to play on Walton Field to play there. J. P. Elkinton '08 was elected to this position. The innovation is beneficial as there are many who do not measure up to the first and second team standards but desire the exercise.

Manager Clement has announced the Intercollegiate Soccer League Schedule as follows:

March 7—Columbia at Haverford.

March 14—Harvard at Haverford.

March 20—Cornell at Cornell.

March 31—Yale at Yale.

March 28—Pennsylvania at Haverford.

In the Interclass soccer games, the game between the Seniors and Juniors played on Wednesday, December 14, was a tie, 1-1. The game between the Sophomores and Freshmen on the following day also resulted in a tie, 1-1. The games were both hotly contested. The ties will be played off early in January.

BASKET BALL.

Permission has been granted to the Freshmen to maintain a basket ball team, to play a series of games with preparatory schools, by a committee appointed by the Faculty and Student Athletic Committee.

The Sophomores and Freshmen played a fast game of basket ball in the gymnasium on Thursday evening, December 12. The Freshmen won, 26-15.

The line-up:

'11.		'10.
Russel	forward.....	Hutton
Taylor	forward.....	Judkins
Deane	center.....	Palmer
Palmer	guard.....	Shoemaker
Gallagher	guard.....	Tomlinson

GYMNASIUM NOTES.

The Interclass Gym. Meet for the Class of '97 banner, scheduled for December 19, has been postponed to Thursday evening, January 9.

The Gymnasium schedule for the season of 1908 has been arranged by Manager Shoemaker, as follows:
January 18, Quadrangular Exhibition.

Pennsylvania, Princeton, New York University and Haverford, at Haverford.
February 15, Dual Meet.

Lehigh and Haverford at Lehigh.
March 6, Dual Meet.

Rutgers and Haverford at Haverford.
March 13, Dual Meet.

Pennsylvania and Haverford at Haverford.





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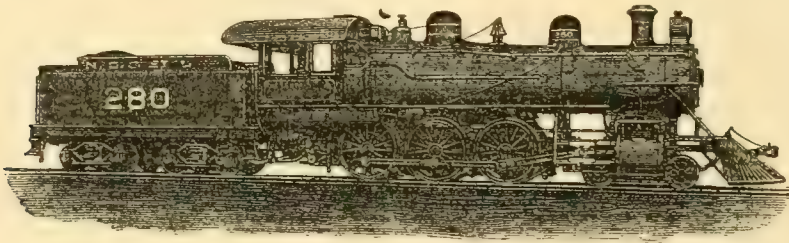
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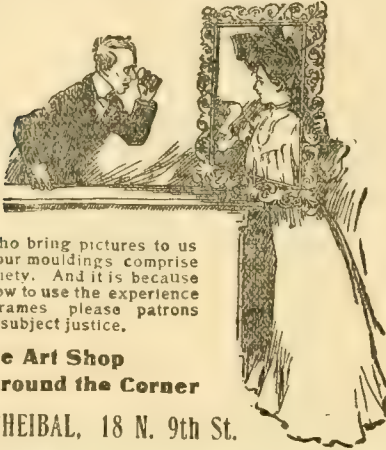
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The Haverfordian

Volume xxix
Number **Nine**
February 1908



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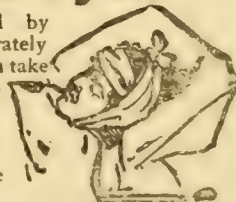
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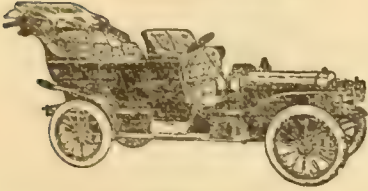
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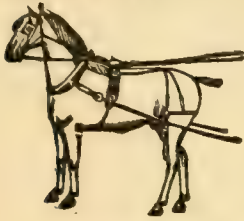
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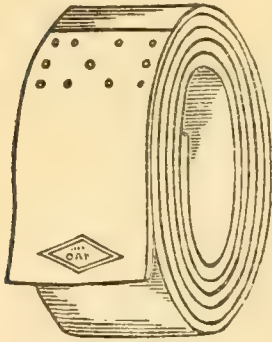
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VOL. XXIX.

HAVERFORD, PA., FEBRUARY, 1908.

No. 9.

THE term of office of the Senior Editors, with this issue of the HAVERFORDIAN, draws to a close.

We feel, as we review the work of this volume, that we have been able to accomplish some of the aims which we set ourselves at the beginning of the year.

We feel that for what we have not done we have, at least, striven. And we by no means regret that we have left much for the succeeding board to conquer.

It is easily seen that the HAVERFORDIAN must fulfill the function both of a newspaper and of a literary magazine. It must cover both grounds. We have endeavored to pay just attention to each field.

As the paper is the organ of the Alumni as well as that of the undergraduate body, we enlarged the Alumni department considerably, and have, towards it, used great care in order that it might properly perform its function. Instead of the old College Department, covering both the athletic and the non-athletic, we have instituted two departments and given to each of them the space of the old. In order to keep the magazine the literary organ of the college, we have avoided making these departments our supreme object, by subor-

dinating them, as we have considered proper, to the main purpose.

In regard to the literary character of the HAVERFORDIAN we are sure that we have left, far behind, the dark atmosphere of the charnel house, and by means of some slight attempts at humor and satire, have emerged into a healthy sunlight.

In the Editorial Department we are certain we have rightly abstained from the abstract discussions of theories—discussions so generally in vogue—and have properly touched upon some of the more immediate needs of Haverford College as it is—we may be open to the charge of having been local, but we sincerely hope we may not be charged with having been useless. We have endeavored to surpass past literary standards, as far as our contributions have allowed us, both in prose and poetry. We believe we have succeeded in this. And by these means, together with an attempt at artistic publication, we feel we have made the HAVERFORDIAN more interesting and more readable.

We have seen, this year, the HAVERFORDIAN restored to its old quarters, in Barclay Hall. Once more it is in full possession of all its belongings, its archives, its treasures and its dignity. May it never be forced to lose these most precious possessions.

And it is with the utmost confidence in the energy and ability of the Board for 1908-1909, in confidence that their policy will bring progress to the HAVERFORDIAN both in quality and in influence, that the present Board, with sincerest desires for success, leaves the paper to its successors.

We take great pleasure in announcing that J. F. Wilson, '10, has been elected Editor-in-chief for the year of 1908-1909.

We desire to express the sincere thanks of the Board to the following, who by their contributions and assistance have aided us during the past year: President Sharpless, Dr. Francis B. Gummere, Dr. Ernest W. Brown, Dr. W. P. Mustard, Dr. W. W. Comfort, Dr. A. E. Hancock, W. H. Jackson; Dr. H. S. Pratt, Dr. W. W. Comfort, Dr. W. P. Mustard, Dr. F. B. Gummere for their kind assistance in conducting the 1907 Prize Competition; Dr. D. C. Barrett for his kindness in conducting the Faculty Department; O. M. Chase for many plates of college views. We desire to thank Dr. A. E. Hancock for much personal assistance throughout the year.

IN connection with the International Convention so lately held at Washington, our Haverford Y. M. C. A. has been brought face to face with a very serious question.

Active membership in the Christian Association has, with few exceptions, one of these being Haverford, meant at the same time, membership in some evangelical church. The Washington convention modified this test for active membership by adding another to it, to be known as the Personal Test.

**A College
Matter**

This last test holds only for voting members, not for officers of the Association, who must be members of some evangelical church.

After most careful discussion by the present Cabinet, most of which centered around the point as to whether or no it was right to define the word Christian by membership in an evangelical church, it was decided that for Haverford, such action would be, to say the least, most unwise.

Admitting that for railroad and city associations the present tests of church membership is wise, and in fact, most necessary for their existence, the Cabinet could not feel its need in Haverford.

Christianity in this college has never been defined by acceptance of any number of words, however fundamental they may seem to be. Haverford life is too intimate to allow any such definition, our four years being a definition of their own, and as we attempt to live this out our friends are always watching and influencing us. We cannot feel that such an idea of Christianity would gain by being narrowed as the evangelical test seems to narrow it.

Our affiliation with the national organization of the Y. M. C. A. becomes weakened by the stand that has been taken. The weakness is, however, very slight, not in the least affecting our position at Northfield, and at State and international conventions only in the matter of voting at business meetings.

It is most sincerely hoped that both undergraduates and Alumni will feel the Cabinet has acted for the best interests of the Association, and that the Christian spirit of Haverford may be strengthened as there comes a full realization of the broad platform upon which our Y. M. C. A. stands.

AS students and Alumni are well aware, it has hitherto been the custom at Haverford to send a cricket team to England every four years. This coming summer is the time when this trip should occur. But there seems to be a feeling on the part of those who should

**Cricket
1908**

be most interested in this matter, that it will not take place this year. There is a variety of reasons alleged for not making this trip, most potent of which appears to be that the team will perhaps not be good enough. Although such a possibility doubtless exists, for the knowing ones say it does, it seems to us that a custom of this sort, which has been such a powerful factor in stimulating our interest in cricket, and which has served more than anything to make us known to the athletic world, should be discontinued only for the very gravest reasons, and after the most serious consideration. As things stand now, the management apparently indifferent, the student-body inactive, and the Alumni unstimulated, it is extremely unlikely that any steps will be taken. It seems to us, however, that the indisposition of the

cricket management to take the matter up should be no reason for the true friends of Haverford, and cricket at Haverford, to remain supine in a matter that is of such importance to the live interest in cricket. Once break a custom of this sort and the ever-present possibility of its being broken in the future must detract from the stimulus to cricket activity. To many men the prospect of a trip abroad has been one of the most powerful incentives to four years' hard work in the shed and on the field. If this incentive is removed or becomes merely provisional, cricket is bound to suffer. This is perhaps the strongest reason why we should be slow to omit the tour this summer. We would urge the students and the Alumni, whom we are sure are really interested in the cricket welfare of Haverford, to consider this matter with the seriousness that it deserves, and if they feel the conviction, as we do, that the trip should not be omitted, the next thing for them to do is to take decisive and rapid steps to see that the matter is arranged—for it must be arranged *soon* or not at all.

Verses

Past the gray fog-banks, out in mid-ocean,
Lies a dim island, the land of our dreams.
Out there the dream-gods, who give the dream-potion,
Sport in the moonlight and rest by its streams.

Fog-wrapped by day, the low island lies hidden,—
Lost in the unending stretches of gray;
Empty its grottos, its forests forbidden;
Lost, till the moon calls the dream-gods to play.

Thither we sail, the night wind in our faces,
Thither to rest from the toils of the day.
Peace ever restful our trouble replaces,
Out in that mystical isle of Cathay.

JAMES WHITALL, '10.

THE CALL TO THE COLLEGE MAN

BY CHARLES SPRAGUE SMITH,

Managing Director, The People's Institute, New York City.



HERE has never been a time when the call to the college man was more imperative than to-day. There is a new spirit abroad. The plain

people, the masses, are awakening to a consciousness of their power and a determination to make use of it. Sometimes this consciousness expresses itself in widespread unrest; at others in the forestalling by government, through remedial measures, of danger believed to be impending to the community from the rise of group power or the deepening of discontent.

The manifestations differ according to countries. In Great Britain we have the co-operative movement, beginning with a small group of impoverished weavers some sixty years ago, who pooled their scanty savings so as to purchase prime necessities and sell at cost. This movement has grown so that in Great Britain it numbers more than two million members, has a capital of over one hundred and forty millions, carries on a vast and increasing business of all kinds, has spread to the continent, and even crossed the seas to America. In addition, we have the municipalities extending their functions so as not only to own and operate public utilities, but also build tenements and engage in manifold other occupations hitherto considered wholly within the domain of private initiative.

In Germany we have on the one hand socialism, recognized as the strongest single force in the land, and on the

other, a government perceiving the need of meeting the demands of which socialism is but the radical expression, and taking over the railroads, ordaining compulsory life insurance for the workers, establishing old age pensions, etc.

Similarly, Switzerland and Italy are taking over the railroads and extending otherwise communal activity; and France has the railroad system in such control as to be tantamount to ownership. In country after country the story is analogous.

Perhaps the two most interesting expressions of this movement are to be found in Japan and New Zealand. Modern Nippon is the creation of the last generation. Yet deep within the present remain traditions coming out of the long past, e. g., the sacred character of the Emperor as impersonating nationality and all its demands. It would seem that we could hardly speak here of real democracy, and yet government, foreseeing the danger of monopoly in individual hands, has taken over the railroads, and wherever there exhibits itself a tendency to concentrate industrial activity in the hands of a small group, it appears ready to supplant by its own State monopoly the emerging private monopoly.

In New Zealand, less than twenty years ago (in 1896), as the result of a strike that proved a failure, came national awakening to a consciousness of the interdependence of all sections of society. With it ripened the resolution to reorganize the country so as to prepare for the needs of all and prevent a group

attaining a position where it could oppress the majority. The result is a land without paupers, millionaires, slums, palaces; no unemployed; no strikes; the social evil almost extinct; no graft or inefficiency in the public service; a people the healthiest, richest, freest in the world, Switzerland excepted, probably also the happiest.

When we turn to our own country and test its position by that attained by other leading nations, we are bound to find it a laggard. The reasons are obvious. It is a land of boundless and recently virgin resources. There has been a faith deep-rooted in the popular mind that here all problems would solve themselves. The individual needed not to take thought for the common good, only to care for himself and his. This *laissez faire* policy has run its course. The resources of the country have sustained the lavish waste because of their very abundance, but now there is an end in sight and an abrupt awakening. We perceive that our forests, for example, instead of being exhaustless, are on the verge of utter extinction; that our coal, oil, mines, transportation, cereals, fruits, various industries, are either wholly or almost entirely under limited private control.

With the establishment of monopoly have come widespread political corruption, graft, and inefficiency. Simultaneously the masses have awakened, and social unrest stalks abroad. We face a revolution; democratic in its demand for control of government in the interest of all; ethical in its insistence that righteousness and justice shall obtain. A few leaders comprehend the situation—Roosevelt, Bryan, LaFollette, Tom Johnson, and others. As to Charles E. Hughes, his phenomenal rise to influence and popularity is due to the manly, sincere, and rapidly progressive way in which he is coming to a full perception of this

truth and directing his conduct accordingly.

At such an epoch-making stage in national history, it is supremely important to form a correct estimate of the forces that will determine the morrow. What is the character of the masses of our people? Will their advance be toward revolution or evolution? It will be toward evolution—since their judgment is fundamentally sane and their purpose righteous—provided that impassable obstacles are not placed in the path. The multitude has not the power of self-direction. No folk-mass ever had. It needs leadership. It should have consecrated and informed, not demagogic, leadership. Here, then, comes the call to the college man. Our country should be the great proving place for democracy, the land where, in a large way, for all humanity and future social development, some of the great problems of self-government are worked out. There has never been such opportunity therefor, no land so vast, rich, fertile; no people so free from the trammels of the past; no standard set up at the beginning of a nation's life so true and adapted to the farthest future, as that contained in our bill of rights, The Declaration of Independence. To be a college-bred man in the prime of life at so pregnant a moment, not merely in the history of this country, but in that of the world, in the place where, with the farthest-reaching consequences for all, great social problems can be worked out, is a supreme privilege. The masses will accept the brotherly comradeship and leadership of the educated man, provided such men come to them with entirety of consecration and intelligent sympathy. Upon such union between the masses and the educated and consecrated young men of our country the issue of the movement depends. We shall emerge upon a broad,

high plane of humanity and have no occasion to envy the inhabitants of any other region, or we shall fail lamentably, and somewhere else in the world the great problems of democracy that we have been unable to solve will have to be wrought out.

I cannot recall any other moment in history when a strong, true man, who has enjoyed the privilege of culture and

been permitted thus to discern the higher value of the spiritual, can serve his God and his fellow man to better purpose than here and now; and, from many years of experience in constant touch with the mass movement, I appeal to my college brothers to do their part as twentieth century Americans.

CHARLES SPRAGUE SMITH.

Winter Idyll

Dreaming in the golden light,
Wandering 'neath the summer skies,
O'er fields and woods and waters bright,
To seek for all our life denies.
I wander long through sun and shade,
And where the waving pastures bloom;
And near the mower's swinging blade,
I breathe the clover's sweet perfume.
The sun-kissed banks with silence still,
The soothing murmur of the stream;
The river past the neighboring hill,
Flows like a languid lover's dream.
The cruel wind, the sleets and snows,
Can never from my vision take,
The love which nature's smile bestows,
The peace which she alone can make.

G. A. KERBAUGH, '10.

SOME LETTERS OF A VERY INTELLECTUAL GIRL

MY DEAR DICK:

Well, I am here at last, and how I wish you could see it! The very atmosphere is wonderful—and different. If you were here you could understand.

Yes, I *was* a little lonely for a week, but I never shall be again. The girls are fine, and as for the teachers—I simply adore them. Miss Rollins (our president) gave the grandest talk in first morning collection, about the purpose of the college. You should have heard her! Oh, I know you won't agree with me—you never would—but you would have to agree with her. She knows so much, and has so much power. I know that sounds strange to say of a woman, but she has. You can feel it. She traced the history of woman from the days of the cave man, up to the present. She showed how our modern "chivalry" is only an outer refining of the primitive brute instincts—how it fails to strike to the roots of things—how it is offered us merely as a compensation for our intellectual bondage. She is no man-hater, either. All her indignation is not against men, but against the system. She admits that woman must be the home maker, but she is broad enough to concede her other duties. She spoke beautifully of marriage and its duties, and all the things that you and mother preach to me about; and yet so differently! Let me quote you a few words, and you will see.

"The vital forces of life are no longer the physical, but the spiritual and the intellectual. On this new and broader basis, woman has proven her ability and her right to stand on an equality with man. Her duties have not been revolutionized, but broadened. It can no more be said of her, any more than of man,

that her whole life is her love. She must no longer be his servant, but his comrade. As man, she must make her career, her ambition, her duty, the all-absorbing problem of her life."

Is it not beautiful, brother, and don't you feel just a little ashamed of your old theories? I say old, because nobody believes them here; and all the girls would smile to hear you talk as you have often done to me. But I won't bother you any longer, for the bell is ringing for Philosophy I. Give my love to father and mother, and keep lots for yourself.

Your loving sister,

NELL.

II.

MY DEAREST MOTHER:

I'm sorry Dick didn't like my new dress when I was home at Thanksgiving; but at least he might have told *me*, instead of going to you. Perhaps I *don't* pay quite so much attention to it as before I came; but then I am so busy, and it doesn't make so much difference here. After all, it isn't the greatest thing in the world; as you have often told me yourself.

But I must tell you the good news. Miss Graukenhün, my German Prof., stopped me after class to-day, to ask if I wouldn't like to correct some German A papers for her. She said I was doing unusual work in that subject, and hoped I would specialize on it. She also hinted that I might get a scholarship at the end of Senior year, to study at a German University. Wouldn't it be glorious?

No, I am never lonely on Sundays—at least not much. I usually read German for an hour, and spend a good deal of time on Browning. He is perfect!

We must read "Pippa Passes" together when I come home. Miss Jenkins gave me A in Forensics last semester. By the way, you may tell Mr. Collins that I will be very glad to give a talk on "The Girl and the College" when I come home in vacation. Dick won't go, of course, but he needn't—I can take care of myself.

It would surprise you to see how funny the girls are here. Dorothy (who is a Biology shark) keeps three mice in our room for pets. They are so cute—it makes me feel foolish to think how I used to be afraid of them.

Yes, mother, Miss Devon, the Math. Prof., does smoke cigarettes as the paper said. Isn't it horrible? But she is so dreadfully bright that one has to forgive her. She never does it outside her room, and not many of the girls know.

Mr. Bowles and a friend of his came to call on Dot and me last Saturday. He is splendid, and speaks German with the wonderfulest accent. Jim came to see me the other evening, too, but I was frightfully busy, and he didn't stay long. True, old friends are best, but Jim does grate on me so. I know you say he is good in his studies, but one would never guess it. He talks about clothes—dances—autos—foot ball, always foot ball, until I grow positively sick. He is disgustingly strong, and never misses a chance to show it—but that's the way of all men I know—except papa and Mr. Bowles. It is half past ten and Polit. Econ. still to study. I must close now and get to work.

Your affectionate daughter,

NELL.

III.

MY DEAR MISS GRAUKENHUN:

Your letter with the good news reached me yesterday. I shall return a day before vacation closes, to prepare for the work. I am very glad that you feel as

you do about my future. I have been uncertain so long, and this decides me. My life work is plain now. You can imagine my relief. Frankly, my parents, especially mother, are not so enthusiastic as I could wish; but I knew it would be so. I can never thank you enough for thus pointing out my future to me; for never before have I been perfectly happy.

Your devoted pupil,

ELLEN LUDLOW WHITE.

IV.

O Dick, why can't you understand me? Of course I love you. What have I done to disprove it? Why can't you look at the matter more reasonably? You know perfectly well that father and mother do not *need* me at home. We can not be together forever. Why should I not go? Why can't you be proud of me? Why must you deny me the one great chance of my life? I would not write you thus, but I can bear it no longer. I know you do not mean to be so brutally unsympathetic—but you are. How many times must I tell you that I *am* happy? Why do you insist that I am not? Women are not all the clinging type that your masculine vanity would believe. True, I have been lonely, restless, miserable. Why? Because my duty was not clear to me. Now it is; and all the old unrest is gone.

I grant that Jim's presence has grown more tolerable than formerly. He has been very kind. I admit that his brute strength is not his only asset. I grant that the ideal condition for most women is in the centre of a home. But I am not "most women." I know that I do not love Jim. I will not consent to make any man miserable to please you. I have a work to do in the world—for the world. After all the home is only a *unit* of the world. Can you justly dic-

tate *how* I work, provided I work for the world? I beg you, my brother, to employ that liberality which you term "masculine," to my own case; even though I am a woman. I trust to your fairness and honesty to decide that I am right. With love; your sister,

NELL.

V.

O Dick! Dick! Dick! I'm coming home soon, but I can't wait to tell you. I must do it now. Jim telephoned me only a few minutes after I had mailed you that horrible letter, to say that he was coming out to bid me good bye that evening, because he had to leave on a business trip the next day, and might not get back before I sailed. Three days before Commencement isn't the most leisurely of times, to be sure; but I was glad to spare it for old friendship's sake. Then, too, a college reception room is no cozy corner, and I knew there wouldn't be any chance for a scene.

I put on my prettiest gown that night, for I wanted to leave an impression on Jim. I never considered that my vanity would only make him suffer more, if he cared for me.

I never knew till last night, Dick, what a simpering, conceited little thing I'd been. I *thought* he loved me; and I had taken great pride because I imagined *my* strength, *my* will, *my* duty had restrained him. But Dick, it is one thing to *think* a man loves you, and another to *know*. He gave me just one look, and it was all over. I *knew*. It would take ages to tell you all I saw and felt and knew in that one moment. I saw my German idol fading into vapor and sailing up to the clouds; and perched on top of it, I saw Miss Graukenhün, perplexed and disgusted. I felt power—not the Miss Rollins kind, but Jim's—and I felt all weak and fluttery. I knew that *his* patience, and not *my* will had held him back. I hadn't any strength or will left;

and as for duty—why brother dear, the only one left was too pleasant to call by such a name. I knew that after all I was only "most women" and that I had been lonely and restless and miserable because of the instinct I was trying to stifle. I knew that the home was *my* world, and not a unit of it. I knew that my duty, my career, my ambition were one—to love Jim. I hated to "consent to make a man miserable," but I knew that if marrying Jim was to do this, I had that unpleasant task ahead of me. I knew that next to his more important qualities, Jim's brute force was the most adorable thing in all the world; and I didn't care if he used it to carry me off to his "cave"—provided I got there. And Dick, I thanked the Lord as I had never done before that I was a woman.

As I said before, a college parlor is no cozy corner; but there was an auto at the door. We went to it from instinct, never hesitating because of the lack of a chaperone. It was risky, of course, but the faculty knew my interest lay in studies, not men, so I was sure the results couldn't be serious. As we climbed in, the chauffeur didn't even look at us. "He is deaf and blind," said Jim; which comforted me exceedingly, though I afterwards wondered why Jim would hazard my life with such a driver. We were out for an hour, and spoke of many things.

This morning I amused myself by throwing German books at Dorothy, much to her disgust. She said it was not ladylike, which I guess is right. Then I remembered that Jim loved them because they were my books; so I picked them up repentantly, and put them away. But Dick! Dick! Dick! You are a man—and can never, never know!

NELL.

JOHN FRENCH WILSON, '10.

The Questioning

Spirit that wakenest
 Pulses that leap
 From the forsakenest
 Caves of the deep;
 Thou of the throb and the restless endeavor,
 Thou of the light;
 Quivering, glorious,
 Bursting victorious
 Over the night:
 Whence are thy wanderings, wearying never?
 Thou of the light!

*Out of the tongueless past,
 Out of the stillness vast,
 Ever and ever along, on mighty pinion sweeping;
 Over the black abyss,
 Over the precipice,
 Out of the shadowy lands that dream not in their sleeping.*

Spirit that hoverest
 Over the deep;
 Spirit that coverest
 Over in sleep;
 Thou of the garlands that sicken and wither;
 Thou of the gloom;
 Hiding eternally
 All that doth vernally
 Quickened to bloom:
 Answer my questioning—Whither, O whither?
 Thou of the gloom!

*Past the horizon rim,
 Out—till the moon is dim,
 Ever and ever along, on mighty pinion sweeping;
 Out—where the sun grows dark,
 Out—where no star shall mark,
 Into the shadowy lands that dream not in their sleeping.*

JOHN FRENCH WILSON, '10.

THE BRAND OF CAIN



ILE after mile of changeless waste he had passed as he kept on paddling and floating down the current of the broad, sluggish stream. He had seen the thick, white mist of night rise twice from the river and slowly spread out and envelop the banks in its covering. He had felt its cold twice enter his body and chill his bones with its deadly malarial chill. He had lain in a trance under the white pall as the skiff floated on through the night, down the stream, caught here and there by a half-sunken bough and freed again and again from the sand of some low islet to be borne on by the river. The moon had pierced the mist fitfully and had looked upon his wild face and torn clothing, and there had seen the face and figure of a dream.

Twice the morning had dried his clothes and features from the moisture of the night. And the sun had found him the same strange figure as the moon, a being who paddled wearily and carelessly in his little craft and then floated on at the mercy of the waters.

The sun disclosed a scene of desolation. It was a prospect that not even the bright colors of approaching evening could enliven. Low islands lined the distant banks of the broad river. They were peopled by stunted trees and strange-shaped bushes, bare and dead, that ever raised their gaunt hands towards the setting sun. They were the skeletons of trees; their fingers, bent and twisted, pointed threateningly as he guided his boat down the channel, now

to one bank or to the other. The cold white waters of the river lapped the beaches with silent ripples that lost themselves in the interstices of the channels.

Far in the haze of the upper stream, two days' journey, he had left the land. He had left the smoke of burning buildings, the huts and barns that had been his dwellings. He was the wild man who had leaped the mud-wall of the village in the fire and tumult, who had run to the bank, jumped into the boat, which now bore him. He had run from the stain of blood, the stain that followed him in the night and in the moonlight. He could feel the fear as the moonwind rose upon the water. He could hear it in the movement of the trees and bushes in the silences of the night. He could see it in the swaying of the arms of their wild figures, silhouetted by the rising moon. And the mist that rose and surrounded his craft seemed to draw around him and enclose him in its chill, ice-like grasp. When the solitary heron had left the marsh-grass and had vanished in the reddening sky toward the distant sunset, the fear came. His soul was frozen in its cold, the cold of loneliness, of silence and of waste.

His hearth-fire had been warm where he had left his children and his wife. There he had lived an honored man. His children played with the children of his neighbors, and their shouts still mingled with the wind-songs of the dark. Still their voices sounded in the tiny ripples of the boat. His wife still beheld him in the softness of the stars. But in it all was the terror of the blood and the hand of the pursuer.

Not once while the hot sun of day burned the arid banks and beaches did his eyes lose the look of the pursued. He kept ever intent upon the paddle, upon the current of the stream. He watched the swirling black eddies as he floated from the lee of one islet to another and his eyes were fascinated by the motion and the blackness.

On this day the water moved more slowly. The broad stretches of the sea lay vast before him in the distances of the stream. The river was slowly widening and the banks and islets were gathering into the gloom of gray-brown desolate plains, on which the stunted growths moved and wandered through strange, weird, slow mazes.

While the water blackened and the ripples increased into the wavelets of a bay the light of the sun was growing yellow in the darkening sky. He had released his paddle and sitting in the bow gazed out on the empty reaches beyond. The world had not been empty before that day, that night, so short gone by, when his knife had ended the cries for mercy of his children and his wife. Since then he had fled from the remembrance. He had fled far away, down the river, past the deserts of the Trees,

the deserts of the Dead. He was now at the ocean, already in the bay into which the stream flowed to feel the ocean's tide.

The silver pathway of a star crossed the waters in an unbroken line of light.

The reddening gleams of moonrise began to tinge the sky. The black chasms of a land of cloud were colored with its fire. It spread across the water, covering, as it came, the ocean with its redness. The boat rocked slightly on the wavelets in their red-crested, growing foam. The red light swept his face while the waves broke, in the path of the moonwind, as he stood erect and looked towards the darkening land.

There was a curse in his eyes that shone redder than the moonlight, a curse for the one who had caused the evil; through whose jealous words his hand had struck. And on through the waves the boat rocked while he looked out towards the land. There the trees and bushes rustled in the wind and the water lapped the island's edge, but he heard them not as he stood vanishing slowly and distantly into the redness of the circle of the moon.

WINTHROP SARGENT, JR., '08.



Peccavi

Last night I gazed upon a scorching fire,—
The very atmosphere was heated red
With that fell flame, whose amorous lust was fed
With my own spirit, that did there expire,
Sapped by the red flame's passionate desire,
That had its utmost will of it till dead.
All shriveled from the shame of that embrace,
I saw my spirit lie, all black of hue;
The mad flame kissed the back-turned lips anew,
And fondled still the unresponsive face;
And every where it kissed—in that same place
A dead soul's blood came rushing into view.
My Spirit, lust-consumed before its hour,
Lay dead, deflowered of its life and power!

I saw the embers glowing red and white,
The poor dead things that once had been my soul!
Th' ecstatic flame still kissed each glowing coal;
And still its kisses, like a withering blight,
Seared all they touched, and lust-consumed it quite
With heat of passion, strong beyond control.
And in exuberance of lustihood,
And wild delirium of fulfilled desire
It clasped the fragments shattered by its fire;
And seemed to welter in my spirit's blood
As 'twere some all-revivifying flood
Unto whose potency it did aspire.
But lo! Full suddenly from out that flame,
My soul, a phoenix, from its ashes came.

J. CAREY THOMAS, 2ND, '08.

THE ROMANCE OF "BAR O"



AD I been in search of a background for a romance, the last place on earth I would have selected for it would have been the "Bar O" ranch, as I rode up to it that afternoon in May. Six of us had jogged out from Tombstone to apply for employment, in answer to a rumor we had heard in town that the "Bar O" people were ready to take on their regular spring force.

Silently, dustily, we rode up to the ranch house. Old Bill Bennett, the owner, met us at the door. The customary "Well, boys,"—and a few other preliminaries having been concluded, we entered the house, and signed the "books." One of our number came under the ban; he was a Mexican, and so must look elsewhere for employment. He received this information with a few low-muttered curses, mounted his horse and rode away to try his luck in other parts. For all I know, none of us ever heard of him again.

Over the hills to the south he rode, away from the ranch, with its several corrals, two windmills, and one house. The house was of the regular "adobe" style, just like every other house in Arizona. It was a low, dirty looking building, with a leaking roof,—like every other roof in Arizona; and few windows. The interior was even less imposing than the exterior, and I doubt that a single one of us would have thought then that the place would ever have lived in our memories as aught but the scene of dull hard work, and the customary stipend of thirty-five dollars a month.

But we were soon to discover our mis-

take. For the eternal feminine was there; and where she is, is always ground for a romance. She was a quiet, timid little thing, quite unlike the girls we generally find connected with tales of the golden West. The most noticeable thing about her was her simplicity. She was so entirely frank herself, so utterly guileless that she always wore a sad, sweet little smile; and it cut her to the quick not to have this smile answered to in kind.

He was of an entirely different type. He was a large, well-built fellow, of a peaceful demeanor and an iron jaw. He had worked his way through a small eastern college, and had intended to study for the ministry, when he contracted a trouble with his optic nerve, which caused him a great deal of pain, and blasted forever his aspirations for a student's career. He had come to Arizona two years ago in a spell of desperation, and had fallen in with cattle-work; and, as is characteristic of all its followers, he kept blindly at it, drifting from place to place. It was by the merest chance that he, along with the rest of us, landed at the "Bar O". His name was Edward Maule. After his first day among us, it became "Ed."

That his type should attract her was not at all surprising; but to such of us as took any interest in the affair, the discovery that it was mutual caused a good deal of wonder. It did not come at once, though, and was by no means a "first-sight" affair. Nor was it occasioned by a chance mishap, or a deed of heroism. It was just the same old story. Evening after evening as he returned to the ranch, he found that that timid little smile was coming to mean more and more to him; at last it grew to mean

everything to him. And then the understanding came about.

The few weeks that followed were the happiest that ever transpired in the lives of these young people. The man's life was changed; the girl's was fulfilled. On the ranch Ed had proved his worth, so her uncle, old Bill, approved of it, and they were to be married some time that autumn.

About this time her brother Bob returned from the St. Louis Exposition, and was immediately ordered to tender his congratulations. But these were not forthcoming. Bob, always of a surly disposition, and about as different from his little sister Emily as two individuals well could be, had brought with him from the East a very cordial hate for everything oriental, though it be no more oriental than Denver, Colorado. Climax of climaxes, then, to find his own sister, who was about the only thing he could call his own, betrothed to an Easterner, and a college-man. Things grew worse yet when old Bill fell and broke an arm, and put Ed in charge. Such a state of affairs was intolerable to Bob, and by word and by deed he set about making things unbearable to the other. He also took to frequent trips to town, and began to drink a good deal. Returning to the ranch one morning in a decidedly influenced condition, without the slightest provocation he called Maule by a name that no man of honor will accept. Even this, Ed would have allowed to pass unnoticed. But, unfortunately, Emily heard it.

She had not failed to observe her brother's spirit all through the affair; and that night, sad at heart, she told Ed that she would not permit him to subject himself to any further insult for her sake. In a few words he told her that he would never leave without her. Their

hands clasped: "With me, then," she said.

All this we learned later on from old Bill, in whom Emily confided everything. When she told him of their intention to go, he had said, "For God's sake, child, don't let Bob get on, or he'll sure kill one of you. He brought some drink home from town, an' he's been hittin' it pretty hard all day long. I'll keep him off somehow till you've had a chance to get to town. Then it's up to Ed." Here he gave her hand a frantic squeeze, and almost broke down. And of all men, poor old uncle Bill Bennett was saddest that night. At an early hour he went to bed.

Some time after all, Bob included, had retired, and before the moon had risen, there came a low knock at Emily's door. "They're ready; come!" said Ed. Noiselessly they left the house, and stole down to the corral, where were two horses saddled. Quietly they walked their horses out of sight of the ranch house. Then their eyes met and they smiled. A chirp to the horses, and they were off at a fair canter.

They had covered some six miles of the distance thus, and had arrived at "Red Canyon," a steep, narrow pass, surrounded on all sides by a rocky cliff. Here meet all the roads that lead to Tombstone. The moon, long since risen, shone directly over it. In its intense quiet there was nothing to disturb one. Still, there was that in their feelings that caused them to exchange one look before they entered it. Slowly, with Maule in the lead, they had traversed half of its gloomy length, when just in front of, and above them, a horse neighed. An oath followed this; then a thick voice: "Thought you'd bluff me, eh? Not me, you don't. I was on to you all the time. Maule, you ——, your game's up." Maule's gun had been in his hand at

once the horse had neighed. But he looked at Emily, and lowered it. Then came three shots from the rocks above in the dark. One struck Emily's saddle, and she screamed. Maule no longer hesitated. Judging the spot as best he could, he raised his gun and emptied its contents where he had seen the flashes. The last shot took effect. There was a sickening cry from above, and then, a second later, a shot, and Maule fell forward from his horse, dead. With the yell of a demon, the drunken, wounded, insane Bob half crept, half fell down the side of the canyon. Then he stopped, and sent his two remaining shots into the prostrate body. Emily swooned,—fell with her body over Maule, as if to protect him from further injury. Bob kept on until he almost reached them. Then he, too, collapsed.

There we found them, some three hours later. Long since the side of the canyon had shut off the moonlight; but our lanterns showed us the tragedy. We had come on foot,—for he had turned loose the horses when he started in pursuit; and on foot we carried them back.

Not long after, Uncle Bill Bennett sold out the place, and went east with Emily. She died the following year.

Only once since then have I been to the "Bar O." It was on my way north from Nogales, a small border town, to Tombstone. I reached the ranch about supper time; and, as is the custom of the country, I stayed to supper. Also, I accepted their invitation to stay over night. I had seen "Red Canyon" after sundown once; and once was enough.

GERALD H. DEACON.



After the Storm
 "I fear thee has gone under"

Alumni Department

The following preliminary notice has been sent to all living matriculates of Haverford College:

Philadelphia, January 10th, 1908.

To all Haverfordians:

The coming autumn marks the seventy-fifth anniversary of the opening of Haverford.

At the last annual Alumni meeting a large committee was appointed to co-operate with the Managers and Faculty in arranging for a fitting celebration of the event.

October 16th and 17th have been selected as the time for gathering at the college; and this preliminary notice is now issued by the Executive Committee in order that every Haverfordian may have ample time for arranging to be present.

Each one is urged to do all in his power to facilitate and insure the attendance of his classmates and contemporaries and their families.

Committees have been appointed to arrange all details, and to secure the attendance of several distinguished guests. A full detailed program of the proposed exercises and arrangements will be issued in due course.

Yours fraternally,

HENRY COPE, '69,
WILLIAM L. BAILY, '83,
JOSEPH W. SHARP, JR., '88,
WM. WISTAR COMFORT, '94,
WALTER C. JANNEY, '98,
ALFRED C. MAULE, '99,
FREDERIC H. STRAWBRIDGE, '87,
Chairman.

CHARLES J. RHOADS, '93,
Secretary.

Ex-'39. Lloyd Balderston, one of the oldest ex-students of Haverford, died at his residence, Colora, Md., December 23rd, 1907, in his 90th year.

'70. Rev. Charles Wood, who has been pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia, for the past eleven years, has accepted a call to the Church of the Covenant, Washington, D. C.

Ex-'85. Logan Pearsoll Smith has recently published through the *Clarendon Press*, Oxford, "The Life and Letters of Sir Henry Wotton" (1568-1639). 2 vols., 8 vo. This work has been most highly spoken of by the *Spectator*, *Times* and *Athenæum*.

'94. In collaboration, Henry S. Conard, Ph. D., is author of *Water-lilies and How to Grow Them*, recently published by Doubleday.

'95. George Lippincott and Joseph H. Haines, of '98, have just returned from a six weeks' trip abroad.

'95. A son was born on December 15th, 1907, to Mr. and Mrs. Allen C. Thomas.

'95. William S. Hilles has connected himself with the *Baltimore Evening News*, Baltimore, Md.

The Class of '96 held its annual reunion and dinner at the University Club, Philadelphia, on Saturday night, December 28th, 1907. The following men were present: A. D. Hartley, C. Russell Hinchman, J. Quincy Hunsicker, Jr., Paul D. I. Maier, J. Henry Scattergood and L. Hollingsworth Wood.

'96. A. D. Hartley is teaching mathematics in the High School at New Brunswick, N. J.

Ex-'96. William C. Sharpless was married to Clarissa R. Brewer, at Rome, New York, on November 27th, 1907.

'96. J. Henry Scattergood was elected President of the Union Insurance Company, and of the Insurance Company of the State of Pennsylvania.

'97. Prescott B. Beidelman is in charge of the refrigerator service of the Great Northern Railway. His office is in St. Paul, Minn., and his residence at 2118 Fourth Street South, Minneapolis, Minn.

'98. A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Morris M. Lee, in November, 1907.

'98. John Story Jenks, Jr., has retired from the firm of Edward B. Smith & Co., bankers and brokers of New York and Philadelphia. He has come back to Philadelphia to live, and has an office in the Girard Trust Building.

Ex-'98. A. H. Bishop is with Wendell & Smith, real estate operators, and is living at Wynnewood, Pa., where he is in charge of their improvements there.

'99. Frank K. Walter is in the Reference Department of the Brooklyn Library, 197 Montague Street, Brooklyn, New York.

'99. A. Clement Wild has resigned his position as secretary to the general manager of the J. G. Brill Company, street car builders, Philadelphia, to accept a position in the Legal Department of the Chicago Street Railway Company, Chicago, Ill. He expects to enter upon his new duties on or about the first of March.

'00. Walter S. Hinchman had a poem entitled "The Winter Warriors," in the January number of the *Atlantic Monthly*.

'00. Henry H. Kingston, Jr., is with the Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburg Railway, and is stationed at Rochester, New York. He is in the Traffic Department, and lives at Brighton, a suburb of Rochester.

'00. F. E. Lutz has just received the degree of Ph. D. from the University of Chicago. He is at Cold Springs Harbor,

L. I., as zoological expert at the Station for Experimental Evolution of the Carnegie Institution, at Washington.

'01. Arthur R. Yearsley and Miss Elva L. Ash, of Coatesville, Pa., were married on the evening of September 19th.

'01. Evan Randolph is with Edward B. Smith & Co., bankers and brokers, Philadelphia.

'02. Eugene de B. Murphy is practicing law in San Francisco, Cal.

The Class of 1902 held its annual dinner on the 28th of December, 1907, at the College, those present being, Balderston, Cary, Evans (E. W.), Gummere, Jones (S. P.), Longstreth, Pusey, Roberts, Scott, Spiers, Trout, Wood.

The following officers were elected to serve for a term of three years:

President—R. M. Gummere.

Vice-President—Wm. W. Chambers.

Secretary-Treasurer—E. W. Evans.

Vice-Secretary-Treasurer—D. A. Roberts.

Class Editor—W. W. Pusey.

E. W. EVANS, Secretary

The Class of '03 held a reunion at the College on the evening of December 26th, 1907. After a dinner in the Assembly Hall, the fellows adjourned to Lloyd Hall for the transaction of class business. The following officers were elected: President, James B. Drinker; Vice-President, C. R. Cornman; Secretary-Treasurer, H. A. Dominovich.

'03. U. M. Eshleman is engaged in Lancaster as representative of the Philadelphia firm of Noble & Co., brokers.

'03. D. B. Miller is in the employ of the American Sewer Pipe Company, of Pittsburg. He is living in Allegheny.

'03. George Peirce has returned from his work with Dr. Grenfell, in Labrador, and he has been given the January appointment for the Pennsylvania Hospital.

'03. Arthur J. Phillips is with the United States Envelope Company, Worcester, Mass.

'06. Francis Morris has entered the Morris Engineering Company, at Thirty-seventh and Reed Streets. P. Hollingsworth Morris, '87, is president of the company.

At the annual meeting of the Inter-

collegiate Foot Ball Rules Committee, Dr. James A. Babbitt, of Haverford, was re-elected to the chairmanship of the Central Board of Officials. The work of this Board is a very important one, when it is known that during the last foot ball season there were some 800 officials appointed by the committee for the various foot ball contests throughout the country.

College Department

A joint meeting of the Committees of Five and a Committee of the Faculty was called on January 10th to consider a proposed change in the honor system. The Faculty recommended that the honor system be made a regular institution of the college instead of remaining optional to the classes; and that a proctor be placed in each examining room for the purpose of securing good order. The Committees of Five were asked to lay the proposed change before their respective classes, as a preliminary to discussing it in college meeting.

On Tuesday, the 14th, a meeting of the College Association was held. After considerable debate, any change in the present system was voted down, but it was ordered that a committee, composed of three Seniors, three Juniors, two Sophomores, and one Freshman, be appointed to draw up a set of rules to insure better order in the examinations.

This Committee reported to the College Association at a meeting held Wednesday, January 22d. It recommended that a joint College Committee, to be composed of The Advisory

Board and of four other men, chosen annually, two from each Lower Class Committee of Five, should constitute a Standing Committee, to judge and punish all cases of disorder arising under the honor system.

The Committee drafted a set of rules that were adopted by both the Faculty and the college body. They have been put into practice in the recent mid-year examinations with favorable results.

The annual reception, given by President and Mrs. Sharpless to the Freshman Class, took place Friday evening, January 10th.

THE BISPHAM RECITAL

A song recital will be given by Mr. David Bispham in Roberts Hall, on Monday, February 10th, at 8 o'clock, for the benefit of the Preston work. The Committee on Arrangements, consisting of Dr. James A. Babbitt, Dr. Leigh W. Reid, and Dr. Richard M. Gummere, has, so far, been very successful in arousing interest in it, and feels confident of success in the enterprise.

CLASS OFFICERS

The following officers have been elected for the next half year by the various classes:

1908.

President—Cecil K. Drinker.
Vice-President—Edwin Wright.
Secretary—Frederick O. Musser.
Treasurer—Carl F. Scott.

1909.

President—Thomas K. Sharpless.
Vice-President—Allan J. Hill.
Secretary—Percival B. Fay.
Treasurer—Alfred Lowry, 2nd.

1910.

President—Walter Palmer.
Vice-President—John P. Philips.
Secretary—George A. Kerbaugh.
Treasurer—Carroll A. Haines.

1911.

President—Edwin A. Russell.
Vice-President—Harold Worthington.
Secretary—Lucius R. Shero.
Treasurer—L. Arnold Post.

SENIOR CLASS BANQUET

The banquet of the Class of 1908 was held on the twenty-fourth of January, at the Merion Cricket Club. They elected officers for the last time, Cecil K. Drinker being unanimously elected President. Charles Miller was toastmaster, and the following responded to toasts:

J. Jarden Guenther
Dudley D. Carroll,
Winthrop Sargent, Jr.,
J. Browning Clement.
Cecil K. Drinker,
Carroll T. Brown.

MUSICAL CLUB NOTES

The Mandolin Club, in a body, attended the production of "Red Mill," at the Chestnut Street Opera House, on Friday evening, February 7th. Extracts from the music of this opera are included in the Mandolin Club's repertoire.

The first concert of the musical clubs is to be held in Roberts Hall on the twenty-first of February.

Professor Harshburger gave a lecture before the Scientific Department of the Loganian Society, January 15th, 1908.

LECTURE ON THE CONGO FREE STATE

Monday morning, January 20th, in place of the regular morning collection exercises, a lecture on "Conditions in the Congo Free State" was given to the student body by Dr. Joseph Clarke. Dr. Clarke is a Scotchman, and has been a missionary in the upper Congo region for twenty years, connected with an undenominational mission there. He traced the recent history of the Congo, telling of the forming of the Association Internationale with King Leopold, of Belgium, at its head—an association whose professed purpose was the "moral reform" of the natives.

The speaker then told of the awful atrocities which are going on in that region. In the Upper Congo, a region as great in extent as the United States, east of the Rocky Mountains, he said, that since King Leopold's regency, India rubber monopolies have employed outrageous methods with the natives. He said that an American company has been formed which uses methods as cruel as those of the other monopolies. Mr. Clarke gave many illustrations of these methods. He told of one occasion which he witnessed when a number of men brought in their baskets of India rubber which they had spent three weeks in the forest collecting, and received only a few strings of blue ribbon for the whole of it. The rubber costs the companies about four cents a pound, and they sell it for about sixty-eight cents.

Mr. Clarke said that four things are complained of: the reckless waste of human life, the barbarous maiming of

the natives, excessive taxation, and laws forbidding the natives to leave their own town. When a native refuses to slave for the monopolies he is killed. If he brings in a single bit less of the rubber than he expected, his hand is generally cut off. The natives are forbidden by law to leave their own town, for if they were allowed to go they would flee from the awful oppression of the companies.

The speaker ended with an appeal for personal participation in the great work of redeeming the Congo from King Leopold's avarice.

CIVICS CLUB OFFICERS

A meeting to elect officers and discuss plans for the coming season was held by the Civics Club, Tuesday, January 7th. J. P. Elkinton was elected President, and M. H. C. Spiers, Secretary-Treasurer.

Y. M. C. A.

On Wednesday, January 8th, Dr. Charles Watson addressed the Y. M. C. A. on the subject of "Foreign Missions." Dr. Watson is Secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions.

Professor Green, of West Chester Normal School, gave an address before the Y. M. C. A. on Wednesday, January 22d. His subject was, "The Book of Ruth," from which he drew many striking lessons.

The work at Coopertown and Preston has been progressing very satisfactorily. The chief question at Coopertown is distance, and in order that

the people may feel repaid for their long walk, the Committee arranges for outside speakers. Pres. Sharpless, Dr. Jones and Mr. Mercer, of the Y. M. C. A., have addressed the meetings.

At Preston the Boys' Club has proved a great attraction. Monday and Wednesdays, the boys under eighteen, meet at 7.30 in the new gymnasium. The fellows over eighteen have a class Tuesdays and Thursdays, at the same hour. This work is conducted by different men from the College, under the direction of the Boys' Club Committee. So much interest has been aroused in this work that a Men's Class has also been organized, which meets Mondays and Thursdays at 8.30 P. M.

The work of the regular Preston Committee has branched out this year, and new methods have been adopted. Monthly entertainments, followed by socials, are usually attended by about one hundred people. At the January social the College Glee and Mandolin Clubs rendered an excellent program, which was much enjoyed. At present, the young people of Preston are organizing a choir, and the first meeting proved eminently satisfactory.

The Sunday evening meetings are well supported by the neighborhood. At more than one meeting the attendance has been above eighty, and a fair average of the attendance could be placed at about sixty-five. Outside speakers are secured, and the co-operation given the Committee by many interested friends has been much appreciated. The progress of this branch of the Y. M. C. A. work has been most encouraging, and the prospects are promising.

Athletic Department

The second annual contest for the banner, presented by the Class of '97 for interclass championship, was held on the evening of January 9th. It was the first gymnastic event of the season.

As in last year's meet, 1908 came out victorious, with a lead of six points over the next class. The totals for each class were: 1908, 37; 1909, 31; 1910, 18; 1911, 4. Mott, being disabled in one of the first events, was unable to compete in the flying rings.

The results:

Horizontal bar—Bushnell, 1908, first; Edwards, 1908, second; Bard, 1909, third.

Side-horse—Burt, 1908, first; Lewis, 1909, second, Phillips, 1910, third.

Club swinging—Myers, 1909, first; Shoemaker, 1909, second; Scott, 1908, third.

Parallel bars—E. Edwards, 1908, first; Mason, 1910, second; N. Edwards, 1910, third.

Flying rings—E. Edwards, 1908, first, Baily, 1908, second; Lewis, 1909, third.

Tumbling—Bushnell, 1908, first; Bard, 1909, second; Mott, 1909, third.

Tumbling, (novice)—Drinker, 1908, first, Spaulding, 1910, second; Moore, 1909, third.

Horizontal bar, (novice)—Sharpless, 1909, first; Russel, 1911, second; Moore, 1909, third.

Side-horse (novice)—David, 1910, first, Sharpless, 1909, second; Thompson, 1909, third.

Flying rings, (novice)—Morris, 1910, first; Sharpless, 1909, second; Birdsall, 1911, third.

The judges were Dr. F. R. Jacobs, '97; A. M. Collins, '97; John Scull, '05; and W. H. Haines, '07.

The Quadrangular Gymnastic Exhibition with Princeton, New York University and Pennsylvania took place in the Haverford gymnasium, on the evening of the eighteenth of January.

Owing to the inability of Bushnell and Leonard to take part in the exhibition, Haverford was badly disabled. Nevertheless some excellent work was done by Bard and Edwards. Princeton had too good entries in McCabe and Vezin; the former being an expert

on the horizontal bar and on the mat. The latter held the audience breathless with his balancing trapeze work. Captain Bradford proved the best gymnast for Pennsylvania. Boice and Erb also did good work.

Feagles, Gilmour and Miller, of Princeton, gave a unique and skillful exhibition of tumbling under the name of "three high."

New York University did some good all-round work, and had an excellent team.

As a social event, the exhibition was a brilliant success. As usual, friends and patrons of the college attended in force. This event which has become an institution, year after year, proves itself of great importance to the College, manifesting, as it does, Haverford's position in gymnastic circles.

The programme was as follows:

Horizontal bar—Ahrens, Fernandez, N. Y. U.; Bradford, Erb, U. of P.; Dowd, Vezin, McCabe, Princeton; Edwards, Bard, Haverford.

Side-horse—Fernandez, Ackerman, Ahrens, N. Y. U.; Boice, Leitdke, U. of P.; Lewis, Burt, of Haverford.

Club swinging—Flynn, N. Y. U.; Shoemaker, U. of P.; Scott, Shoemaker, Myers, of Haverford.

Balancing trapeze—Vezin, Princeton.

Three high—Feagles, Gilmour, Miller, Princeton.

Parallel bars—Fernandez, Ahrens, N. Y. U.; Bradford, Boice, Erb, U. of P.; Down, Vezin, McCabe, Princeton; Edwards, Mason, Haverford.

Flying rings—Kingsley, McNabb, N. Y. U.; Levi, Bradford, U. of P.; Crawford, Dowd, Princeton; Edwards, Baily, Haverford.

Tumbling—Shiras, Werner, Thompson, N. Y. U.; Baily, Perkins, U. of P.; Down, Princeton; Bard, Haverford.

Announcer—Green, Haverford.

SOCCKER

On the fourth of January, at Elmwood, Haverford College met Belmont in a first division game of the Cricket

Club League. The home team won by a narrow margin of one goal to none. Scientific soccer was out of the question, but several players for each team showed up well. Blamphin, Orton, Conkle and Murphy excelled for Belmont, while Drinker, Furness, Brown and Lewis were prominent for the College. No scoring took place in the first half. Graham scored for Belmont in the second.

The line-up:

<i>Belmont.</i>	<i>Haverford.</i>
Burgessg.....	Spaeth
E. T. Murphy.....r f.....	Tostenson
Hendersonl f.....	Brown
Melviller h.....	Drinker
Blamthinc h.....	Sharpless
Falesl h.....	Young
W. R. Murphy.....o r.....	Lewis
Grahami r.....	
Conklec f.....	Furness
Ortoni l.....	Shoemaker
	Cadbury
Linesmen—Sagendorph and Graham. Referee—Waldron. Time of halves—35 minutes. Goal—For Belmont, Graham.	

On January the eleventh, at Haverford, Haverford College defeated Philadelphia by the score of two goals to one. This was Haverford's second victory in the first division of the Cricket Club League. The game was closely contested from first to last. Lewis played exceptionally well for Haverford, while Harris and Cartwright did good work for Philadelphia.

The line-up:

<i>Haverford.</i>	<i>Philadelphia.</i>
Spaethg.....	Thayer
Brownr f.....	Cartwright
Tostensonl f.....	Ballard
Drinkerr h.....	Jennings
Sharplessc h.....	Johnson
Youngl h.....	Barker
Bushnello r.....	Gray
Lewisi r.....	Disston
Furnessc f.....	Harris
Shoemakeri l.....	Leroy
Hillo l.....	Scattergood
Referee—J. Danby. Linesmen—Clement and Hires. Time of halves—40 minutes. Goals—Haverford, by Lewis, 2; for Philadelphia, by Harris 1.	

On the eighteenth of January, Haverford College met Germantown at Manheim. A very fast and hotly contested game resulted in the score of two goals to one in favor of Germantown. Some very fine soccer was witnessed on the part of both teams.

The line-up:

<i>Germantown.</i>	<i>Haverford.</i>
Woodallg.....	Spaeth
F. Pearsonr f.....	Brown
Goodfellowl f.....	Young
Seedsr h.....	Drinker
H. Pearsonc h.....	Sharpless
R. Pearson.....l h.....	Brey
Priestman.....o r.....	Hill
Kellyi r.....	Lewis
Whitec f.....	Furness
Newhalli l.....	Shoemaker
O'Neillo l.....	Cadbury
Referee—Richardson. Linesmen—E. M. Mann and Dr. Stauffer. Time of halves—40 minutes. Goals—For Germantown, Kelly and Priestman, one each; for Haverford, Lewis, one.	

SECOND TEAM SOCCER

On January the fourth, the second team played a game with the P. R. R. Y. M. C. A. at 44th Street and Parkside Avenue. They were defeated by a score of three goals to none.

On January the eleventh the second team met Germantown second, at Manheim. They were beaten by the score of two goals to none.

On January eighteenth the second team played the Frankford first team at Haverford. They were defeated by the score of two goals to none.

CLASS SOCCER

1908 vs. 1909.

The Senior Class Soccer Team defeated the Juniors on Walton Field by the score of 1 to 0.

The Seniors took the lead with a rush and maintained it during most of the game.

About the middle of the first half, Brown made the only score of the

game on a penalty kick. The Juniors braced in the second half and had several good chances at the Senior goal.

Bard did much to prevent a larger score by his good work at fullback. Lewis, Hill and Spiers were the best Junior forwards.

The line-up:

1908.		1909.
Burt	o l.	Crowell
Thomas	i l.	Spaeth
Morris	c f.	Spiers
(Edwards)		
Shoemaker	i r.	Lewis
Bushnell	o r.	Hill
(Morris)		
Miller	l h.	Lowry
Drinker	c h.	Sharpless
Edwards	r h.	Brey
(Emlen)		
Emlen	l f.	Bard
(Wing)		
Brown	r f.	Ramsey
Wing	g.	Green
(Bushnell)		
Referee—Bishop.	Linesmen—Bennett and	Elkinton.

1910 vs. 1911.

On January 15 the tie between the Sophomores and Freshmen was played off. The grounds were very muddy and fast play was impossible. The first point was made by Furness during the first half. In the second half the Freshmen made two goals in rapid succession, Hartshorne and Downing each scoring one.

The line-up:

Sophomores, 1910.		Freshmen, 1911.
E. David	g.	H. Worthington
H. Lewis	r f.	F. O. Tostenson
J. F. Wilson	l f.	W. J. Young
N. Edwards	c h.	E. H. Spencer
J. P. Phillips	r h.	D. S. Hinshaw
W. Judkins	l h.	A. S. Young
H. A. Furness	c f.	W. S. Kleinz
D. B. Cary	i r.	W. D. Hartshorne
E. Gheen	i l.	D. D. Reynolds
W. Palmer	o r.	E. A. Russell
E. Cadbury	o l.	J. S. Downing
Linesmen—Miller and Myers.	Umpire—	Hainman.
Time of halves—30 minutes.	Goals	1910, Furness, 1; 1911, Downing, 1; Hartshorne, 1.
Score—1-2, favor Freshmen.		

FRESHMEN BASKET BALL.

On the 16th of January the basket ball team of Haverford College Freshmen played a practice game with the Haverford Grammar School team. The Grammar School team, on account of the short notice given them, were handicapped, but put up a good game. The Freshmen did consistent work and succeeded in making the final score 15-2.

The line-up:

Freshmen.		Haverford School.
Taylor	forward	Sommers
Russell	forward	Ayers
(Reynolds)		
Deane	center	Horner
Palmer	guard	Deacon
		(Towne)
Gallagher	guard	Brown

On the 24th of January the Freshmen played the West Chester High School team. The game was very close, and the Freshmen showed marked improvement, especially in throwing goals. The High School team excelled in accuracy of passing, but in all other respects were inferior to the Freshmen. The Freshmen rolled up a score of 25-16.

The line-up:

Freshmen.		West Chester.
Taylor	forward	N. Hammar
Russell	forward	Hare
Deane	center	A. Hammar
		(McKissick)
Palmer	guard	Worst
Gallagher	guard	Brinton

The revised Inter-Collegiate Soccer League Schedule is as follows:

March 7—Columbia at Haverford.
 March 14—Harvard at Haverford.
 March 20—Cornell at Cornell.
 March 21—Yale at Yale.
 March 28—Pennsylvania at Haverford.

The Annual Inter-Scholastic Indoor Track Meet will be held in the Haverford Gymnasium on the evening of Friday, February the fourteenth.



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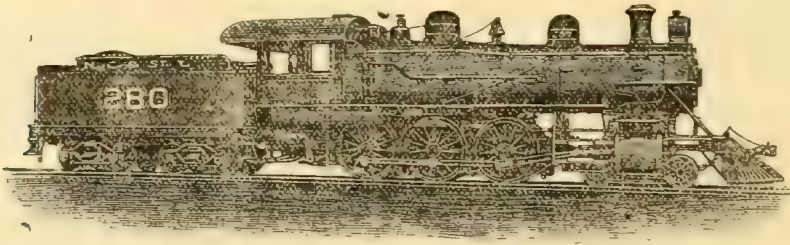
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